THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

FRATERNAL AND OTHER ADDRESSES

By

MORRIS SHEPPARD

SOVEREIGN BANKER,
WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TEXAS

(SECOND EDITION)

The Beacon Press
Omaha, Nebraska, 1914

FIRST EDITION COPYRIGHT 1910
BY MORRIS SHEPPARD

SECOND EDITION COPYRIGHT 1914
BY MORRIS SHEPPARD

©CL A391676

FEB -6 1915

DEDICATION OF FIRST EDITION

TO JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT, AUTHOR OF ALL WOODCRAFT, A PRINCE OF PEACE, A KING OF LOVE, AN EMPEROR OF HUMANITY, THE IDOL AND THE PILLAR OF MORE THAN A MILLION AMERICAN HOMES, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Texarkana, Texas, April 1, 1910.

DEDICATION OF SECOND EDITION

TO WILLIAM ALEXANDER FRASER, WOODCRAFT'S GREATEST EXPONENT, THE KNIGHTLIEST FIGURE AMONG THE HOSTS OF BROTHERHOOD, MAKER AND BREAKER OF THE WORLD'S FRATERNAL RECORDS, WORTHY SUCCESSOR OF JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT, THE SECOND EDITION OF THIS VOLUME IS DEVOTEDLY INSCRIBED.

Washington, D. C., July 1, 1914.

INDEX TO TITLES.

	Page
Abraham Lincoln	232
Address at Dedication of New W. O. W. Building	14
Address Presenting Jewel to Sovereign Commander Root, Sovereign Camp, Milwaukee, May, 1903	196
Sovereign Commander Root's Reply	198
A Tribute to Books	279
A Tribute to Falkenburg	201
A Tribute to Old Age	265
A Tribute to Texas	280
A Tribute to Virginia	206
Christian Citizenship	291
Contributions of the Hebrew People to Human Advancement	209
Eulogy of Washington	311
Fraternity and Woodcraft	133
"In God We Trust"	254
Prefatory Note	7
Response to Address of Welcome, Sovereign Camp, Columbus, Ohio, May, 1901	191
Response to Toast, "The State of Ohio," Woodmen of the World Banquet, Columbus, Ohio, May, 1901	193
Satire on Congressional Garden Seed	244
The American Mother	247
The Gospel of Woodcraft	52
The Marquis of Montrose	274
The Progress of Fraternalism	175
The State of Tennessee	203
The Tree Has Fallen	11
The Woodmen of the World	91
Unveiling Oration at the Grave of Ariail	42
Unveiling Oration at the Graves of Sovereigns Cranford, Putnam, Robertson and others	76
Unveiling Oration at the Graves of Sovereigns Nason, Baugh, Little, Robison, Gentry and Burger	118
Unveiling Oration at the Graves of Sovereigns J. W. Jones and Wilson Jones	147
Woodcraft and the Fraternal Insurance System	158

PREFATORY NOTE.

IT SHOULD be kept in mind that wherever figures are given in this volume as to the growth and size of the Woodmen of the World, they refer to the time at which the address containing them was delivered.

In order that information of this nature may be brought to date, it is well to say that on August 1, 1914, our membership was as follows:

Sovereign Jurisdiction	741,000
Woodmen Circle	149,015
Pacific Jurisdiction	115,100
Women of Woodcraft	48,615
Canadian Jurisdiction	18,710
Total	1,071,440

Insurance in force August 1, 1914, all jurisdictions	$1,373,529,200.00
Sovereign Jurisdiction	964,770,600.00
Emergency Fund August 1, 1914, all jurisdictions	33,325,347.41
Sovereign Jurisdiction	23,543,909.43
Number of monuments erected, all jurisdictions	60,625

FRATERNAL AND OTHER ADDRESSES

THE TREE HAS FALLEN.

ADDRESS AT TOMB OF JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT, DECEMBER 29, 1913.

WE ARE surrendering to the tomb the mortal remnant of one of the most notable figures of this or any other generation. The greatness of Joseph Cullen Root will become more and more apparent as the wings of time sweep on. It is hardly possible for his contemporaries to grasp the magnitude of his work, the significance of his life. It is as if we stood at the base of some great mountain and attempted to measure its dimensions, to compare it with adjoining peaks and ranges. When the advancing years shall have removed us far enough from the present period to gain a true perspective of the deeds of Joseph Cullen Root, to compare them with the deeds of others, his name will leap to the forefront of the earth's anointed. And his will be as pure a glory as shall ever be accorded to the sons of men.

If men are to be judged by the good they do the fame of Joseph Cullen Root is secure. It may be said without exaggeration that he has done more to promote the cause of practical brotherhood than probably any other man of his time. And brotherhood is the ultimate ideal of the human race. It matters not what advancement the earth may make, humanity will never have a higher goal than love of man for fellow-man. Joseph Cullen Root founded two organizations devoted to the promotion of fraternity that acquired a combined membership of more than 2,000,000 before God raised him to the life above. He lived to see a distribution by these organizations of nearly 200 millions of dollars to the beneficiaries of deceased members. When we

think of the homes that have been thus preserved, the families that have been thus protected, the widows and orphans that have been thus shielded we may acquire some idea of the scope and splendor of his career. In the truest sense he was a benefactor of mankind; in the truest sense he was food to the hungry and feet to the lame. The lesson of his life is that it is better to serve than to rule.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home" deserved immortality and obtained it. And if the man who sang of home obtained such recognition from posterity what should be said of the man who provided homes for multiplied thousands of the human race? Potent as are all the melodies that describe the home, more potent far is the song of the dollars that drop from a Woodman certificate into the lap of widowhood, the song that drives the mortgage from the roof, the wolf from the door. The home is the foundation of all progress. Without it civilization would be a farce and anarchy inevitable. In having done so much to preserve the home Joseph Cullen Root has performed a labor that will be trumpeted from everlasting unto everlasting.

While fashioning a ritual and other features for the Woodmen of the World, the great order over whose destinies he presided with such success for nearly a quarter of a century, he conceived the idea of erecting a monument at the graves of all departed Woodmen. He thus produced what may well be called one of the most effective human symbols of fraternity. Today more than 45,000 monuments rise above the graves of Woodmen throughout the United States. The Woodmen monument is today recognized not only as a distinctive characteristic of Woodcraft, not only as an evidence of the originality and the genius of Joseph

Cullen Root, but also as a tribute to the man who sleeps beneath it. It teaches the fundamental truth that above social, political and financial attainments are to be placed the permanent attributes of the human heart. It bears to every man the knowledge that by taking the necessary steps to protect his family and to save his home he may attain a distinction higher in the esteem of heaven than that of the most pampered child of wealth and fame. In sending this message through the Woodmen monument to mankind Joseph Cullen Root has not only given an enormous impetus to the idea of brotherhood, to the doctrine of equality, but has also erected for himself within the hearts of men a monument that will endure when the pyramids are dust.

He had an unexcelled capacity for organization. This is evidenced by the growth of the Woodmen of the World under his supervision. In addition to his executive capacities he had a lovable personality. His relations with all mankind, from the humblest to the highest, were marked by geniality and kindness. We who were privileged to associate with him both personally and officially know how powerless are any human terms to express our affection and appreciation, our sympathy for the surviving members of his family.

We may pay him no higher tribute than to say that by reason of his presence in the world there are more homes and happier homes. There are fewer tears and fewer sighs. There is less poverty and less despair. The prayers of the widowed and the fatherless accompany him to judgment. The love of millions goes with him to the gates of God. The memory of his services to humanity will flourish in the souls of men till deep shall call to deep no more.

ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF NEW WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BUILDING.

OMAHA, NEB., OCTOBER 3, 1912.

THE completion of the structure we dedicate today stamps upon public attention the Woodmen of the World, the objects for which it stands, the movement of which it is so conspicuous a part. We are dedicating today the largest fraternal insurance headquarters building on the globe. This fact must stir the soul of every member of the organization that has constructed this palace of fraternity, and of every citizen of Omaha, the city whose growth and enterprise make it a fitting location for so notable an edifice.

The language of eulogy would be pauperized to provide an adequate description of the Woodmen of the World. The achievements of this order are the most eloquent evidences of its glory. Woodcraft needs not the tongue of oratory to proclaim its excellence. It finds sufficient tribute in this temple of brotherhood, at once a marvel of utility and a dream of art. It finds sufficient tribute in more than eleven hundred millions of insurance in force in all branches and jurisdictions with which it shelters more than nine hundred thousand American homes. It finds sufficient tribute in the army of nine hundred thousand members now gathered beneath its standards, a number growing so rapidly that soon a million Sovereigns will answer the working sign and salute the flag of Woodcraft. It finds sufficient tribute in the 75 millions of dollars it has paid the beneficiaries of its dead. It finds sufficient tribute in the 45,000 monuments it has erected above the ashes of its departed. It finds sufficient tribute in an

emergency fund of over 22 millions of dollars, a fund destined to become a veritable rock of ages as each year's accumulations anchor it more firmly in the foundations of financial strength, a fund invested in bonds of the highest character. It finds sufficient tribute in the thousands of dollars with which it has relieved the destitution and the disabilities of age, in the care it has bestowed upon the sick, in the sympathy and love with which it has ministered to the unfortunate and the distressed. It finds sufficient tribute in the hearts of mothers, the prayers of orphans, the laughter of children reclaimed from hunger and despair. And I tell you that I would rather wipe one tear from the cheek of a child than to hold the highest offices within the gift of the American people.

The building we dedicate constitutes the headquarters of the Sovereign Jurisdiction by which it has been erected. The Sovereign Jurisdiction is the largest branch of Woodcraft, with a membership of 630,000, an emergency fund of nearly 15 millions, a benefit distribution since the beginning of over 50 millions, with other features in proportion. It comprises the territory of the American Union outside the nine extreme western states, which are known as the Pacific Jurisdiction, with headquarters at Denver. The other divisions are the Canadian Jurisdiction, embracing all of Canada; the Woodmen Circle, ladies' auxiliary of the Sovereign Jurisdiction; the Women of Woodcraft, operating within the limits of the Pacific Jurisdiction; with headquarters respectively at London (Ont.), Omaha (Neb.) and Portland (Ore.). Especial mention should be made on this occasion of those who stand at the head of our co-ordinate divisions—of Boak, who so ably conducts the Pacific Jurisdiction; of Mrs. Emma B. Manchester, a magnificent type of American

womanhood, who guides with unerring judgment and amazing vision the destinies of the Woodmen Circle; of Mrs. Carrie C. Van Orsdall, who directs with remarkable efficiency the Women of Woodcraft; of Harrison, who presides so successfully over the Canadian branch. Chief credit and affection, however, must be accorded the man who has occupied the highest position in the Sovereign Jurisdiction from its birth, who inaugurated the entire order and conceived the initial idea of Woodcraft—that marvelous combination of heart and intellect—Joseph Cullen Root.

Some seven years prior to 1890, the year the Woodmen of the World began, he had organized another fraternal insurance order, and he has lived to see these orders, children of his brain, become within a single generation the two largest fraternal insurance societies in the United States. He has seen them reach a combined membership in all branches and divisions of over two million American citizens, whose homes they protect with over three billion dollars of insurance, having already distributed to the widows and orphans of their dead approximately one hundred and ninety millions of dollars. Their ministrations to the sick and unfortunate can not be measured in figures or words. What other man in all history has done so much for humanity? No king, no congress, no president, no statesman, no philosopher can approach this record of practical blessings for mankind. It is a matter of intense regret that Sovereign Commander Root is prevented by the state of his health from being present on this occasion which symbolizes the fruition of his life. From millions of American homes and hearts speed sincerest wishes for his quick recovery, his safe return from foreign lands. His official associates, comprising other elective officers of the

Sovereign Jurisdiction, are here to participate in the ceremonies of dedication—Fraser, the greatest fraternal organizer of the time; Yates, a veritable genius for system and for detail; Jewell, the sleepless guardian of expenditures; Fitz Gerald, capable supervisor of every financial transaction, aided by his fellow-managers, Maxey, Lewis, Patterson, Campbell, Wells and Ruess; the Sovereign Officers, Simrall and Bradshaw, both able and devoted; the Sovereign Physicians, Cloyd and Porter, both with enviable records of professional skill and personal integrity; our gifted General Attorney, A. H. Burnett.

Let no man question the sacredness of our cause. More people are murdered by poverty, by disease, by lack of decent opportunities and surroundings than by all the wars of history. When the better instincts of our nature are destroyed by woe and want and bitter toil, when famine banishes faith and hunger hope, when the struggle for existence expels the luster from the eye, the color from the lip, ambition from the soul we die; we die, although we may move through the weary years with every function of the physical being still intact. The man or woman, boy or girl, whom lack of food and shelter drives to crime, to shame, are living corpses doomed to wander about the earth mere ghosts and shadows of their real selves. What hour is most prolific of such results? It is the hour of the dissolution of the home when women and children are deprived of the provider's sustaining arm. It is the purpose of Woodcraft to neutralize such disasters.

It is the duty of the members of this order so to shape its laws and policies that it may pursue its great mission undisturbed. We are not concerned with problems of state or with issues that divide the political parties of the time. The tariff, the currency, the

foreign trade, the regulation of corporate enterprise, the disposition of subject territory, the extent of the military establishment and similar questions have little place in our deliberations. We handle a question deeper than these, a question comprising the basis and the fountain of all government. It has been my fortune to witness in the Capitol at Washington the political battles of the current age. I have seen the clash of parliamentary legions, the fierce contentions for various policies of government, various theories of legislation. From their places in the Senate and the House I have heard statesmen thunder arguments and anathemas. I have seen the skirmish and the charge of legislative squadrons. I have heard the artillery of invective, the musketry of debate. I have heard the angry captains and the shouting hosts. And when the controversy was at its height I have turned in fancy from the turbulent scene to contemplate the vision of an humble American home, and like a light from morning's altars the truth broke over me that without this quiet cottage there would be no tariff to adjust, no currency to regulate, no navies to enlarge, no republic to preserve. It is in the interest of the home that Woodcraft exists.

The home is the unit of all society, the foundation of all government, the comfort and the crown of life! It preceded every form of government, every race and type of man. When the first mother gave the first life from her own the first home began. When her first kiss pressed the little lips of the new born being fresh from God the home became the echo and the mirror of a celestial realm. From that far hour until this the spot most sacred in any age or zone has been the home. Let those who will acclaim the pomp of war, the trumpet's cry, the cannon's call, the lightning

of uplifted swords, the mutilated living, the ghastly dead. Let those who will acclaim the glory bought with human blood, the valor signalized by the crushing of uncounted lives. As for me, I place above all this the courage and the sacrifice of motherhood which does not take, but gives, a life. Long before the birth of history the family and the home became the precursors of all progress, all safety, all peace, all hope. To the family and the home may be traced what is most fundamental in our civilization. The desire to provide a place where the family might permanently reside, to shelter it from flood and storm, from sun and snow, gave rise to the individual ownership of land, the basic principle of private property. From that primal idea gradually developed the modern system of land titles, the laws of inheritance, descent and distribution. And the institution of marriage, the basis of the home, has been from the earliest eras united with the idea of individual ownership of land. The desire to maintain the family in a state of peace, to preserve the fireside from strife and massacre turned savage tribes from war. Thus were laid the foundations of agriculture, barter and exchange on which were slowly builded the complex structure of modern industry. The necessity of co-operation for the maintenance of peace, the common ties of home and family which united men regardless of locality, produced the sentiment of brotherhood, a sentiment that became the chief factor in eliminating hate and force and fear from human deeds and creeds. Thus the principle of fraternity found its origin in the democracy of the fireside; thus motherhood created brotherhood. It may not be going too far to say that the common interest of the home will yet combine the world in love and peace. It is the touch of nature that makes

sang "Home, Sweet Home" in the federal prison at Atlanta.

The institutions that make it possible for every citizen to preserve his home are the fraternal insurance orders. They did not begin in the United States until about the time of the American civil war. It was indeed a happy ordinance of God that on the eve of the most frightful conflict the world ever knew, when the red reflection of the strife was about to mantle the pitying heavens, a movement should begin which was destined to make another civil war impossible. It may be truly said that the fraternal insurance movement has been one of the most powerful agencies in abolishing the spirit of sectionalism in the United States. Combining the people of the country from every section, from the North, the South, the East, the West, in a supreme effort to protect the American home, it awakened a new era of brotherhood, a new period of patriotism. Arms that had been raised to strike were extended to embrace. Lips that had uttered the sentences of hate spoke messages of fraternal love. Hearts that had surged in anger beat in friendly unison. The bivouacs that lit up the night of war were supplanted by the glow of peaceful firesides. The tumults of the battle were succeeded by the shouts of children in contented homes. Committing every prejudice to the sepulchers of the past, the American people welcomed the fraternal movement with an enthusiasm unexampled in all time. It offered them a basis of united and harmonious action, a watchword that will be shouted from the crests of coming centuries, a sentiment to be cherished with equal devotion beneath every sky and every star, a principle embodied beyond all rivalry in the Woodmen of the World, the preservation of the family, the salvation of the home.

Too much can not be said in condemnation of the man who disregards this task, who violates this obligation. The saddest of all human spectacles is a penniless family about a desolate fireside. What pardon may be expected by the man who despite every warning, despite every opportunity, despite invitation after invitation to join some order like the Woodmen of the World leaves his wife and children unprotected?

Here let it be said that it is impossible to measure earth's indebtedness to woman, to woman, the empress of the fireside, the maker of the home. In her presence men must bow as before earth's queenliest ornament. In her presence we must stand as those "whom some strange dream enthralls, far, far away in some lost life divine." Who can describe or understand her loyalty to him whom love has made the monarch of her soul? Who can describe or understand the quiet valor with which she marches to the silent battlefields that loom before her? Who can describe or understand the tenderness, the devotion and the toil with which she weaves the weary chaplet of the nights, the days, the months, the years? Who can describe or understand the grief of those before whom rise like accusing fingers from the past the indifferences and the neglects they caused her to endure? Who can describe or understand the infamy of the man who would crush her life with cruelty or cause her needless pain? Had I the stature of some Hercules of the skies, with arms that reached from earth to sun, I would fling such a man into space so far that Halley's comet could not catch him in a million years.

There is in all literature no more terrible picture of the punishment visited upon the spirits of the lost than Dante's Inferno, that "mediaeval miracle of song." It is a description of the author's fancied journey

through the nine circles of hell. Losing his way in a dark and forbidding forest he reaches a hill which seems to offer the only chance of safe egress, when he is confronted by ravenous beasts. Here he accosts the shade of Virgil sent from the pit of torment by Beatrice, Dante's former love, now a saint in heaven, to conduct him through the realms of woe whose entrance he is unconsciously approaching, and which now presents the only avenue of escape. Thus guided Dante enters through a gloomy gate the regions of horror. Through the darkness he sees the outlines of a mass of writhing, shrinking forms swept through the air by an eternal whirlwind. He is told by Virgil that these are the spirits of those who while on earth were neutral at all times and on all questions, championing nothing, opposing nothing, and who, rejected by heaven and refused by hell, were doomed to wander on the latter's brink forever. Continuing their way the classic pair now reach the mysterious river that all the lost must cross before entering the abysses of torture. They see the moaning multitudes gather at the river's edge to be transported to the prisons of unending pain:

> "God and their parents they blaspheme;
> The human kind, the place, the time, the seed
> Of their engendering and of their birth.
> Then, weeping bitterly, they all repaired
> Together to the shore accurst which waits
> Each man that fears not God."

Swooning at the sight, Dante awakes to find himself on the other shore and at the very mouth of the infernal pit whence wailings rolled and crashed like ever-deepening thunder.

Still led by Virgil he descends into the first circle of the great gulf of hell. Here in an atmosphere of

dazzling light he sees the shades of those who while on earth had been without opportunity to own the faith, the towering figures of the pagan ages who were condemned to no physical agony, but to hopeless longing. Before him march the spectral forms of Homer, Horace, Hector, Aeneas, Cornelia, Plato, Tully, Galen, Saladin and others with whom Virgil himself belongs. Thence Dante and Virgil descend into the second circle, an area of thickest darkness, through which a train of frenzied spirits are whipped by an everlasting hurricane, those who on earth had followed the paths of luxury and lust, among them Semiramis, Cleopatra, Paris, Helen, Tristan and Francesca. The third circle reveals a prostrate throng on which there falls a furious rain, all heavy, foul, unceasing, cold—torn by a monster, half animal, half man, doomed to suffer through the ages till the judgment notes shall sound, the gluttons of earth whose appetites had blinded continence and reason. In the fourth circle is portrayed the punishment of the avaricious and the extravagant, the misers and the prodigals, who are compelled to roll large weighs in opposite directions about this circle until they meet, and, turning, to repeat the dismal round forever.

Passing down into the fifth circle they find a lake of mire in which the unhappy culprits bruise and tear each other, those who yielded in life to violent anger, while at the bottom of the marsh lie those whose sullen tempers deprived them of the joys of heaven and whose attempts to speak are choked and stifled with the slime. Within the sixth circle they enter a phantom city guarded by gorgons and by furies wherein are kept in tombs of flame the souls of those who defied the faith. The seventh circle they find divided into three, the first containing a river of scalding blood wherein

are murderers and all those who have committed violence against the person or the property of others; the second a wood of twisted trees in which the spirits of suicides are imprisoned; the third a waste of boiling sand where writhe beneath a rain of fire the souls of those who have blasphemed the name of God. Within the eighth circle they behold ten trenches holding respectively panderers and seducers scourged by demons; flatterers immersed in filth; simoniacs who trafficked in holy offices implanted in a wall of rock with only their burning feet protruding; necromancers with heads reversed upon their bodies; barrators in pools of fiery pitch; hypocrites staggering in cloaks of lead; thieves torn by serpents; counselors of evil wrapped in flames; sowers of discord gashed and multilated; falsifiers, counterfeiters, perjurers tormented with fevers, dropsy, madness and all manner of disease. Descending into the ninth circle, which completes the somber journey and whence they rise into the world of living things again, they see the shades of traitors, traitors to benefactors, friends, companions; traitors to kindred, country and to God, locked in eternal ice, their tears all hail, their breath all frost. Thus ends the hideous expedition, and I sometimes think that Dante, the great Florentine, in giving this conception of torment to the world, ought to have constructed another circle with fitting punishments for the men who would subject their wives, the companions of their hopes, the comrades of their years, to cruelty and pain.

Now what is the distinguishing feature of the system exemplified in the fraternal insurance orders? What is its fundamental characteristic? The especial mark of the system is the fact that it combines the abstract principle of fraternity with the mathemati-

cal principle of insurance. The principle of fraternity has been for ages a glorious factor in the life of the world. It received its most lasting illustration in the teachings and the deeds of Christ. It became a living force when God first set the armies of the stars in motion. It sent an accusing thrill through the soul of Cain when lifting his hands in false denial he exclaimed, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It flowered as an ideal basis of society from Abraham's proclamation of the one and only God, the father of all the children of mankind. It has prompted every dream of freedom, every prayer for liberty in the darkest epochs of the race. It has strengthened patriots and encouraged martyrs. It has lifted men into the light of liberty, prosperity and truth. It has incited revolutions for the common good. It has shielded the weak and repressed the strong. It has builded republics on the ruins of thrones. It has found an appropriate embodiment in various organizations from remotest times. In Masonry, Odd Fellowship and similar forms it has united vast numbers of men in ritualistic devotion around the altars of brotherhood, the number of Masons and Odd Fellows in the United States being estimated at not less than five millions. These organizations are flourishing throughout the world today in common with later societies of similar purpose, notably the Knights of Pythias, Elks, Foresters, Red Men, Eagles, Moose, Hibernians, Rechabites, Mechanics and the like, and every friend of humanity, every lover of fraternity wishes for them increasing prominence and success.

While these institutions have made beneficent provision for members and the families of members in sickness and in distress and paid in claims for sickness approximately 500 millions of dollars they

have not developed this phase into a definite system of insurance. They have mainly emphasized the abstract and social features of fraternity. It has remained for the fraternal insurance order to employ a plan whereby every member by virtue of the act of joining becomes insured for the benefit of dependent ones. The insurance order has thus added to the ritualistic portrayal of fraternity the most practical expression fraternity could possibly obtain—the permanent and scientific insurance of every member's life. Thus the insurance order covers every phase of fraternal activity, the ceremonies of brotherhood, the care of the sick, the needy, the distressed, the payment of a substantial and definite sum to dependents after a member's death. The principle of life insurance had been understood and practiced for more than a century before the advent of the fraternal insurance order. It was itself of fraternal nature. Briefly stated it meant the co-operation of a number of individuals who by separate and uniform contributions established a fund which should stand as a shield against the results of death. It had been employed as a means of profit by commercial companies, or had been combined with the idea of investment, to such an extent that the rates became almost prohibitive to the struggling masses. The mission of the fraternal insurance order was to unite the people in a voluntary, self-governing organization, with no idea of profit, and thus to bring the benefits of insurance within the reach of the humblest fireside and the poorest home. Perhaps I shall be able to give some definite idea of the difference in cost between the commercial and fraternal systems of insurance when I say that the net rates on whole life insurance in the former are more than twice as high as in the latter, while the rates in the former on insur-

ance with investment features added are from three to seven times as high as the straight life insurance charges, which constitute the sole function of the latter. Comparing the expense charge levied by the companies and the orders, it will be seen that the former are far higher than the latter.

It is evident that in the fraternal insurance system both fraternity and insurance reach the point of highest practical good for humanity. Naturally when the combination was first made and the system had its first actual trial the results were unsatisfactory. Naturally it was most difficult to develop at first effort a permanent, scientific and faultless system. It is true that the fraternal insurance system had been flourishing in England for more than eighty years when the first American insurance order was established, practically every problem of organization and conduct having been solved in England before the close of the eighteenth century. As in so many other phases of our internal development we failed to utilize the experience of older countries. Be this as it may, the founders of fraternal insurance in the United States with no guide but the impulse of brotherhood confronted every difficulty with unfaltering patience and determination. Today, only fifty-five years after the beginning of the first fraternal insurance order in the United States, the United States Grand Lodge of the Order of B'rith Abraham founded in 1859 we have a few more than 200 of such orders with a total membership of over seven and a half millions, more than a third of the total voting population of the United States. Taking those dependent on active members into account we see that the system touches the lives and destinies of nearly forty millions of the American people. When we consider how the fraternal insurance

movement resulted from a desire of the masses to secure for their dependent ones the blessings of insurance, how this movement rose from the crudest of beginnings to a colossal system of financial distribution we look in vain for a prototype or parallel in history. There have been popular movements in almost every century with some beneficent purpose in view, but they never reached a basis of permanent financial return to participants or the families of participants. On the contrary, they resulted often in enormous loss of life and treasure as in the case of the crusades. The fraternal insurance movement is perhaps the first instance in history of organizations embracing millions of people and dedicated to the loftiest of sentiments evolving without the co-operation or the sympathy of the commercial world a plan for the financial protection of the families of their dead, a plan whose ultimate fruition will be growth of membership and increase of funds at such a rate that the preservation of every American home will be assured, the menace of poverty materially lessened.

Among the insurance societies of the United States the Woodmen of the World is perhaps the most advanced. Its emergency fund of twenty-two millions in all jurisdictions, its burial and unveiling ceremonies place it in the foremost rank of the fraternal insurance movement. Its funereal rites are as eloquent as they are significant, as impressive as they are beautiful. From the beginning of the race the grave has wielded an intense and somber fascination. The burial of each pale and pulseless body though typifying the universal fate of man throws wide the gates of grief, arouses new and more profound reflection. The Woodman burial rites embody the purest philosophy, the sweetest hope of all the centuries. Let us contrast them with the

burial scene of some monarch of the past. One of the weirdest and most striking funerals of history was that of Attila, the terror of the earth, the "scourge of God." Establishing his sway from China to the Rhine, he had hurled his savage myrmidons across the civilized regions of the globe, a war-drunk mass that threatened to subvert all order, peace and law. With fear unutterable he filled all lands and hearts, while emperors spoke his name in whispers. He gave cities to the torch and peoples to the sword. Palace and hovel shrank in common dread from the hoof beats of his countless cavalry. Priests, babes and mothers, the aged, the afflicted and the weak were mingled in a promiscuous destruction. Foremost in avarice, ferocity and lust, he called his followers almost every hour to new outrage and fresher massacre. His repulse at Chalons amid unequaled carnage averted the doom of civilization. In that contest brooks became floods of blood surrounding islands of the slain. Only the appeals of Lucifer beseeching the rebel angels to assault again the parapets of heaven provide a parallel for the desperate eloquence of Attila in urging his broken numbers to renew the strife. Recovering his baleful power within a year he made a road of ashes through the fairest parts of Italy. The lordliest city of the world, the capital of an empire once invincible, bought peace from this barbarian with ransom and with prayer. Prompted by a resurgent appetite to sack and kill he was preparing another incursion more dreadful than all the rest when death lifted his apparition from the souls of states and men. It was appropriate that the excesses of savage revelry, the bursting of a superheated vein while in a debauch should have hastened his demise. Then followed the weird ceremony about his bier, the fantastic measures of encircling squadrons,

the cadences of a barbaric dirge. The rude mourners gashed their faces in order that the warrior's hero might be commemorated with warriors' blood, not women's tears. His body, his weapons, his ornaments and his spoils were buried in three coffins, one of gold, one of silver and one of iron, buried secretly in the night. The captives who performed the task were slain and carousals followed. What a comparison the burial of Attila presents with the burial of a Sovereign of the Woodmen of the World! The funeral of a member of this order is a modest and sincere outpouring of neighbors, brothers, friends to deliver the last salutations of affection and respect. The Woodman funeral signalizes a life of continence and devotion. The officers of the Camp in plain regalia, Sovereigns, neighbors, friends in ordinary garb follow the corpse to the narrow sanctuary of the dust. About the open grave the Sovereigns gather in the image of the wedge, one of the basic symbols of the order. We hear the voice of the Consul Commander pronouncing the Woodmen requiem for the dead—

"Life is the flower that blows,
Death is the withered leaf;
Life is the grain as it grows,
Death is the garnered sheaf.

Life is the blazing fire,
Death is the ash grown cold;
Life is the glittering spire,
Death is the ruin old."

Suddenly from a mass of flowers on the lowered casket a dove of stainless white is liberated and upward sweeps to dip its plumage in the purest skies, an emblem of the soul as it rises from the clay to glory.

The monument erected by the Woodmen of the World at the graves of its dead is perhaps our most

original and distinctive feature. The Woodman monument is one of the most fitting symbols the doctrine of equality and brotherhood have ever known. It is perhaps the most signal contribution of Joseph Cullen Root, the founder of Woodcraft, to the symbolism and the progress of fraternity. There stands near Buckingham Palace in London one of the most notable monuments of modern or of ancient times—a memorial in honor of Queen Victoria. It is remarkable not only for splendor of design and massiveness of structure, but for the ruler and the period it commemorates. It was built by contributions from every portion of the British Empire, a tribute representing more races and countries than had ever before united in a similar aim. It was dedicated to a sovereign who had reigned for more than six decades of the nineteenth century, who had presided over greater numbers of mankind and witnessed greater material advancement than any other ruler of the past. The base of this beautiful structure of marble and gold is a raised foundation surrounded by walls on which are fountains and basins emblemizing the maritime feature of the English empire. Over the fountains are reclining figures representing science, art, the army and the navy. Pedestals near the front and rear steps of the base bear colossal figures supported by lions, the figures in front representing progress and peace, those in the rear typifying agriculture, labor, manufacture, both groups suggesting the things on which the British government must depend for its existence. From the center of the elevated foundation the monument rises to a height of eighty-two feet. About half way between the base and the summit is a gigantic figure of Victoria seated on a throne with orb and scepter and looking toward the heart of London. To her right and left are figures

symbolic of justice and truth, while on the opposite side is a sculptured group denoting motherhood. On the cornices above these figures are eagles symbolic of dominion; above the eagles are the images of constancy and courage surmounted by an orb on which stands an angel of victory with outstretched wings, in one hand an olive branch, the other pointing to the skies. The entire memorial was designed and executed by Thomas Brock, who was knighted for its completion after ten years of labor. The scene of the unveiling of this monument was brilliant and impressive. The veil was liberated by King George V, grandson of Victoria, in the presence of Emperor William II of Germany, another grandson. On an improvised flooring in front of the monument gathered four thousand of the most distinguished persons in the public life of the British empire. Beyond this company thousands of people gathered. The uniforms of the guards of honor, the robes of bishops and archbishops, the surplices of the choir, the costumes of officers from every part of the empire, of ministers and ambassadors from many lands, formed a memorable setting for the dedication of this tribute to human glory. Little perhaps did anyone there think of the statue of Rameses that had been found a few years before face downward in the dust of ages, a statue that had thousands of years before surmounted a mightier monument than this. Little perhaps did anyone in attendance think that at the very time of this royal ceremony there were assembled at various places in a republic on the other side of the Atlantic crowds of plain citizens who were also unveiling monuments to their sacred dead. These monuments were small in comparison with the Victorian pile,— plain, granite shafts, and nowhere could be seen the insignia of royalty or aristocracy.

The ceremonies in progress about these monuments were those of a fraternal order representing the purest and most practical expression of human brotherhood, the Woodmen of the World. They consisted of a few simple but significant rites, the Consul Commander ordering the veil to be removed with these words: "Remove the veil and let God's sunlight shine upon this monument to our departed Sovereign." The men whose memories were thus honored were not sovereigns as was Victoria, but as were all their brethren in Woodcraft sovereigns of brotherhood and love. The men whose monuments were thus uncovered had won this distinction through membership in the Woodmen of the World, leaving their families protected, their homes secure. And I say to you that the humble home of the citizen will endure when the Victorian column shall have crumbled. I say to you that the modest monuments of these crownless kings of true fraternity typify a more lasting sentiment than all the memorials that ever rose to mark the splendor of the proud or the power of the strong.

Another conspicuous feature of the Woodmen of the World is its devotion to the American flag. In all its meetings the American flag is displayed above the station of the presiding officer. Thus the Woodmen of the World pays tribute to the country of its nativity. One of the essential doctrines of Woodcraft is reverence for the flag.

The American flag; as we contemplate it what visions rise! We see the standards that preceded it on the western hemisphere. We see Columbus in 1492 unfurling on the island of San Salvador the royal standard of Spain, the first flag so far as human records show to appear near our Atlantic shore. We see John Cabot and his sons in 1497 planting the red cross of

St. George, England's meteor flag, and the Venetian banner of St. Mark on the coast of what is now known as Labrador. A year later we see Sebastian Cabot raising the British colors on what is now the New England coast. Throughout the sixteenth century we see various expeditions from England to the western world all raising the English flag. We see Balboa in 1513, a drawn sword in one hand, the flag of Spain in the other, advancing into the Pacific until the tide rises to his knees, lifting for the first time a European standard above the waters of that widest of the seas. We see Cortez in 1521 establishing his banner of velvet and gold in the land of what now is Mexico. We see Cartier in 1535 planting the banner of France on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the first European flag to find a mirror in its waters. We see De Soto in 1540 unfolding the first European flag on the Mississippi. We see the beginnings of English civilization at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock in 1607 and 1620, the English flag now consisting of the white cross of St. Andrew and the red cross of St. George, a recognition of the union of 1606 between Scotland and England. We see Hendrick Hudson in 1609 raising the standard of the Netherlands on the island of Manhattan, a flag of orange, white and blue, a flag that became the official standard of the Manhattan colony. We see red substituted for orange on this flag by order of the Dutch government in 1650, and we thus see for the first time on the American continent the historic combination of red, white and blue on a flag. We see the Swedish and Finnish colonists in 1638 planting the yellow cross of Sweden on the Delaware.

As the sense of nationality and the desire for liberty develop we see each American colony adopting a flag of its own, each flag being a modification of the

original English flag. When the revolution begins we see a variety of standards in the colonial army, notably the pine tree flag of Massachusetts, bearing the inscription, "An Appeal to Heaven," and the rattlesnake banner of South Carolina containing the characteristic words, "Don't tread on me." We see the colonial troops on Prospect Hill at Cambridge on the first day of January, 1776, raise the first official flag of the united colonies, a flag with thirteen alternate red and white stripes and the combined crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. It signifies the union of the colonies for defense, but not for independence, their determination to vindicate their rights, if possible, without separation from the mother country. With the declaration of independence in July of that year we see the disappearance of the last hope of reconciliation with the mother country and the substitution of thirteen stars for the English crosses on the American flag. We see the busy fingers of Betsy Ross making the first banner of the stars and stripes and we note that an American woman fashioned the first American flag. We see the official adoption of the stars and stripes by the Continental Congress in June, 1777, and a few weeks later we see John Paul Jones raise the first American flag on an American man-of-war, the very flag that two years afterward fluttered defiantly at the mastpeak of the Bon Homme Richard as that gallant vessel sank with her dead in the moment of victory. We see John Paul Jones receive in 1778 from the French Admiral Piquet on the coast of France the first salute of the American flag by a foreign power. In the same year we see the capture of the Drake by Jones, the first regular man-of-war to strike its colors to the American flag. We see the first use of the flag in a land battle in August, 1777, at Fort Stanwix in

New York, a fort that never surrendered. We see that flag in the struggle's front at Brandywine, at Germantown and Saratoga. We see it in the winter camp at Valley Forge, inspiring the half-clad soldiery during months of famine and of cold. We see it rallying the colonials at Monmouth and leading the assault at Stony Point. We see it in a succession of triumphs at Camden, at King's Mountain, at Guilford Court House, at Eutaw Springs and in the final victory of Washington over Cornwallis at Yorktown. We see it raised by the wife of an American tavern keeper in New York on the day of the British evacuation in 1783. A British officer in full uniform orders her to haul it down. She refuses and he attempts to lower it himself while the heroic woman belabors him with a broomstick so severely that the powder rises from his wig in clouds and he finally gives up the task. Thus we find ourselves indebted to an American woman not only for the first model of the American flag, but for the victorious close of the last battle of the revolutionary war.

It should be noted that in 1784 the American flag was first displayed in the Chinese sea by Captain Green of the Empress, and that its first journey round the globe was completed in 1790 at the masthead of the Columbia, John Kendred, captain. It was soon seen in the most distant harbors of the earth. In 1794 it was suspended by the side of the colors of the French republic in the hall of the National Convention at Paris. Vermont and Kentucky having been admitted to the Union, the flag was changed by act of Congress in 1794 to one of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. It was raised at New Orleans in 1803 to mark the transfer of the Louisiana domain. It was carried by Lewis and Clarke in their remarkable journey beginning in 1806

to the source of the Missouri, thence across the Rockies and along the Columbia to the Pacific. It was borne to victory on the Atlantic, on Lake Champlain, on Lake Erie, at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans in the war of 1812. It was during this contest that Francis Scott Key in April, 1814, while witnessing the bombardment of Fort McHenry composed his immortal ode to the flag. The flag floated for the first time over a public school on Catamount Hill in Colrain, Massachusetts, in May of 1812. The admission of additional states forcing the question of further changes in the flag, Congress declared by law in 1818 that it should consist of thirteen red and white stripes and twenty stars, representing the existing states, a new star to be added for every future state. The law remains today as then enacted, the number of stars having grown to forty-eight. The flag was given the name of "Old Glory" by Captain William Driver at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1831.

The flag was planted by Fremont on the summit of the Rockies in 1841. It swept to victory after victory in the war with Mexico from 1846 to 1848, leading the American regiments at Palo Alto, at Buena Vista, at Cerro Gordo and Chepultepec. In 1848 it was lifted on the snowy summit of Mount Orizaba where the footsteps of man had never fallen before. In the same year it was borne by an American vessel for the first time across the sea of Galilee to the river Jordan and thence to the Dead Sea. It was carried by M. C. Perry into the harbor of Yokohama in 1854 where was negotiated the first treaty opening Japan to foreign trade. It was opposed by the Stars and Bars, of glorious memory, in the civil conflict of the sixties, emerging from that giant strife the emblem of a firmer Union. It was carried into remotest Africa by Stanley in 1871

and raised on one of the loftiest peaks of the Andes by a party of American engineers in 1873. It was first unfurled on Cuban soil at Guantanamo during the war with Spain in 1898 and led the American advance at Las Guasimas, at San Juan Hill and Santiago. It was glorified in the two principal naval victories of that struggle at Manila and Santiago Bay. It was the first flag to be raised on the walls of Pekin in the assault by the allied armies in 1900. It was displayed by miners in the Congress gold mine near Phoenix, Ariz., 1,500 feet underground, in honor of a visit by McKinley in May, 1901, and in the following September from the beginning of McKinley's funeral at Canton until sunset an American flag bordered with crepe, supported by four enormous kites, floated at a height of 1,500 feet above Bayonne, New Jersey, as a token of mourning. In 1903 the American flag was planted on the Himalayas at an altitude it had never before attained. In 1904 it was raised at Panama to denote the initiation by American genius of one of the greatest enterprises of all time, and a few years later it became the first of all the flags of history to reach the North Pole. In April of the present year it again floated over Vera Cruz, not for conquest, but for peace.

The American flag, signal of a people's rights, emblem of a people's glory, combining the blue of heaven, the white of honor, the red of courage and the stars of victory—to the American citizen the proudest pennant on the earth! What splendor and what distinction radiate from its folds as it floats in lordly company with the ensigns of the present and the past—with the lilies of France and the lions of Spain, the crosses of England and the sun of Japan, the dragon of China, the German tri-color and the Austrian crown, the eagle of Russia and the wolf of Rome. The Amer-

ican flag, born in honor and in blood, sustained in valor and in triumph, symbol of a republic that has survived the stress of panic and of war. The American flag, eternal as the principle it symbolizes, beautiful as the heavens in which it floats.

Such are the facts and the reflections suggested by the dedication of this building. But massive as it appears to mortal eyes, imposing as its physical proportions seem to be, let us not forget that it is only an humble symbol of another and a mightier structure—the invisible temple of brotherhood reaching from the earth to the walls of the New Jerusalem, whose foundations are the hearts of men and women in every quarter of the globe, whose pillars are the songs that rise from millions of protected homes, whose altars are the prayers that tremble on the lips of universal love.

UNVEILING ORATION AT THE GRAVE OF ARIAIL.

IN EVERY age of human history monuments have been erected to celebrate the achievements of man. Temples, statues, columns, mausoleums, pyramids, obelisks and arches have been constructed in every period to honor gods and kings. Poets whose songs were mirrors of the passions, hopes and glories of their time, emperors whose scepters were the symbols of universal power, warriors who found the way to fame beneath the flashes of the sword, philosophers who sought to penetrate the secrets of the stars, princes, statesmen, governors, presidents, priests and all the others whom the world calls great have received the bronze and marble tribute.

Along the plateau west of ancient Memphis, between the valley of the Nile and the sands of the Libyan desert, stand the pyramids of Egypt. They were built in the unwritten past as sepulchers for the royal dead. They have remained the unsolved wonders of every generation. The method of their construction has never been discovered. As to this they are as silent as the dead they have sheltered for forty centuries. They are the tombs of the oldest dynasties and together with the ruins of Memphis and of Thebes they constitute one of the most sublime remembrances of antiquity.

The sole memorials of the nations that flowered on the plains between the Euphrates and the Tigris are the fragments of monuments and temples. They alone recall the valor of Nimrod, the fame of Urukh, the beauty of the goddess Nana, and the splendors of the City of Ur. They are the solitary reminiscences of the

pride of Assyria, the grandeur of Nineveh, and the pomp of Babylon.

The Persians perpetuated the memory of Xerxes and Cyrus with palaces and tombs. At Ephesus they erected for the worship of Diana, tutelary divinity of the city, a temple so vast and splendid that it has made its builders as immortal as the goddess they strove to honor. Within the temple they placed the celebrated statue of Diana which has become universally recognized as one of the world's greatest works of art.

The Greeks were especially devoted to the erection of shrines and temples for their heroes and their gods. Zeus, whose locks but moved to make the god-world tremble, was honored with a shrine among the Dodonian oaks and a temple at Olympia. The Parthenon at Athens, constructed under the direction of Phidias to commemorate the great men of Greece, is a lasting monument of Hellenic genius.

In Rome monuments and arches rose to preserve historic memories. A temple marked the spot where stood the pyre of Julius Caesar. The arch of Titus on the Sacred Way, glorifying the capture of Jerusalem, and the arch of Constantine, built between the Palatine and Celian hills to celebrate the victory over Maxentius, still proclaim the glory of Roman rulers. The column of Trajan, depicting notable scenes in the life of that emperor, was dedicated to him by a grateful senate and a thankful people.

Passing through mediaeval ages, we find that in modern times man still delights to do homage to human greatness in monumental marble.

The tomb of Napoleon at Paris is one of the most imposing tributes the living ever paid the dead. In a sarcophagus of porphyry, surrounded by twelve heroic

figures of victory, Napoleon sleeps. In another and perhaps the most beautiful portion of Paris stands one of the most magnificent arches of triumph in existence. It proclaims the glories of French arms under the leadership of Napoleon. It surpasses the arches of Rome in magnitude, in design and in effect. In Westminster Abbey the distinguished dead of England are entombed. Poets, orators, philosophers, explorers, warriors, kings and queens lie within this wondrous mausoleum. But to mention the monuments in every land would be too great a task as every country has honored its mighty dead with marble and with bronze.

But why should not the memory of all men be equally preserved? Are not all men born equal and in the democracy of death are they not still equal? Why is it that pyramids and monuments and temples have been erected only for the great? Why should the man of the masses be forgotten and the man of the crown and throne alone remembered? Are not the axe and plough as necessary to mankind as the sword and pen? Why then should not all our dead be given equal recognition?

It is strange but true that not until the year 1890 a body of men arose who resolved, so far as their organization was concerned, to permit no unjust and artificial distinctions among the living or among the dead. That body of men was the Woodmen of the World, and over the grave of every deceased Woodman a substantial monument is placed. Every member of this order is a Sovereign—a sovereign who sits not on a throne, but who has enthroned within his heart the principles of love, of honor and of remembrance—a sovereign with no crown of gold or iron on his brow, but with the crown of all the virtues, brotherhood, in his soul. In dedicating monuments to our dead we

commemorate only their qualities of benevolence and usefulness, covering whatever imperfections may have been their mortal portion with the mantle of charity. And in unveiling this monument today we do not ask what social station may have been occupied by the dead. We do not inquire as to whether he ever wore the trappings of earthly fame. It is sufficient for us to know that he was sovereign, citizen, husband, father, friend. These are the noblest titles man ever bore.

Standing beside the tomb of a departed Sovereign it is well that we should profit by the lessons of this hour. Death is as profound a mystery today as at the dawn of time. The centuries have witnessed countless efforts to discover the land beyond this sphere but there is no Columbus of the grave. The achievements of science and the researches of philosophy are powerless alike to solve the enigma of dissolution. The light of progress that has penetrated so many abysses of human ignorance beats in vain upon the tomb. Death is the one monarch whom revolutions cannot conquer, the one ruler whose kingdom ever widens. His pale and silent subjects rise not to question his authority. We are as helpless beneath his sway as weeds in the sweeping seas.

Death comes to man in myriad forms. It is at times an angel smiling a welcome to the skies; again it is a demon frowning a summons to hell. It is to some a cradle of unending peace; to some a Procrustean bed of pain. It is the conqueror of time, the herald and the despot of eternity. Men have met its approach with courage, or have recoiled with horror from its touch. It confronted Caesar in the Roman senate, but could not with assassination awe that soul imperial.

"Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell."

But how unlike the first of Caesars died the last! Great Julius entered the realms of death as if he were but changing kingdoms—while Nero, who had murdered the good and brave of Rome, fled like a coward to the grave. Death never ended the mortal life of a more valiant spirit than that of Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Elizabeth. Approaching the block to which she had been condemned by order of the king, she sent this message to him from the tomb: "Tell the king that he is constant in advancing me to the greatest of honors; from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness; from that degree he made me a queen; and now because he can raise me no higher in this world is translating me to heaven to wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

The problem of death is the torture of the brain and the terror of the soul. The dread with which the herald of decay has ever been regarded is expressed among all peoples in death-songs weird and sad. They are touching protests against death's tyrannous caprice. Death takes the maiden in the freshness and the charm of dawning beauty. It destroys the youth upon whose brow is set the promise of a proud career. Its shadow falls across the fireside where the circle of domestic joy has been unbroken; across congresses and thrones; across banquet halls where revel rages and laughter rings beneath the glitter of goblet and chandelier. It is present on the battlefield where its image gleams in burst of shell, in flame of cannon and in flash of sword. It rides upon the lightning and dwells within the

storm. It lurks within the fairest flower, the gentlest breeze.

How powerless and frail is man—a pigmy on a tiny island in infinity's shoreless sea! Surrounded by an eternity of silence, an immensity peopled with endless multitudes of undiscovered worlds, his life a momentary sigh, whipped with tempest and scourged with fire, what is it that enables him to strive and hope? What is it that enables him to conduct with so much vigor and success the vast enterprises of civilization? What is it that leads him to form societies, to enact laws, to fashion governments, to build churches, palaces and schools? What is it that makes possible his high state of moral and material culture? The progress of the race, the preservation of order, the practice of moral principle are due to the conviction born of faith that death is not the end of life. It is the general belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul that keeps government alive and society intact. The absence of such belief would mean anarchy and night more frightful than the prophecies of Adamaster, the spirit of the stormy cape. The atrocities of that period of the French revolution in which God was abandoned and reason deified show how necessary to the preservation of life and order is religious belief.

In the light of these facts it is strange and sad that men should at times attack the foundations of society by questioning God and immortality. The existence of God is written on every granite page of nature. It is inscribed on leaf and stream, on planet and on cloud. It is proclaimed by every mountain peak, trumpeted by every cataract, reflected in every sunset and mirrored in every star. It is demonstrated by the progress of mankind and the advance of Christianity. God

speaks to man in every flower whose perfume woos the enamored air. He speaks through unnumbered worlds in the limitless reaches of the empyrean. He speaks through forests, prodigals of shelter and shade, through rivers and seas whose bosoms bear the commerce of the world. He speaks in the thunders of Niagara and in the towering glory of the Alps. He speaks in every rainbow that the sunlight kisses from the mists. He speaks in the splendor of every perfect day and in the astral beauty of every matchless night. He speaks in the enginery of steam that has unmoored continents and anchored them side by side. He speaks in the electric current that carries the thought of man in an instant round the world. He speaks in the adjustment and adaptitude of the machinery of the human body—in the delicate arrangement, important function and mutual dependence of the brain and heart. He speaks in government, in science, in architecture, in art, in law. His existence is engraved upon the sky; it is imprinted on the soul, and the fact of His being neither parliaments nor peoples may with impunity disregard.

The immortality of the soul is equally impressed upon the mind and heart of man. The hope of immortality springs from the deepest feeling of the soul, the feeling of kinship with eternity. It is the most powerful and beneficent influence that operates upon the motives, the passions, the habits and the aspirations of humanity. It is the principal pillar of society, the chief inspiration of art. It relieves the despair of philosophy and touches the poet's pen with fire. It is sweeter than the music with which the angels salute their God. It makes of death a gateway—not a wall; a portal to everlasting bliss. It is the grandest promise of divinity. It is taught in the Woodman ritual

and exemplified in our burial and unveiling ceremonies. The dove we liberate from the open grave is the emblem of the soul as it rises into life immortal.

But the monument we unveil today typifies the practical advantages as well as the principles of Woodcraft. No Woodman rests "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown." It is an unspeakable consolation to know that we shall be remembered after death; to feel that because of our membership in this great order, if for no other reason, our names will not immediately fade from the recollection of the living. And it is sweeter still to know that those who are dependent on us will not suffer when we shall have been gathered to the dust; to know that when the arm that fought the struggle of existence lies nerveless in the grave our loved ones will be protected, our homes preserved.

It is due to facts like these that the Woodmen of the World has grown with such rapidity since its organization in 1890. This order teaches in an eloquent ritual the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity. The greatest of these is fraternity, for without fraternity liberty and equality cannot exist. Liberty cannot exist without fraternity. Man must call man brother before man will take up arms in defense of man. Equality cannot exist without fraternity. Man must call man brother before man becomes the equal of man. The history of the world may be thus epitomized: Man called man master, and there was tyranny; man called man brother, and there was liberty.

We have met today to dedicate the monument of Sovereign Julius Fellows Ariail, who was one of the most distinguished and useful members of the Sovereign Camp, the supreme legislative body of the Woodmen of the World. He was born at Alexandria, Loui-

siana, in 1863. Here was his cradle and here is his grave. Here he first caught wondering view of the day-god's fire and here he faded into the eternal sleep. He attended the University of Louisiana and Vanderbilt. He became a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity. Vividly do I recall how my heart leaped with ecstasy when I found on first meeting Ariail at the Sovereign Camp in St. Louis that he was a member of Kappa Alpha, a knight of the crimson and gold, a brother even at the altar. In the Sovereign Camp and in the legislature of Louisiana he displayed profound attributes of statesmanship as well as unusual gifts of oratory. He was as generous as he was gentle, as modest as he was true. His was an attractive, a popular and an incorruptible manhood. With an intellect of decided power, an address and bearing of natural dignity, he combined a heart as responsive to the tenderer impulses as a harp to the sweep of an angel's wing. His devotion to his wife and children finds glowing illustration in a Woodmen certificate. Upon his buried head will never fall the curses of neglected love. He knew how fragile was the thread of life; how uncertain the hour of his summons to the clay. He showed his appreciation of the kindness of God in crowning his years with a lovely and loving family by protecting them against the emergency of his death. He has earned the quiet slumber of the dreamless grave. May peace dwell with his ashes; seraphs with his soul.

And may we all depart from this impressive scene, the music of a sweeter hope within our souls. Beyond the glimmer of the skies are palaces of rest. Beyond the curtains of the clouds all those whom death has separated for a time shall meet to part and die no more. In the cities of the blest there is no death, but

there is life eternal, happiness supreme. And the wife and children of the sovereign whose monument we dedicate today may dwell with rapture upon the coming of the hour when they shall repose again upon the bosom of husband and of father. And together with all the resurrected race of man they shall for joy outsing the morning stars upon the breaking of day "when the seed the grave entombeth bursts to glory from the clay."

THE GOSPEL OF WOODCRAFT.

THE last half of the nineteenth century will forever rank as one of the fundamental epochs in the world's advancement. In the estimation of the present it is notable chiefly for the almost universal application of mechanical forces to the various phases of human industry. It was undoubtedly the cardinal half century of inventive genius. The development of machinery was carried to such an extent that today almost everything in the world may be made or unmade by pressing a button or turning a crank except debts and taxes, divorce and death. Perhaps we are yet to have a machine which for a nickel in the slot will produce a receipt for taxes and debts, a marriage license or a divorce, a burial permit, a pair of wings and a clear abstract of title to a mansion in the skies. The advent of the mechanical appliance made production and manufacture possible on so prodigious a scale, concentration of energy and union of control to so enormous an extent that industrial monopolies arose surpassing in wealth and power the wildest conjectures of the past. The principal scenes of human action, the centers of human interest were transferred from the council chamber, the pulpit, the forum, the university and the court to the counting room and the stock exchange. The millionaire supplanted the orator, the statesman, the divine, the judge in the regard of men; the dollar-mark eclipsed the cross. Then followed an idolatry of the rich, a modern paganism more revolting than all the superstitions of antiquity. Patten, in the wheat pit at Chicago, pale and breathless as millions accumulate and the price of bread grows dearer; Morgan restoring the trembling edifice of finance while

the mere fact that he takes a cup of coffee at 2 o'clock in the morning is cabled to the remotest sections of the earth; Rockefeller fixing the price of one of life's necessities, in this morbid era an object of such interest that his ordinary movements are noted in the Associated Press, are truer symbols of modern ideals and tendencies than Jefferson composing the gospel of a nation's liberties or Washington declining an empire to resume the labors of the farm. The worship of the simple virtues of a better age is almost lost amid the stir and storm of modern business, just as the spire of old Trinity in the city of New York is now far overtopped by walls of gain. Indeed, the swiftness of the time has in some sections of the country affected the pulpit and it is said that a certain modern evangelist tells the familiar story of David and Goliath in this way: "And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says: 'Dave, better go up to the house. Your ma's anxious about the other boys fightin' in the army, hasn't heard from them by phone or anything, and she'd like you should look them up.' So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front, and stays there with his brothers over night.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him.

" 'Who's that big stiff makin' all the big talk out there?' asks Dave.

" 'Why, that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

" 'Why don't someone soak him one?' asks Dave.

" 'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

" 'You fellers make me tired,' says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets five pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath. and soaks him in the

coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block and the whole Philistine gang skidooed."

There is evidence, however, at the close of this, the first decade of the twentieth century, of a reaction against the materialism that dominates the earth. The reaction finds one of its most prolific sources in the system of fraternal insurance and the vast and growing organizations in which the system finds expression. It is a system combining the noblest doctrines and the most practical methods for the elevation of humanity, a fabric that must have been woven by the fingers of God. It represents the largest and most successful application the principle of brotherhood has yet received in human institutions. It teaches co-operation, equality, love and peace; it exemplifies these basic conceptions in providing payments from a common treasury to dependent ones in the black hour of the provider's death. Thus it perpetuates the family and preserves the home. Thus it strengthens the foundations of society.

It is a fact of more than ordinary importance, perhaps of heavenly ordainment, that the second half of the nineteenth century, an age with arms of steel, ideals of brass and heart of stone, an age of enormous physical development and measureless financial power, an age of machinery, monopoly and millionaires, an age in which material success became the dominating aspiration of society, should have witnessed the advent in the United States of fraternal insurance, a movement opposed in every sense to the reigning tendencies of the time, teaching that true wealth is of the soul, that the protection of the home is humanity's proudest goal, that the grasp of grateful hands, the kiss of lov-

ing lips, the flash of tender eyes, the rosary of baby fingers, the timid march of little feet, the glow of the fireside, the pure communion of the family circle are worth far more to earth and heaven than banks and bonds and palaces. Surely the hand of God raised up this system to lead mankind out of deserts where the rain of the spirit never falls into the holy land of brotherhood and peace. And when in cities, fields and plains, on every wall and peak and tower the white standards of fraternal love shall rise and man shall measure man by principle, not by pelf, by merit, not by mammon, by true godliness, not gain, the last half of the nineteenth century will be remarkable, not so much for its material glory as for the fact that it witnessed the birth in the United States of practical fraternity. One of the most notable days in fraternal records was October 27, 1868, the day that marked the organization of one of the first fraternal insurance orders in the United States.

By the close of 1878 seventeen additional orders had been established, six having been founded in 1877, the banner year of the first decade. The succeeding decade witnessed a more active growth and marked the organization of thirty-seven additional orders, eight having been founded in 1879, seven in 1883. The third decade in the history of American fraternal insurance, the decade ending in the year 1898, saw the advent of nearly seventy organizations, fifteen having been established in 1897 alone, the banner number and the banner year for all decades since 1868. The year 1890 saw the birth of the Woodmen of the World, an order second only in numbers to any other today, and in that respect to one alone, to one seven years its senior—and absolutely first in reserve accumulations, in conservatism of management and plan, in beauty of ritualism and in rapidity of growth. The fourth decade, the

decade ending with 1908, witnessed the rise of nearly sixty insurance orders proper, nine having been founded in 1902 and nine in 1903. Of course many other organizations claiming to be fraternal insurance institutions were inaugurated during the period just described, but for the most part they were ephemeral or purely local. I have referred to practically all of the substantial and typical representatives of the fraternal system of insurance in the United States. The first forty years of the fraternal system constituted a period of birth-struggle, reformation, self-correction, self-analysis, a period marked by a resolution that deepened with every difficulty and rose with every storm.

The energetic and self-sacrificing men and women who had in charge the various orders at no time displayed the indifference exhibited by a certain laborer in a potato patch in one of the southwestern states. According to a story current there this laborer was sitting listlessly on a stump in the middle of the patch when a tourist rode up and asked in a rather bantering tone: "My friend, why don't you go to work?" "Don't have to, stranger; never worked a day in my life." "If that's true," asked the tourist, "who cut down these trees?" "Why, stranger, that's where a cyclone come along and saved me the trouble of cuttin' 'em down." "What do all these ashes mean?" persisted the tourist. "Why, stranger, that's where the lightnin' set fire to a brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it." "Well," gasped the astounded tourist, "what are you doing now?" "Why, stranger, I'm jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake these potatoes out of the ground."

The original plans of almost all the insurance orders were faulty, immature, unscientific, some so much so that certain orders are still suffering from failure to

take corrective steps in time. The enemies of our system still point to the experience and condition of a few unfortunate orders as an evidence of fundamental weakness. But the system is today a successful, growing, and uplifting factor in the life of this republic. Its origin was an impulse of the soul, not a deduction of the brain, a throb of the heart, not a calculation of the mind, a cry for help, not a theorem in geometry. On October 27, 1868, a solitary hand reached out into the darkness of the time, the hand of Upchurch, founder of one of the first American fraternal insurance orders. It was soon grasped by another hand. Then followed others, and still others, until within the little circle thus begun were enkindled the vestal fires of fellow-love. Through the marching years the circle widened, the altar flames leaped higher, until today nearly 7,000,000 American citizens join hands and hearts to glorify the cause of human brotherhood. Counting dependent ones, we may truly say that 35,000,000 of the American people are massed beneath the banners of the fraternal insurance system. Let me say here that in England the active membership in friendly societies, societies corresponding to our fraternal insurance orders, now reaches the astounding total of over fourteen million six hundred thousand, or about half the entire population of the kingdom, with accumulated funds exceeding 260 million dollars. Adding those dependent on the active members, we have practically the whole English people in substantial affiliation with these fraternal insurance bodies. In many other countries the fraternal principle is making rapid progress in the line of self-governing insurance organizations. No movement or crusade in all the past can approach this system in point of numbers, in point of permanence, in point of actual good. Our

system has distributed among the people of the United States nearly 1300 million dollars, a sum greater by 300 millions than our entire national indebtedness. It is now distributing over a hundred millions a year, each year witnessing a larger distribution than the last. The mere recital of these gigantic totals will suggest the homes our system has preserved, the firesides it has restored, the tears it has transformed to smiles.

Our feet are planted on the rock of pure insurance, our guiding principle being the payment of a sum to the stricken family after death and the elimination of waste and unnecessary cost. We hold that endowments, surrender values, loans and other forms of speculation which the commercial companies combine with pure insurance increase the cost beyond the reach of the myriads whose earnings proceed from daily toil. These added elements are not gifts; it is as necessary to pay for them as for the insurance itself. Besides, they obscure the real purpose of insurance which is for others, not for self. They distort and frequently destroy the true lesson of insurance which, disassociated from these selfish elements, is a concrete and impressive example of real brotherhood. The elimination of every suggestion of investment in the interest of the policyholder except the old age benefit which many orders have and which stands in a class apart and justifies itself, the representative form of government prevailing in every typical fraternal order, the enthusiasm and devotion of membership arising from every phase of fraternal feeling and association, from the performance of attractive and instructive ceremonies, including degree work, anniversaries, memorials and the like, from ministrations to the sick, the needy, the distressed—this enthusiasm and

devotion constituting an agency force which the companies with unlimited millions cannot hope to rival—all these unite to reduce the expense of conducting the insurance order to a minimum and to enable the institution to provide insurance at almost actual, scientific cost. Thus fraternal insurance is pre-eminently the insurance of the masses and is rapidly becoming the chief bulwark of the American home. The twenty-five leading old line insurance companies of the United States had a total income of 484½ millions in 1908, a total disbursement for death claims and endowments of nearly 146 millions, and an expense of management amounting to nearly 44 millions. The twenty-five leading fraternal insurance orders had a total income of a little over 65½ millions in 1908, a total disbursement for death claims, benefits, etc., of nearly 49 millions, and an expense of management of $3,700,000. Thus out of every dollar the twenty-five leading companies collected from the people in 1908 they returned about 30 cents; out of every dollar the twenty-five leading orders collected from the people they returned over 71 cents. Other years show about the same proportion.

Conspicuous among the exponents of fraternal insurance, in many respects its pilot-star, is the Woodmen of the World, an order founded in 1890 at Omaha, Nebraska, by Joseph Cullen Root, the foremost fraternalist of his time, and now concluding the twentieth years of its remarkable history. In this short period of precocious youth it has acquired a membership in all its branches approaching 750,000, a membership now growing at the rate of 10,000 a month, and has distributed in death claims nearly 50 million dollars. It has accumulated an emergency fund in all its jurisdictions approximating 13 millions, a fund increasing at the

system has distributed among the people of the United States nearly 1300 million dollars, a sum greater by 300 millions than our entire national indebtedness. It is now distributing over a hundred millions a year, each year witnessing a larger distribution than the last. The mere recital of these gigantic totals will suggest the homes our system has preserved, the firesides it has restored, the tears it has transformed to smiles.

Our feet are planted on the rock of pure insurance, our guiding principle being the payment of a sum to the stricken family after death and the elimination of waste and unnecessary cost. We hold that endowments, surrender values, loans and other forms of speculation which the commercial companies combine with pure insurance increase the cost beyond the reach of the myriads whose earnings proceed from daily toil. These added elements are not gifts; it is as necessary to pay for them as for the insurance itself. Besides, they obscure the real purpose of insurance which is for others, not for self. They distort and frequently destroy the true lesson of insurance which, disassociated from these selfish elements, is a concrete and impressive example of real brotherhood. The elimination of every suggestion of investment in the interest of the policyholder except the old age benefit which many orders have and which stands in a class apart and justifies itself, the representative form of government prevailing in every typical fraternal order, the enthusiasm and devotion of membership arising from every phase of fraternal feeling and association, from the performance of attractive and instructive ceremonies, including degree work, anniversaries, memorials and the like, from ministrations to the sick, the needy, the distressed—this enthusiasm and

devotion constituting an agency force which the companies with unlimited millions cannot hope to rival—all these unite to reduce the expense of conducting the insurance order to a minimum and to enable the institution to provide insurance at almost actual, scientific cost. Thus fraternal insurance is pre-eminently the insurance of the masses and is rapidly becoming the chief bulwark of the American home. The twenty-five leading old line insurance companies of the United States had a total income of 484½ millions in 1908, a total disbursement for death claims and endowments of nearly 146 millions, and an expense of management amounting to nearly 44 millions. The twenty-five leading fraternal insurance orders had a total income of a little over 65½ millions in 1908, a total disbursement for death claims, benefits, etc., of nearly 49 millions, and an expense of management of $3,700,000. Thus out of every dollar the twenty-five leading companies collected from the people in 1908 they returned about 30 cents; out of every dollar the twenty-five leading orders collected from the people they returned over 71 cents. Other years show about the same proportion.

Conspicuous among the exponents of fraternal insurance, in many respects its pilot-star, is the Woodmen of the World, an order founded in 1890 at Omaha, Nebraska, by Joseph Cullen Root, the foremost fraternalist of his time, and now concluding the twentieth years of its remarkable history. In this short period of precocious youth it has acquired a membership in all its branches approaching 750,000, a membership now growing at the rate of 10,000 a month, and has distributed in death claims nearly 50 million dollars. It has accumulated an emergency fund in all its jurisdictions approximating 13 millions, a fund increasing at the

rate of a million and a half to two millions every year, and adding every hour new strength to the foundations of the institution. Over 25,000 monuments at the graves of deceased members proclaim its devotion to the dead. I count it an especial favor to be an officer in such an institution. As much as I appreciate my membership in the American Congress, I would rather aid in preserving one humble American home than to be the author of all the laws in the political history of the United States. From coast to coast the fires of 12,000 Woodmen camps are blazing and around them are gathered the loyal hosts of Woodcraft to exemplify its ritual, to reconsecrate its altars, to prepare for new and greater things. Associated with us is our woman's auxiliary, the Woodmen Circle, which under the inspired leadership of that great woman fraternalist, Mrs. Emma B. Manchester, has achieved extraordinary success.

It is reported that a professor of astronomy at Harvard university has ascertained that at a cost of ten million dollars he can with powerful mirrors develop sufficient fires to signal the inhabitants of Mars. Let the professor possess his ambitious soul in peace. In a few more years there will be sufficient Woodmen camp fires in the United States to signal every planet in the universe. And what nobler project could be devised than to have the first signals that reach another world carry with the message of our existence the message of Woodcraft and fraternity?

States and nations regard with especial veneration the places of their birth. The spot where a great movement may be said to have arisen, a great principle to have been conceived, a religion or a crusade to have derived initial impetus is clothed with memories and traditions that grow more sacred with the years. If

the cause it cradled awakens the devotion of mankind and writes new chapters in the history of the world it gains an everlasting significance and fame. It is only natural, therefore, that we, the members of an organization that has filled ten thousand American homes with the radiance of Paradise, should reverently turn to that city by the Missouri where twenty years ago was born a republic of kindness, a nation of love, the Woodmen of the World. For what Verdun, where began the two most progressive nations of continental Europe, signifies to Germany and to France, what the lonely landing on the isle of Thanet nearly fifteen centuries ago implies to every English soul, what Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, where Puritan and Cavalier first trod the soil of liberty, mean to American hearts, nay, what Bethlehem, the star-sought cradle of the child divine, denotes to Christian hosts, Omaha is to Woodcraft, to Woodcraft, one of the purest embodiments of benevolence and love humanity has yet seen. It is a fact gratifying beyond expression to every Woodman and illuminating beyond all argument to every observer of current affairs that of the 956,000 new members admitted into fraternal insurance orders in the United States in 1908 practically 140,000 allied themselves with the Woodmen of the World and its various branches, about one-seventh of the entire number of American initiates in 1908. In 1909, out of a million and fifty thousand initiates, over 140,000 joined the Woodmen of the World and its auxiliaries. We have achieved this remarkable success because every member of the order worthy of the name of member is an aggressive and fearless apostle of Woodcraft, a preacher of its gospels, an illustration of its teachings. His activity and enthusiasm attract attention, inspire confidence and keep the order ever uppermost in the

public eye and heart. The work of the true Woodman suggests the story of the minister who, after serving as a missionary in India, returned to a charge in a small town in the United States. He brought back some of the hottest sauce for which the Orient is famous and kept his own supply, having become accustomed to the sauce while abroad. One day a friend whom he had invited to dine noticed the strange sauce, a sauce, by the way, that would make tabasco seem as weak as water, and not knowing its torrid character, asked to be allowed to try it. Without waiting for a reply and before anyone could restrain him, he poured a liberal portion of the sauce upon his meat and bolted down a large quantity. With tears streaming down his cheeks, with lips burning almost beyond endurance, he gasped out to the preacher: "You say you are a minister of the gospel?" "Yes." "And you preach hell and damnation?" "Yes." "Well, you are the first minister I ever saw that carried samples." Woodcraft carries its own samples and we thus impress our competitors.

Never shall I forget the emotions of delight that thrilled my being when first I heard of Woodcraft and its teachings; of its matchless ritual; of its conservative plan; its accumulative certificate, requiring membership for two years before paying the entire amount, thus encouraging the new, safeguarding the old and faithful member; of its emergency fund, the principal pillar of the institution; of its old age benefit, instancing the love and care of Woodcraft for the veterans of the bloodless but bitter wars of peace; of its funeral rites, emblemizing the true significance of life and death and brotherhood; of its monuments at every member's grave, earth's finest symbol of fraternity!

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Woodcraft is the crown jewel of fraternity, the most priceless gem in the infinite treasury of brotherhood. As the master workman with unrelaxing effort shapes and polishes the ungainly stone until it glistens with the velvet laughter of the sapphire, the ruby's blush, the modest glances of the emerald, the colors of the onyx, or the wanton brilliancy of the diamond, so Woodcraft moulds all character into gentleness, humility, dignity and love. Woodcraft is a silent force that lifts humanity ever higher. The whole fraternal movement is one of quiet yet prodigious strength. It is comparatively unnoticed in these clamorous hours of sensation and display. The navies of the world ride in competing splendor on the roads of Hampton. The evolutions of every ship are shouted to remotest lands. Detachments of soldiers in Manchuria, squadrons in Montenegro, regiments in South Africa or battalions in St. Petersburg are ordered on some dramatic mission and giant headlines blacken the columns of the universal press. When doumas, reichstags, parliaments, legislatures, congresses assemble or dissolve, the world gives eager audience. The race track, the amusement park, the prize ring, the athletic field lie in the limelight of the public gaze. Elections and campaigns arouse unnumbered millions to excessive frenzy, while blare of bands, star-bursts of fire and flags salute the installation of a president or the crowning of a king. In comparison with these loud-tongued events our meetings in the country

school houses, the second stories in the towns and other humble places are practically unheralded and unacclaimed. And yet we represent a power more vast and lasting than that of all the navies, armies, parliaments and potentates of earth. The situation has its counterpart in nature. There the strongest forces are the most silent ones. Think of the hydraulic power of a sunbeam. It lifts through the noiseless process of evaporation volumes of water equal to all the seas as high as the loftiest clouds. The days may be as tranquil, the oceans as peaceful, the sky and air as still as if the universe were a monastery asleep and yet the enginery of the sunbeam is in motion, exerting a force which all the mechanical contrivances of man and all the other elements of nature can never equal. Tempests may lash the seas to insurrection till continents quiver and not a ship survives, but never does the gossamer machinery of the light suspend and the rebellious torrent rises at its touch to mingle obediently with the skies and obediently to descend as dew and snow and rain. So Woodcraft is quietly elevating man to nobler heights, preparing him for the better service of his country and the greater glory of his God, while armies pose and statesmen boast and navies strut the seas amid the braggart thunders of saluting cannon.

Woodcraft is typical of the fraternal impulse that seems to animate all nature. As the perpetual cycle of sea and cloud and rain and river rebuilds and fructifies the land, sustains and nurtures every form of life, so every change and phase in the physical structure of the globe promotes some useful function. In the beneficiary society of nature every atom is insured against both idleness and annihilation. Its form may change but its substance never perishes. Nature insures re-

production on a constantly improving scale. It permits no form of life to fade or change without upbuilding some higher and more useful form. It remains for man alone to allow the home, the source of social stability and life, to be destroyed, its influence to be subverted. Scientists inform us that in the dimmest past, when the earth was liquid, there gathered on its rocking surface limitless billions of tiny organisms with such powers of multiplication that the shells of those that perished, accumulating through uncounted centuries, formed the solid crust of earth and slowly builded hill and cliff and gorge and mountain. It would require the acumen of a god to measure the industry with which these pygmies of the deep labored through the ages to construct the physical environment of man. An analysis of the formations of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, the Egyptian sphynx, the pyramid of Cheops, the sands of the Indies shows these diminutive creatures to have been the elemental substance. They erected the promontories of Southern England that repulse the charges of the German seas. Today they rear fantastic isles and edifices in the bosom of the main, swarm in all the empires of the waters, changing the oceans' depths, regulating its properties, maintaining its equilibrium. What an example of co-operation! These, the first-born of the physical creation, the pioneer fraternalists of time, beings so small that the eye unaided cannot perceive them, become through united action the master-builders of the globe.

The brotherhood of nature is further emphasized in the constant circulation of the same properties through earth and air and sea, through every physical object, every animal organization. Such is the fraternal spirit in nature that no particle of matter,

however small, is ever lost. It may in the flight of aeons beome a part of every animate and inanimate existence. Prisoned for centuries in the loftiest peak, it may be liberated by the wear of time to join some river in a journey to the plains. Here it may mingle with the soil to nourish roots and plants and trees. It may rise in grasses that sustain the herds on which mankind depends.

Thus it may pass into the human body, compose a human heart and beat with happiness and pain. Thus what is now blood of our blood and flesh of our flesh may have reposed for ages in summits old in story, and what is now this restless heart may on the dim tomorrow of the years impel some restless billow to resist the storm. The same ingredient successively may dwell in wind and tide, in leaf and stone, in cloud and temple, in the radiance of a sunset and the glitter of a gem, in the tint of a pearl and the cheek of an houri, in the petal of a flower and the azure of a wing.

> "I sometimes think that never grows so red
> The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
> That every hyacinth the garden wears
> Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head."

Such is the constant intermingling, the endless fraternizing of all the elements of nature! So beneficent and complete is the scheme of brotherhood in nature that the existence of the smallest plant is united with that of continent and mountain. In order that the diminutive flower we call the snowdrop might incline its tiny head to assure its regeneration the weight of the earth had to be taken into the most precise account. Such is its constitution that at a certain period of growth it bows its fragile petals to renew its kind and then must stand erect again to continue its existence.

The strength needed by its fibers to perform this process must bear an eternal and exact proportion to the weight and size of earth, the force of gravity. The slightest alteration in either element would make the vitalizing act impossible.

That this little plant might live the globe was measured and a mighty eye surveys the world and all the convulsions of the ages, the floods, the fires, the upheavals of hemispheres and oceans are not permitted to violate by the influence of a hair the equilibrium on which its life depends.

We observe that the co-operation of the physical forces of the world is planned with particular reference to the preservation of these forces and their reproduction. In human society the co-operation of men has a similar objective. The preservation of the home, the fundamental unit of the social structure, the firmest pillar of the race, is the highest goal of associated effort, the cause and the foundation of the state. And the Woodmen of the World in reducing to scientific certainty the protection of the home performs the superbest task in the whole social economy. It repeats the principle on which God founded all the lands and seas. Governments may die, confederacies dissolve, boundaries disappear, but the masses of the people are preserved because the home endures.

Revolutions, invasions, conquests, devastations of flame and flood have overwhelmed mankind to beat in vain against the battlements of the home. What is a home? It is not marble or brick or wood or straw; where the mother is there is the home. Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba, with no couch but Hagar's tresses, no canopy but Hagar's tears, was in a home. And as God answered Ishmael's cry and soothed the stricken soul of Hagar, so He speaks through Wood-

craft to desolate homes today comforting the widowed and the fatherless. As the mother and the child turned in that far-off time to the well God opened in the sands, so the widow and the orphan turn today to the Woodman certificate from wildernesses of grief and death. The woman and the child compose the basic group of history and society. They typify the reproductive element, the element that in nature is the object of a co-operation involving all the forces of the universe. They constitute the home, the point at which mankind obtains regeneration. The love of the mother for the child transformed the savage into the civilian, the cave into the palace, the family into the state. The care of the mother for the child was the beginning of all progress, the initial point of civilization. Practically all industry is traceable to this love and care. The complex industrial life of modern times with its gigantic machinery, its myriads of iron arms and hands, its millions of laborers, its billions of capital finds there its origin. It was the woman who in primal eras carried on her back for the nourishment of her young the game her lord had slaughtered. She thus provided the earliest mode of transportation; today the railroad and the steamship discharge this function. She plowed with a stick and reaped with a knife; today the machines of the harvest field are among our modern wonders. She tamed and gathered the first cattle; today vast ranches teem with multiplying herds. She wove the grasses and the bark; today steel fingers make the clothing of the world. She fashioned shelters out of boughs; today great edifices of stone and iron mount the skies. She crushed the grain with heavy rocks; today huge roller mills perform this labor. She drew crude characters on the cliffs and sands, whispered a primeval prayer; today universities and

churches rise. All in our civilization that is permanent and pure, all that induces peace and faith and hope, all that preserves material and moral happiness may be traced to the exhaustless fountain of a woman's sacrifice, a woman's love.

Today that love endures, the holiest of human influences, the shield of the modern as well as the ancient home. Of all human spectacles I believe the noblest is that of a mother praying among her sleeping children.

"At this hushed hour when all my children sleep,
Here in Thy presence, gracious God, I kneel;
And while the tears of gratitude I weep,
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel.
Eternal God! Oh, set Thy holy seal
On these soft hearts which Thou to me hast sent;
Repel temptation, guard their better weal;
Be Thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
And lead them in the path their infant Savior went.
I ask not for them eminence or wealth,
For these in wisdom's view are trifling toys;
But occupation, competence and health,
Thy love, Thy presence and the lasting joys
That flow therefrom; the passions which employ
The breasts of holy men; and thus to be
From all that taints or darkens or destroys
The strength of principle, forever free;
This is the better boon, O God, I ask of Thee."

A few years ago on the prairies of the west two men driven to desperation by long careers of crime rode up to an humble cabin home determined to rob and burn and slay. As they entered the half-open door with rifles drawn they were transfixed by the vision of a young mother teaching a child of tender years and golden curls to pray. They heard her gently say:

"God's out here upon the prairie
And He'll always mind His sheep;
Then the baby voice lisped sweetly,
'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

It is needless to say the rifles never spoke. With tear-dimmed eyes and drooping heads the paladins of the saddle rode away, rode like the wind, but not so fast as on the wings of memory their thoughts swept back to childhood and each heard again his own mother say: "Now I lay me down to sleep." I tell you, my friends, the sweetest harmony the harps and hearts of men have ever known is the memory of a mother's prayer. It lifts the soul as when

"Lost in a gay and festal throng
We tremble at some tender song—
Set to an air whose golden bars
We must have heard in other stars."

The chief title of the Woodmen of the World to the loving allegiance of all humanity is its devotion to the mother and the home. Young ladies, if a young man aspiring to share his destiny with yours tells you in rapturous accents that your name is written on his heart tell him to write it on a Woodman certificate and you are his for all eternity.

Thus we see that the preservation of the home is the mightiest service civilization may receive. It is a fact no longer open to question that one of the most effective methods of preserving the homes of the masses is through the properly managed insurance order. When the supporting arm is stricken the fireside is imperiled. Through the Woodmen of the World and Woodmen Circle policies the children are kept about the altars of the home and the family circle remains unbroken. Thus a social unit is kept intact

and humanity distinctly benefited. There is no event involving more tragic possibilities than the premature dissolution of the home. By far the larger number of American homes are dependent on the provider's daily toil. The insurance of the commercial companies with armies of agents, enormous salaries and high-priced propositions is for the most part beyond the reach of the man who sustains an humble home. This man typifies the majority of American home-builders, that great majority which is rapidly finding its way into the Woodmen of the World. The Woodmen of the World, framed on a co-operative, self-governing and entirely representative basis, enabled thereby to provide insurance at as near the actual cost as practicable, contributes to society its principal bulwark, its surest defence. No other order combines business with brotherhood, fraternity with figures more successfully. We may not be skilled in the intricacies of actuarial science. We may know as little of the abstract principles of insurance as a certain man from a remote section of the country is reported to have known about the first Chautauqua he ever visited. According to report this man was on his way to a town near which a Chautauqua was being held. Entering the Chautauqua grounds he discovered near the speakers' pavilion a merry-go-round in noisy operation and rode the latter to his heart's content. Returning home that night his wife asked: "John, did you see the Chautauqua?" "Sure," he replied, "I rode on the thing nine times." Every Woodman knows, however, that when we pay every death loss promptly and lay aside over a million dollars in surplus every year our rates cannot be far from accurate. In ritualistic portrayal of love, of honor and of remembrance, in ceremonial and practical illustration of fraternity, in mathematical

soundness and security Woodcraft is supreme. Woodcraft means cash for the living and honor for the dead. It is one of the most powerful protectors of the American home, one of the most effective conservators of social unity and progress. Second only to the church of God the true Woodman places Woodcraft. He has the assurance of divinity that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

I now desire to direct your attention to one of the best features of the Woodmen of the World. When a member reaches the age of 70 he is permitted to draw the full amount of his policy in ten equal annual installments. Thus Woodcraft brightens the path of age and teaches an inspiring lesson to all mankind, the lesson of devotion to the old. Cicero, a prominent example of the accomplishments of age, says in his treatise on this very subject that as a rule young men overthrow kingdoms while old men restore and support them. He quotes an interesting dialogue between the aged Fabius, who baffled the youthful Hannibal, and a younger general regarding the city of Tarentum, which the latter had lost, but in the recovery of which by Fabius he had taken some part. "It was owing to my exertions, Quintus Fabius," said the younger general, "that you recovered Tarentum." "Unquestionably," replied Fabius, "for unless you had lost it I would never have had the opportunity to retake it." It is said that frequently the features of the old grow young in death. Only a few months ago I heard of the death of an aged mother. Pain unspeakable had torn her trembling frame. Her face portrayed an ashen agony. She suffered tortures that could not be painted or described. In the moment of death the racked and

quivering form relaxed, the face grew strangely smooth and beautiful, the marks and signs of suffering had fled—only health and youth and strength were pictured in the silent features. Young men and women, respect and love the old in every station and degree of life. Their souls are as young as yours. When stripped of fleshly trappings they shall stand within the gates eternal all traces of decay and age will fly.

In view of its many attractive characteristics it is not surprising that Woodcraft should have won an instant popularity with the American people. The world has never known a more perfect human symbol of equality than the Woodmen monument. The cross of Christ stands ever first as the purest mark of brotherhood. It emanated from a heart divine, a mind omnipotent. It signalized the dignity of every human life without regard to earthly state. The Woodmen monument, the conception of a mortal brain which by that thought became immortal, the brain of Joseph Cullen Root, rises at the grave of every member of the order regardless of worldly rank. The Woodmen monument proclaims that love of home and family as evidenced by a Woodman's foresight is glory's crown of glory. The Woodmen monument announces that the man who slumbers in its loving shadow has filled the highest measure of brotherhood and duty. It is an ideal emblem of fraternity, a distinction within the grasp of every man who loves his home, his family and his fellow-man. As we gather about a Woodman monument we rejoice that Woodcraft has demonstrated that the highest honor this side of judgment is an honor in which all men may share. What position a departed sovereign held in earth's vainglorious eye we do not ask. We do not ask if wealth dropped down in silver

showers on his path, if political or social eminence attended him. Our brother who sleeps beneath the Woodmen monument may have never towered in the councils of the wise or confronted problems involving a nation's destiny. But what Gladstone, what Webster, what Calhoun, what Talleyrand, what Clay ever championed a nobler measure than the preservation of a home. Our dead associate may have never charmed humanity with the sorcery of song.

But what Shakespeare, what Milton, what Shelley, what Byron or what Burns ever hymned a grander melody than the laughter of a child secure from poverty and want? Our comrade now in ashes may have never swept the multitude with sentences of flame. But what Patrick Henry, what Richard Lee, what Burke, what Mirabeau, what Sumner ever voiced a purer sentiment than a sovereign's devotion to his fireside?

Our friend now lifeless may have never made the canvass or the marble seem to live and think and move and speak. But what Raphael, what Angelo, what Meissonier, what Titian or what Phidias ever fashioned with the chisel or the brush a more appealing scene than that of a mother and a babe sheltered from the storms and snows? Our sovereign who is at rest may have never shattered a thousand fortunes to upbuild his own or captained the industrial armies of his time. But what Vanderbilt, what Harriman, what Rockefeller, what Gould, what Rothschild ever conceived a financial enterprise more practical and more humane than provision for dependent ones against the sad emergency of the provider's death? O, tongue of history, salute the mighty names that blazon every age and page, but know that the Woodmen monument commemorates the modest dust of one

who became statesman, poet, orator, artist, financier, all these in holiest degree when with a Woodmen of the World certificate he made a paradise of his fireside, a heaven of his home.

UNVEILING ORATION AT GRAVES OF CRANFORD, PUTNAM, ROBERTSON AND OTHERS.

ONCE more the living meet to consecrate the memory of the dead. Once more we gather about the dust that has returned to dust, the ashes that with ashes have commingled. Once more we pause to contemplate the mystery that deepens with the sweep of ages. Once more we fling to heaven the questions of existence that have risen on an ever-swelling tide of tears since fate and time first taught the infant lips of history to lisp the changing fortunes of humanity. Once more we stand beside the invisible sea in which the stream of every life is lost.

Once more the soul is torn with pain so hopeless and so terrible that it would seem as if some overwhelming blow of God unknown in all the histories, traditions, dreams and prophecies of man had without warning wrought unbounded woe. And yet what circumstance is more inevitable than death, what object more familiar than the grave? We are taught from infancy that we must die. In every phase and stage of life we see as on some battlefield the havoc of the tomb. Every moment that has flown into the azure of the things that were has witnessed the flight of millions of mortal lives.

Let us briefly review the burial ground of the past. On its furthest boundaries, beyond which in the twilight as yet unpenetrated by the historian and but dimly illuminated by the geologist, sleep the pristine races who through a hundred thousand years of struggle developed intelligence from instinct, society from savagery, the state from the family, and the city

from the cave, repose the first generations known in human annals. There they rest, having begun the tireless and everlasting ascent toward higher and better conditions which will not end till God shall bid the brain and soul and arm of man to think, aspire and strike no more. There they rest, the Pharaohs surrounded by their countless subjects who founded the most brilliant civilization of remote antiquity, Sardanapalus with the masses of the three Assyrian empires, the descendants of Abraham with their prophets, judges, priests and kings, Darius with his armies and his Persian hordes, Homer with the demi-gods and heroes of the Trojan war, the rulers, sculptors, dramatists, lawgivers, gods, philosophers, warriors, orators and citizens of independent Greece and republican Rome. Next lies Alexander with the phalanxes he led, the multitudes he conquered, then the consuls, emperors and hosts of later Rome, then the Vandals, Goths and Franks and all the barbarous swarms that terrorized the world, then the leaders and the peoples who began to shape the political divisions and institutions of modern times, the nobles, barons, lords, the vassals, serfs and popes, the knights of the great crusades and the innumerable thousands who fell beneath the opposing banners of the crescent and the cross, then the sovereigns who constructed kingdoms on the ruins of feudalism, the writers, poets, explorers and commanders who made the ages in which these kingdoms reached the zenith glitter in the records of human thought and action, then the valorous figures of the revolutions that established popular liberty, and then the unnumbered throngs of the century from which we have recently emerged. As we have entered the current year we have seen the legions of the dead multiply with ever-increasing rapid-

ity. We have hurriedly reviewed but the smallest portion of the necropolis of time. Think of the infinite billions who have died since the genesis of earth of whom no history speaks, no legend sings! This very hour views the departure of souls whose numbers only omnipotence can conceive. Turning from the catacombs of the past we find the future an endless succession of waiting graves.

Thus death is the most familiar fact of mortal history and experience. And yet its momentary recurrence for hundreds of centuries has failed to teach us to accept it with serenity. The grief of the living for the dead is as intense today as it was two thousand years ago when a voice was heard in Rama, the voice of Rachel weeping for her children because they were not. The fountain of sorrow breaks forth afresh with every conquest of the crypt. The heart cannot become accustomed to the ravages of its invincible foe and frequently it bursts beyond all power to restore. And the distress for the loss of others is not more absolute than the fear with which we view our own demise. This attitude both as to ourselves and others is a reflection on the intelligence of man and the justice of God. It cannot be that an event which God has made inevitable is a just source of misery and mourning.

And yet how universal is the dread of death! So delightful are the sensations of physical existence, so abhorrent the idea of plunging into a world of shadow even to those whose lives are burdened and broken with disease, so deeply implanted in the human nature are love of earth and the horror of the grave, so difficult is it for the mind to appreciate the permanence of the spirit that it is doubtful whether we shall ever cease to shrink from dissolution.

But it is well that we should make some effort to

grasp the meaning and the message of the tomb. Here the most useful aid, from the viewpoint of humanity, lies not so much in the musings, fancies and speculations of men as in what they said and did when confronted by immediate death. Perhaps the most unique example of disregard for death and confidence in the perpetuity of the spirit may be found in the speech of Socrates before the judges who had sentenced him to die. In the delivery of eternal truths he towered into the mould and outline of a god. Standing before a tribunal which he knew was powerless to injure the essential portion of his nature, rising out of time and place above the Athenian multitudes who could not understand the sublimity of his position, he became the most colossal figure of pagan history. He disdained to plead for mortal life because he knew that death meant not destruction, but liberation. This knowledge enabled him to address his executioners with calmness almost superhuman, and it would equally have enabled him to defy alone the concentrated armies of the earth. Indeed, he seemed to care more for the welfare of those who had condemned him than for himself. He felt that the grave was but an incident in the development of the soul, a stage wherein the spirit broke the chains of physical imperfection. Four hundred years after this immortal pagan died Christ came to give these principles the impress and the sanction of divinity. And since Christ gave the world the spectacle of a God in the agony of death and the glory of resurrection men have tranquilly endured the most hideous forms of persecution and torture.

History contains no stranger and no sublimer scene than the death of Thomas Cranmer. Adorned with the finest qualities of education and culture he prostituted his abilities to win the favor and preferment

of the crown. It was with his assistance that Henry VIII. expelled from England's throne the unhappy Catharine of Aragon, and for this the most exalted honors were showered on his brow. Solemnly committed to the succession provided by the will of Henry VIII. he conspired to divert the scepter to another line. But the project failed, and although he forswore the faith of his life in an effort to escape the fagot he was doomed to die. It was then that Cranmer rose to glory. In the shadows of the stake he caught the significance of death and firmness succeeded vacillation, courage, cowardice. He knew that from the ashes of the body the soul would sweep like a liberated eagle to the sky. He knew that life in the highest sense was not to end, but only to begin, that the stake was his cradle, not his grave. Reavowing without hesitation his original beliefs, he denounced his former crimes and sins and exhorted the people to obedience and righteousness. The hand that had written the renunciation he promptly thrust into the rising flame in order that it might be first destroyed. Death made Cranner great and the fires that consumed him have thrown an eternal radiance around his memory.

One of the grandest pictures in the gallery of time is Richard Rumbold on the scaffold at Market Cross in Edinburgh where he was hanged and drawn and quartered for complicity in the Monmouth rebellion of 1685. Expressing assurance in the future of the spirit the aged martyr died. His life and love had been devoted to the cause of freedom. He had followed Cromwell in the strife for popular rights. He had stood with that great leader in his memorable battles for humanity. He was a worthy successor of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, a forerunner of

Sam Davis and Nathan Hale. There is no nobler death than his in all the heroic ages of the world. In his address from the gallows he pronounced a sentence that expresses the spirit of modern freedom and progress—a sentence that history has trumpeted to eternity. "No man," he cried, "comes into the world with a saddle on his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him." This sentence comprises the philosophy of liberty and fraternity. It is at once the briefest and most eloquent expression of the idea on which fraternal organizations like the Woodmen of the World are based. Sir Henry Vane, Servetus, Sidney, Raleigh, Thomas Harrison and the others to whom the grave became a crystal blazoned with the reflected glories of a better land have equally exemplified the loftiest conceptions of death. And many in the usual careers of life have fearlessly saluted the engulfing shades.

The most remarkable and instructive of these instances is that of Socrates, who, without the nature or the precedent of divinity, four hundred years before Calvary, through a system of reasoning that was entirely human, showed pagan man the stars that broke the darkness of the tomb. And it is as marvelous as it is sad that nineteen hundred years after the meditations of a pagan have been confirmed by the teachings and the deeds of Christ—after these deeds and teachings have been proclaimed from pulpit, cathedral, street and temple, after the followers of Christ have repeatedly demonstrated in their own experiences the fact of an existence which death cannot destroy, after all the lessons and warnings of the past, most men and women still regard with indifference the questions of the sepulcher.

But, eliminating for the moment the arbitrary ele-

ment of divine precept and law, what do the examples quoted really signify? What practical evidence do they offer on the question of existence after death? Can they be more than bases for inference and supposition? Have not criminals of the most brutal type met death with equal courage and similar professions of faith in God and immortality? Have not atheists died with perfect firmness and serenity? Is it possible to show from mere human argument that the tomb is not life's final boundary? I think it is.

When Socrates in his Athenian prison drank the hemlock he rose unseen by those who thought him dead and in the viewless garb of the ideas that fruited from his brain he speaks through his philosophy to the endless ages. His individuality is more pronounced and powerful now than on that day in Athens when what was physical in him perished and wherever learning has reared its classic groves since then his influence has remained a living and uplifting force.

When Cicero, the solitary pillar of an expiring republic, was murdered at his Formian villa he returned to the Roman senate clad in an invisible toga and from the ruins of that historic capitol his oratory still charms and elevates the world. Although the denunciations of Catiline and the philippics against Antony failed to save the ancient republic still through his domination in succeeding times of the literature of freedom and patriotic eloquence which has ever found in him its archetype and inspiration he has tremendously advanced the liberties of mankind. His influence became infinitely more potent when assassination released him from the Rome of Antony and Augustus and translated him to eternity.

When Rome herself was stripped of imperial form and political identity she lost only what was tempo-

rary and through the ascendancy of her laws and customs in modern governments and societies she still "sits upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty rules the world!"

When Napoleon was laid beneath the willows of Helena he began a world-existence more glorious than his mortal career. A Jove in the Olympus of arms he will help to plan the battles of all time. His figure will grow larger in the perspective of the ages and each period will renew the story of his deeds. In every generation he will win another Austerlitz, ascend another Alps and cross another bridge of Lodi.

When the great heart of Washington ceased its pulsings at Mount Vernon his influence upon the destinies of man became infinitely enlarged. The admonitions of his celebrated farewell address have guided the policies of the government for a hundred years and his personality is powerful today in all the affairs of state. From his tomb by the Potomac he tenderly observes the growth of the republic, the child of his sword, and there he will continue to receive the love of the multiplying millions whose liberties he secured.

And Robert Lee—history's most splendid combination of military and moral greatness—an Alexander without arrogance, a Caesar without assassins, a Napoleon without tyranny—death did not take him from the south. His example of serenity in defeat and loyalty to a despairing land will gather beauty from the centuries. His example forms the basis of southern hope and inspiration. He sits by every southern fireside to counsel love of home and country; he stands in every southern hall of state to prompt the noblest impulses of patriotism, the profoundest measures for the common good.

It cannot be said that this survival of intellectual

and moral influence is the mere fame of history, the transitory subject of legend and tradition. For if the achievements of Socrates and Cicero and Washington and Lee had remained unchronicled and unsung, if their names had been long ago forgotten, their influences still would sway mankind. Indeed, their names and memories may yet fade; history itself, like some tropical river, may be lost in eternity's desert sands. But the sum of all their deeds, impulses, thoughts, ambitions, principles and opinions constitute an identity more distinct, an existence more complete and lasting than when they were confined within the limitations of a human frame. And this is equally true of every individual. All that we do and say becomes a part of the general heritage of posterity. The grave for all of us is but the beginning of the truest and the highest life. And the man or woman in the humblest sphere may through the influence of some sacrifice or thought or deed begin an existence after death as beneficent and beautiful as that of him who has the applause of men.

In recognition of the fact that in the life of every man, however poor, however humble, are immortal elements, the Woodmen of the World erects a monument at the graves of all its dead. This order thus expresses one of the most important facts of human life. It has thus obtained and illustrated the essence of fraternity. It thus appeals with force unusual to the intelligence and the affection of mankind. And in this feature may be found one of the principal causes of its remarkable growth. It is the torch-bearer of fraternal progress.

The Woodmen of the World is powerfully equipped for the great mission of fraternity, the protection of the home. What grander task could occupy human-

ity? A wanderer in a distant land who felt the loneliness and pain which only those without a home can know embalmed in deathless melody a sentiment as true as ever dwelt in human heart or rose on mortal lip. "Home, sweet home," he cried and immortality echoed the refrain. I know that Apollo swept such harmony from the lyre that the listening gods were charmed and the world acclaimed him deity of song. I know that Orpheus with magic strain led rocks and trees and beasts to follow him and so enthralled the underworld that angels gazed thereon with envy. I know that Timotheus with wondrous harmony subdued the riotous Alexander, awoke at will within his haughty soul emotions high as heaven and instincts low as hell, and with a skillful change of chord displaced upon the monarch's lips a sigh of pity with a curse of hate. I know that David drew from his entrancing harp a concord that dispelled the gloom about the brow of Saul and flooded Israel's palaces with the laughter of music and the joy of song. I know that when Cecilia sang seraphs were fascinated and men enraptured. I know that Eleanor's troubadours at Antioch bewitched the Syrian air with the ballads of the south and lightened the horrors of the second crusade. I know that the compositions of Palestrina, Händel, Mozart, Beethoven and the rest have elevated man with symphonies sublime. But I know that all of these combined by a master greater than those who as yet have lived into one gorgeous rhapsody can equal not the pathos and the majesty of "Home, Sweet Home." It contains a sentiment that appeals to men regardless of environment and destiny. It leads them to forget the barriers of tradition, race and birth, and with this song upon their lips all men are brothers in the universal fraternity of God. It is

fraternity's battle-hymn, and it will be the permanent password when all earth's children shall have become a common brotherhood. When the universe shall resound with the notes that trumpet earth to judgment, this song, fraternity's purest expression, Woodcraft's most beautiful illustration, will burst from the translated living and the awakened dead as the most fitting tribute of mortality to God.

We have met today to unveil the monuments at the graves of Sovereigns Mrs. Sallie N. Lanier, James Madison Tapp, P. L. Babb, J. A. B. Putnam, W. L. Robertson, John Walter Cranford and F. J. McClendon.

Sovereign Mrs. Sallie N. Lanier was a member of the Woodmen Circle, the ladies' auxiliary of the Woodmen of the World. The success of this organization is an evidence of the fact that woman is the equal of man in the fraternal insurance field as well as every other department of social activity. Perhaps the most striking feature of recent times has been the demonstration of the capability of woman to meet with marked success the duties and requirements of every phase of human effort. Mrs. Lanier was born in Pontotoc county, Mississippi, in 1849. She came to Texas in 1859. She was married to W. A. Lanier in 1870 and seven children crowned the happy union. She was a faithful member of the local Grove for ten years. She was one of the principal factors in its progress. In upholding the doctrine of fraternity she contributed to the advancement of the country. She was a light in the community, a model at the fireside. Her life exemplified the ideals of American womanhood.

Sovereign James Madison Tapp was born in Lauderdale county, Alabama, in 1833. At an early age he became a devoted Christian and his long and honorable life reflected the beauty of the Christian faith.

He died at Sulphur Springs in 1892 carrying to the tomb the priceless jewel of a spotless name. He was a useful and progressive citizen whose influence illuminated alike the community, the church, the home. He was universally and justly beloved. He bequeathed to earth a large and consecrated family who have reproduced his shining virtues. Such men are blessings from the throne and heart of God.

Sovereign P. L. Babb was born in 1857 at Mount Pleasant, in Titus county, Texas. A few years later he came with his parents to Franklin county, near Winnsboro, where he remained during his boyhood. There he was married in 1882. He removed with his family to Sulphur Springs in 1894. Here he became a Woodman in 1896 and here at his home on College street, in November, 1900, he died. He was a true and a courageous Woodman. His love for his family found example in a Woodmen certificate which, through his own prudence and the beneficence of the Woodmen of the World, will, like a gleaming buckler, protect them from poverty and want. He adorned the manifold relations of life, winning the respect of the world, the approval of his friends and the adoration of his family.

Sovereign J. A. B. Putnam was born at Jacksonville, Illinois, in December, 1839. He was descended from a noted ancestry, his great-grandfather, General Veeder, of New York, having been prominent in the revolutionary war. His early youth was marked by constant study and rapid progress. He graduated with high honor from the University of Iowa in 1859. In the same year his father removed the family to Texas and settled in Hopkins county. Here he remained until his death in 1895. For thirty-six years Sovereign Putnam was a conspicuous element in the growth of

Hopkins county. Shortly after reaching Texas the death of his father made him the head and hope of the family. He enlisted in the confederate army in the spring of 1862 and served with credit throughout the war as lieutenant in Captain L. D. King's company of Gould's regiment. At the close of the war he began the practice of law. He was a member of the twelfth Texas legislature. He occupied many positions of responsibility and importance, having been county judge of Hopkins county and judge of the eighth judicial district of Texas, declining reelection to the latter office, although it had been unanimously tendered him. He was an able, careful and conservative lawyer, a fearless, fair and incorruptible judge, a valiant soldier, a patriotic citizen.

Sovereign W. L. Robertson was a native of this lovely city. Beneath these skies his life-work was performed. Here he felt all the varying emotions of humanity, all the laughter and all the tears, all the hopes, joys, the ambitions and the woes. Here his preliminary training was accomplished and here he began life's arduous struggle after the completion of his studies at the University of Virginia. For him it was barely three decades between the cradle and the grave. When youth was mellowing into a royal manhood there came from unseen shores the clear, sad notes that called him to the narrow cathedral of the dust, death's vesper bells whose summons we cannot disobey. He translated the principles of Woodcraft into his daily existence. No king, no emperor could have a prouder epitaph.

John Walter Cranford was one of the most gifted men in the history of Texas. Fatherless and motherless in his thirteenth year, he faced the world unaided and alone. Splendidly did he wage the war with des-

tiny. With marvelous industry and perseverance, toiling on the farm for subsistence, refusing with painful fortitude the sleep for which night's desolate hours clamored, attending school with the savings garnered out of years of labor, he acquired a classical education, obtained admission to the bar and rose to the highest positions within the bestowal of the people. He was a senator in the twenty-first and twenty-second legislatures of Texas, having been chosen president pro tempore of the senate in the latter. He was one of the youngest men to hold so exalted a station. His service in the Texas senate was signalized by tireless energy and a broadening grasp of public affairs. He was the author of several beneficent measures which remain today upon the statutes of the state. In 1896 he was elected to Congress by an admiring constituency. He died before the expiration of his first term. It may be said without extravagance that he was one of the most effective and fascinating orators the south has yet produced. He possessed in a rare and perhaps unequalled degree the quality of clothing the most prosaic facts with entrancing sentiment. Through all these nobler attributes shone a remarkable good nature, a generous spirit which was immediately responsive to the appeals of friendship and misfortune. As statesman, orator, lawyer, patriot, he has earned the gratitude of his people.

Sovereign F. J. McClendon was born in Louisiana in 1840. He removed to Texas in 1878 and died in September, 1897. He followed the stars and bars from 1861 to 1865. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He was a private soldier in that titanic strife and for this deserves especial honor from mankind. A general's name is shouted to the world. The adulation of history and the multitude repay him for the priva-

tions of war. But no like requital nerves the arm, no similar ambition thrills with its wild music the heart of the common soldier. His identity is lost in that of the army. The renown he achieves is enjoyed by his superior in command. He must obey the most unreasonable orders without question, marching sometimes into the throat of hell without warning. If he lives he is unnoticed; if he dies he is forgotten. Obscurity is his unmerited destiny. His name is rarely heralded from the heights of fame. As a private soldier the memory of Sovereign McClendon should receive the ever-deepening love and reverence of this community.

These Sovereigns are not dead. They have entered the higher life. The thoughts, the dreams, the aspirations, the deeds of charity and the words of love compose an identity which the flesh no longer prisons and which the grave cannot destroy. How indestructible is man! The immortality of his thoughts and deeds and hopes is as provable from human reason and experience as is the immortality of his soul from divine example and ordainment.

These immortalities, my friends, will blend and burst into a joyous life with God when earth and time and history shall cease. In Job we read that the day of death is better than the day of birth and in Matthew we find it said that God is not the God of the dead. If God be not the God of the dead there are no dead, for that of which He is not God cannot exist. Then let the heart no longer ache, the lips no longer sob, the tears no longer flow. For somewhere in the mystic reach beyond the furthest limits of the future where canopies of fadeless light o'erarch the enraptured hosts of glory, all nations, races, families and generations will meet in everlasting life and love.

THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

THERE is something holy in a gathering of the people to celebrate the progress of a great, humanitarian movement. The very air seems magnetized with sympathy both human and divine. The collective voice, the collective judgment, the collective action of the people have an operation and a significance of almost supernatural scope. The people as a whole possess a wisdom not of earth and the spirit of God moves in their aspirations and ambitions dwelling over the multitudes as over the infinite waters. Faith in the triumph of justice, in the permanence of truth, in the survival of right, in the chastisement of all oppression and of all wrong rests on faith in the purity and integrity of the masses.

The lessons of all literature and the teachings of all history unite in proof and vindication of such faith. However sinister the characters of individuals, however corrupt and tyrannous the few, in the hearts of the common people have ever throbbed the impulses of justice and of truth. The development of every beneficent institution has been but the realization of the fundamental tendencies of the popular heart. If unlimited despotisms have perished it has been due to the fact that against them the masses have revolted. Against injustice in every form the people have instinctively protested. Conditions of primitive poverty and the lack of education and information may have for a time repressed the popular demand for the correction and removal of evils but the final awakening of the people has been translated in the establishment of enlightened civilization, representative government and individual freedom. And whenever the

people assemble in the name of a cause which reflects their achievements and ambitions the instincts and principles that have animated the struggles of thirty centuries transfigure the occasion with an enthusiasm that leaps from every lip and eye and thrills in every hand-clasp.

With especial enthusiasm should we enter into the spirit of the present occasion. We have met under the standards of an organization whose purposes are promotive of the popular welfare in the fullest and most elevating sense. Among all the enterprises of the present and the past for the improvement of material conditions the people have engaged in none more fruitful of benefit than that of fraternal insurance. And no organization more successfully embodies the principles or more effectively reflects the progress of fraternal insurance than the Woodmen of the World, a people's organization providing essentially a people's insurance. The Woodmen of the World is growing so rapidly that it tasks the eye to mark its onward sweep. It is multiplying and replenishing the fraternal world. Nothing like it has ever been seen and it can hardly be seen on account of the rapidity with which it moves. The only things that indicate its passage to an astonished world are the yells of the candidate and the bleatings of the goat. It makes an Ormond Beach automobile look like an East Texas ox wagon. The Woodmen are everywhere; there is not an air beneath the flag they do not breathe, not a landscape in which their axes do not glitter. They are in every state of the American Union, on the Atlantic's shore, the Pacific's strand, they are where the blue of the great lakes commingles with the blue of the heavens; they are on the Gulf's historic coast. Some are in Congress, but not one of the latter is yet in jail. On leaving Washington at

the close of the recent session of Congress I noticed in the car a Woodman and a member of a rival order on the seat just ahead of mine. The member of the rival order seemed to be restless and morose. Prompted by the fraternal sympathy which bubbles in the heart of every Woodman the sovereign said: "What's the matter, my friend? You seem to be in trouble." "Yes," he replied, "I am; to tell you the truth I am tired of seeing so many Woodmen of the World. I see them everywhere, every day, every hour. I am going to Kentucky, from there to Arkansas, from there to Texas and from there to heaven or hell, I don't care which, if only I can get to a place where there are no Woodmen of the World." "My friend," the Woodman replied, "you needn't go to Kentucky, for you'll find 15,000 Woodmen there. You needn't go to Arkansas, for you'll discover 25,000 Woodmen there. You needn't go to Texas, for 160,000 sovereigns are there, led by the invincible Fraser. You needn't go to heaven, for the disembodied spirits of thousands of departed Woodmen whose songs on high and whose monuments on earth proclaim the performance of duty to family and to God, led by the sainted Falkenburg, are there. But you can go to hell, for you'll find not a single Woodman there to interrupt your progress."

The Woodmen of the World is one of the leading fraternal organizations of the time. It is a brotherhood in the purest and most uplifting sense, a fraternity in the highest conception of the term. It has just concluded the twentieth year of its existence. Every year since its birth has witnessed an increasingly rapid growth. Organized at Omaha, in the state of Nebraska, in 1890, it has spread throughout the United States and entered Canada. A brief comparison with other orders will show how remarkable has been the

advance of the Woodmen of the World. Prior to 1890, the year of the beginning of the Woodmen of the World, there had been established in the United States about fifty fraternal insurance orders of importance. The Woodmen of the World has distanced all these older orders with the exception of one which was organized in 1883, seven years in advance of the Woodmen of the World.

This one order, the only one now exceeding the Woodmen of the World in membership, is without an emergency fund and defies the plainest laws of mortality, the simplest principles of mathematics. In the ancient Greek games young men raced with lighted torches and the victory was not simply for him who ran the fastest but who ran fastest with his torch still ablaze. In the fraternal order race the emergency fund is the lighted torch. Continuing the comparison we find that during 1890 about nine other fraternal insurance orders were organized, all of which have been outstripped by the Woodmen of the World, their combined membership not equaling that of the Woodmen of the World alone. Since 1890 over one hundred fraternal insurance orders proper have been inaugurated, all of which have been left far behind by the Woodmen of the World. It is all very well to say that this order or that order is as good as the Woodmen of the World, but when you go into details you will stumble and halt as did the individual who, according to General Grosvenor, once visited the Mammoth Cave. At that time a hotel was running near the entrance to the cave called "The Poetry Hotel," and one of its rules was that all guests on leaving the hotel had to write a verse on the register underneath their respective names giving their impressions of the cave. The man of whom we are speaking registered at the hotel

without noticing the rule and when he was about to leave the landlord requested him to write the required verse. "But I can't write poetry," was the emphatic protest. "It makes no difference," replied the landlord, "you can't leave until you write that verse." The bewildered guest seized the pen and began to scrawl:

"The Mammoth Cave, Oh, what a hummer,
Cold in winter, hot in summer.
Great Jehovah, what a wonder—"

Here he stopped. He could think of nothing else. But looking up he saw a pistol frowning upon him from the landlord's hand and he hastily added,

"Andrew Jackson, hell and thunder."

The Woodmen of the World is a typical fraternal insurance order and its chief purpose is the distribution of life insurance on the fraternal, self-governing plan. It is one of over two hundred similar societies which represent the fraternal system of life insurance in the United States. The fraternal system is to be distinguished from the old line system, which is represented by more than a hundred companies, the majority of which are mutual in form and in form only, and the remainder stock corporations. Between the old line company and the fraternal order, partaking of certain characteristics of both, but identical with neither, is the assessment association. The assessment associations have been without marked success as a system, although there are over 90 in existence today, because they have had neither the accumulations of the old liners nor the lodge system and representative government of the fraternals. The Armstrong insurance investigating committee of the New York legislature has recommended that no more assessment associations be

permitted to operate in the state of New York. The system represented by the assessment societies may hardly be considered a factor of importance in the insurance situation. The field is divided mainly between the fraternal orders and the old line companies. It is difficult for the mind to grasp the immensity of modern life insurance in all its forms. It is safe to say that there are now over twenty billions of outstanding life insurance in the United States exclusive of industrial insurance, the insurance of children, which is itself an enormous business, and that over twelve million American citizens comprise the number of the insured. It is as if twelve million men had deposited in an immense savings bank amounts individually small, but in the aggregate sufficiently large to produce under the insurance system a sum for the protection of their families and the preservation of their homes equivalent to one-fifth the total wealth of the United States, the richest nation on earth. In this fact lies the surest hope, the grandest promise of the continued happiness and prosperity of the American people. These twelve million men have erected a bulwark of gold against the uncertainties of the future. They are doing more for this republic than all the congresses, courts and legislatures, all the governors, all the judges and all the presidents. They can read their titles clear to the gratitude of posterity.

Insurance in its various forms is the principal pillar of modern progress. It is the chief conserver of human effort. It is perhaps the greatest material factor in the world's present development. It gives certainty and steadiness to all enterprise. It represents the supreme endeavor of mankind to eliminate chance and to disarm misfortune. It is the Promethean flame, the Titan's ladder of modern aspiration. There was never

a more mistaken notion than that which holds insurance to be essentially a gambling transaction. Strangely enough this idea once obtained to such an extent that insurance was denounced by law as a form of gambling. In point of fact insurance is the very opposite of gambling. Its object is to reduce the element of chance to such a degree of certainty that its evil results may be absolutely neutralized. Applying the doctrines of averages and probabilities to all life and business it seeks to build a shield against every feature of uncertainty in both. The man who has no insurance is the real gambler. He bets that he will prosper and grow strong. He bets that disease will not lay its fatal finger on his brow. He bets that he will live sufficiently long to educate his children and provide a competency for those depending on him. Staking the happiness of his family on the issue he gambles with destiny and trifles with the loaded dice of death. If, on the other hand, he has insurance, he makes certain insofar as lies in human power the protection of his family and his home. He eliminates to the extent of human foresight and prudence the unknown quantities in the treacherous equations of existence. Insurance is man's chief weapon against the vagaries of fortune. Its results are certainties, not lotteries, certainties based on laws as fixed and changeless as all the other laws of nature and of God. It is certain that out of a given number of men, a number large enough to permit the operation of the law of averages, a definite and easily calculable number will die within a year. The sum which each must contribute to make possible the payment of a given amount to the families of those who die is equally calculable. It is evident that in each succeeding year larger numbers will die because death grows more

probable with age and that larger death payments must be made. This increase is met either by charging each man from the beginning such a sum as will pay for current deaths and by investment of the remainder at interest offset the increasing cost of increasing age or by charging a greater sum each year. The first method, known as the level premium or reserve fund method, has been found most practicable and satisfactory and has become the basis of modern life insurance. These principles are applicable equally to old line companies and fraternal orders; they represent the unchangeable logic of unchangeable facts. The old line company or fraternal order which charges a fixed and unincreasing premium and does not provide a reserve or emergency fund to guard against increasing age will inevitably die.

It is evident that life insurance is essentially cooperative, that it is an expression of brotherhood. It is brotherly love expressed in a mathematical formula and an economic movement. It is a distribution of the losses of the few among the many, a system whereby the burdens which would crush the individual are sustained by the community at large. It follows that the simplest and most natural form of life insurance is that of a voluntary, self-governing organization conducted without ostentation or lavish expenditure and charging no more than is necessary to pay death losses with a small addition for unavoidable expense. This is the true insurance of the people, the fraternal embodiment of what is essentially a fraternal principle, the system typified in the fraternal insurance order. It follows further that whenever men obtain control of an insurance organization for purposes of enrichment and aggrandizement, adding high and extravagant charges in order to make

enormous profits, they prostitute the system and degrade the principle of pure life insurance. Recent revelations have shown that this has been the chief characteristic of certain old line companies. The discoveries of the Armstrong insurance investigating committee of the New York legislature were appalling. A quarrel over the spoils among the rulers of the Equitable led to disclosures which prompted the legislature of New York on July 20, 1905, to appoint a committee of investigation. The committee was composed of three senators, Armstrong, Tully and Riordan, and five assemblymen, Rogers, Cox, Wemple, Prentice and McKeown. The principal attorney was Charles E. Hughes, who developed notable inquisitorial powers and made an international reputation. The examination began on the 6th of September, 1905, and was concluded on the 30th of the following December. It revealed a record of colossal theft, a record of pillage and corruption that dishonored our country before the world.

The examination showed that the so-called mutual companies were autocracies in the most unqualified sense. It showed that according to the law of its creation the New York Mutual, with 660,000 policyholders, with over a billion and a half dollars of insurance in force, with total assets of over 440 millions and a surplus of over 70 millions, was what its name implied a purely mutual organization intended to be governed exclusively by the policyholders, every policyholder with at least $1,000 of insurance being entitled to an equal vote, but that in reality the policyholders had practically no voice in the selection of trustees or in the management of the company. It showed that although there were between 400,000 and 500,000 policyholders entitled to vote for trustees, nevertheless for a long period of years not more than 200 votes

had been cast at any election, the voters who had voted personally being generally employees of the company or of subsidiary companies; that the officers practically named the trustees, who in turn elected the officers; that the board of trustees exercised no effective check on the management, the by-laws concentrating practically all powers in the officers. The examination showed that the New York Life, with over 900,000 policyholders, with nearly two billion dollars of insurance in force, with total assets of over 390 millions and a surplus of over 47 millions, was mutual in name only, that although there were some 800,000 policyholders entitled to vote, the largest number of votes ever cast at an election was 2,328 in 1905, the next largest 803 in 1904, the votes cast in person being usually those of employees; that as in the Mutual the officers dictated the election of trustees and the trustees elected the officers; in short, that the officers exercised an absolute and invincible control. The examination showed that in the Equitable, a stock company with over 560,000 policyholders, with over a billion and a half dollars of outstanding insurance, with total assets of over 400 millions and a surplus of 67 millions, a stock company with a capital of $100,000, a majority of which, represented by 502 shares, belonged to one man, and the dividends on which were limited to 7 per cent. annually, the surplus being reserved for the exclusive benefit of the policyholders, who, however, had no right to vote, the trustees were mere figureheads; that the real powers were exercised by officers and committeemen whose administration had been marked by "excessive salaries, excessive commissions, excessive expenses and superfluous officers," and that although all accumulations had been supposedly reserved for the sole benefit of the policyholder, Mr.

Hyde, the owner of the majority of the stock, the income on which was specifically limited to $3,500 per annum, was offered for it from one to seven million dollars and finally sold it to Thos. F. Ryan for two and one-half millions. These three companies occupied half the old line field, equaling in assets and business all other companies combined, and they had been practically dominated by their presidents and probably a few other officers. In the language of the clown in the pantomine of "Humpty-Dumpty," some of the old line presidents may well exclaim:

> "I am the king,
> And the ace and the deuce and the jack;
> I am the high and the low, I'd have you know,
> In fact, I'm the whole durn pack."

But what was the result of the exercise of such enormous power by these old line officers? The Armstrong investigation disclosed that the officers of the Mutual held such autocratic power as to produce an extravagant disregard of the policyholders' interests; that salaries were increased enormously, the president's annual salary having been fixed at $30,000 in 1877, at $50,000 in 1880, at $75,000 in 1893, at $90,000 in 1895, at $100,000 in 1896, and at $150,000 in 1901; the first vice-president's salary having been increased from $20,000 in 1877 to $50,000 in 1902; the second vice-president's from $7,200 in 1877 to $17,400 in 1899; a third vice-president having been added in 1902 at $30,000; the treasurer's salary having been increased from $14,000 in 1885 to $40,000 in 1896; the general manager's from $20,000 in 1891 to $30,000 in 1902; that Robert H. McCurdy, the president's son, received over $530,000 as his share of the profits of the Mutual's metropolitan agency and over a million and a quarter dollars in com-

missions on foreign business, a portion of which he divided with his metropolitan agency partner; that Louis A. Thebaud, the president's son-in-law, received over $930,000 as his share of metropolitan agency commissions. Further disclosures were to the effect that disbursements classified as legal expense ranged from $250,000 to $300,000 every year from 1898 to 1904, amounts far in excess of proper legal demands; that a residence was maintained at Albany whence a close watch was kept on the New York legislature, the rent, supplies, wages of cooks and servants being charged to legal expense; that the Mutual, Equitable and the New York Life, in order to establish a systematic control of legislation, divided the country outside of New York into three districts, as Pompey and Crassus and Caesar once divided the Roman empire. It appeared that the Mutual made large contributions to a political campaign fund, that the Mutual owned stocks in banks and trust companies in which its officers were also interested, and that the Mutual's deposits were being used to promote these institutions, that the officers would participate in underwriting syndicates and with the aid of the Mutual's funds reap immense profits, that the Mutual's enormous growth had not resulted in advantage to the policyholders, but had served as an excuse for an increase of expense and lavish payments to officers and agents, that while the volume of business had increased returns to policyholders had diminished. Similar conditions were uncovered in the New York Life and the Equitable. In the New York Life the salary of the president had been increased from $50,000 to $75,000 in 1896, to $100,000 in 1901, and the total salaries of executive officers from $149,000 in 1893 to $322,000 in 1905, an increase of more than 216 per cent. The investigation showed

that the officers had been permitted to disburse enormous sums without proper accounting and that the transactions of Andrew Hamilton, who had supervision of matters of legislation and taxation, exhibited "enormous abuses." It was shown that this company contributed great sums to political campaign funds and made apparently every effort to conceal the items in the company's books. It was further shown that pretended entries of false stock sales had been frequently made, that the books were manipulated to hide many questionable deals, especially syndicate operations, that the wonderful growth of the company had been at the expense of the policyholder, there being a large diminution in returns to him. In the Equitable it developed that the salary of President Hyde was increased from $75,000 in 1886 to $100,000 in 1894, that of President Alexander from $75,000 in 1899 to $100,000 in 1903. James H. Hyde, the president's son, was graduated from college in 1898 and in November of that year was made second vice-president. In 1899, soon after his father's death, he was made vice-president at a salary of $20,000. This was increased in 1900 to $30,000, in 1902 to $75,000, and in 1903, although he was only 27 years of age and practically without experience, to $100,000. The total office pay roll of this company increased from $770,000 in 1900 to over $1,100,000 in 1904. When Paul Morton became president his salary was $100,000, but was later reduced to $80,000. He had been receiving $8,000 as Secretary of the Navy. It was also demonstrated that in the Equitable disbursements for legal expense had been unwarrantedly large, that extensive contributions had been made to political campaign funds, that the company's assets had been manipulated for the control of the trust companies and the floating of securities for the enrich-

ment of officers and directors, that there were real estate transactions of questionable character, and that the great growth of the company had, like that of the other companies, been obtained at excessive cost to the policyholder whose returns had strikingly diminished. When we contemplate the power of these officers and directors, their opportunities for plunder, it esems wonderful that instead of taking millions they did not take tens of millions. The famous remark of Lord Clive is brought forcibly to mind. He was being examined by parliament in reference to the riches he had pilfered from the palaces and treasuries of India. He described the gilded halls where treasures were piled in profligate abundance and where he appropriated about a million and a half when he could easily have taken fifteen or twenty millions. "When I think, gentlemen," he said, "that I took only a million and a half when I could have easily taken fifteen or twenty times that much, I am astonished at my own moderation."

It was demonstrated by the findings of the Armstrong committee, it is evident from the most cursory inspection of conditions, that the principal old line companies, unless properly regulated, will become a menace to the nation's welfare and the people's liberties. They now have total assets of over two billions and a quarter. This fabulous sum, the toy of a few masters of finance, has been wrung from the people by extortionate charges and glittering promises. In order to induce the payments of heavy premiums the companies have diverted the popular mind from pure life insurance and added the fascinating elements of surrender values, loans and cash returns. They have given the insurance policy a present value realizable for the holder's benefit when from the standpoint of

pure insurance it should have a future value realizable only by the holder's family. If the people would insist upon pure life insurance there would be no vast accumulations to overshadow government and threaten freedom. The companies have ingeniously directed the policyholder's attention to his own material advantage; they have perverted the true principle of life insurance which has in it no element of gain for self but every element of love and help for others. It is true that since the developments of 1905 the policyholders of the various companies have made and are making serious efforts to assert and to assume control. Stricter laws have been adopted by the New York legislature and the companies themselves have made certain concessions and reforms. But the direct system of voting for trustees in person, by proxy or by mail has not been changed; and as long as this system prevails the policyholders will be powerless and the old abuses may recur at any time. The number of policyholders is too great, the territory too vast, the system too cumbersome. Control will inevitably center in the active and all-powerful few unless by legislation or otherwise the companies are required to establish a definite and practicable system of representative government.

The self-governing, co-operative character of the fraternal order enables it to provide insurance at cost plus the smallest possible amount for expense. The fraternal order has no additional charge for speculative or investment features; from these it is entirely free. The management is answerable to the membership; extravagance and peculation are impossible on any permanent or extensive scale. The immediate disbursement of the funds of fraternals to meet death losses has removed all opportunity for serious temptation

or corruption. The fraternal order has no accumulations beyond such as are absolutely necessary to mature its policies. Indeed, the fraternal orders have encountered their most serious difficulties from the fact that in many instances their rates have been too low to meet ordinary mortuary liabilities. Most of them began on the assessment plan, a plan which was illogical and unsatisfactory. In the endeavor to avoid the excessive charges of the old line system they went in the beginning too far the other way and have had to struggle with the disadvantages of inadequate charges. Under the assessment plan, the plan inaugurated by the first American fraternal orders, no collections were made until the deaths had actually occurred. Then followed a modification of this plan by which the current cost was apportioned and collected at stated periods. The inherent vice of this method lay in the presumption that the current cost would remain always the same. No provision was made for accumulations to meet the increasing cost of increasing age. The practice of collecting charges too low to permit such accumulation, charges barely sufficient to meet current cost, is still persisted in by some fraternal orders, among which, I regret to say, is the largest fraternal order of the time. Whatever may be said in justification of such a practice in the early days of fraternal orders when definite information was lacking and all pathways were untried, it is in the light of the knowledge and progress of the present without any possible palliation. It is known to be a defiance of the plainest laws of mortality and mathematics and unless the necessary alterations are made disaster is inevitable. I do not say that my own order, the Woodmen of the World, is perfect. It is practically on the level payment plan, however, a plan which

provides an emergency reserve fund, and it is in my judgment as near the proper solution of the fraternal mortality question as it is possible for it to be in the present state of fraternal insurance development. With its emergency fund and its accumulative certificate I believe it to be in position to meet and finally overcome every obstacle and every storm. Owing to the former prevalence of the assessment method in all fraternal orders the name "assessment" is today applied to these orders although many of them have dropped the early system altogether. The survival and general employment of this term in connection with all fraternal orders have confused the public mind to such an extent that many still regard all fraternal orders as assessment institutions. The government of the Woodmen of the World is completely representative, more representative, indeed, than the government of any American state or of the American republic itself. There is no executive veto in the Woodmen of the World. The members exercise an absolute control through a national legislative body known as the Sovereign Camp. For representative purposes the country is divided into a convenient number of Head Camps all of which are within easy access of the subordinate Camps in their respective territories. Every subordinate Camp is entitled to representation at its Head Camp. The Head Camps choose from their membership the delegates who compose the Sovereign Camp and the Sovereign Camp elects executive officers and enacts all legislation necessary to carry on the institution. The Woodmen of the World is a republic of the truest type, the most exalted ideals. The humblest member is eligible to the highest office. The Woodmen of the World is exactly what its members make it; they own and control it; it is of the

membership, by the membership and for the membership. The destinies of this order rest absolutely in the hands and hearts of the individual members. My Sovereigns, it is your institution, the bulwark of your homes, the palladium of your firesides, the ornament of your souls. Upon your interest and energy depends its welfare, yea, its life. Without your active aid it cannot thrive. It is held aloft, this glorious structure of brotherly love, upon your stalwart arms; if you withdraw them it must fall.

The Woodmen of the World embodies the elements of freedom, of order and of progress. Its purposes are as holy as they are practical. They consist in the protection and in the preservation of the basic factors of society and government. It cannot be disputed that the unit of civilization is the home. The individual ownership of homes is the surest support of social order—its absence the opportunity of the mob. A country without homes is a breeding ground of anarchy and revolution. Without homes there cannot long remain even the semblance of progressive society. Without homes mankind becomes a mere savage mass capable only of the rudest and most primitive ideas of life. The true measure of human happiness is the development of the home. Men builded homes before they builded governments. The first ideas of government were obtained from the miniature dominion of the family and the home. Thus the home precedes and underlies all government. When the home ceases to be the inspiration of human toil, the chief object of human care, the disappearance of all government and society, of all freedom, culture and advancement, is inevitable. We may sing of liberty. We may boast of the form of a republic, of imposing cities, of the riches of forest and factory and shop and

mine. But if the plain citizens of the country are without homes our vaunted government of the free is an empty name.

Love of country is founded on the love of home. Some of the most conspicuous examples of human valor have occurred in defense of country and of home. Some months ago I visited New York, the chief city of this republic, where every nation of the earth is represented. On an occasion of general interest and amusement, when every element of the population was in attendance, I heard a famous band render the songs peculiar to the various countries. A more affecting scene could hardly be imagined. With the first note descended a hush upon the multitude prompted by the sympathy of a common anticipation. First rose the imperial strains of "Rule Britannia," expressing all the pride and strength of empire, an ode to British deeds and British hopes—

"When Britain first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain,
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves,—' "

and every Briton in that great concourse dreamed again of Windermere, the gentle Severn, the historic Thames, the Cumbrian summits, the vales of Gloucester and the Surrey hills. Then burst the thunders of the Marseillaise—

"Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid ye rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,—"

and every son of France answered in his soul the sum-

mons to his country's cause, reveled in her history as the figures of Charlemagne, Joan of Arc, Napoleon rose before him, and saw again the mountains of Auvergne, the impetuous Rhone, the purple vineyards, the forest of Ardennes.

From the silver-throated instruments now poured the martial measures of Germany's celebrated anthem, "The Watch O'er the Rhine"—

"With thunder's shout the air is rent,
Like roar of waves and sword-clash blent;
Now of the German Rhine so free,
Who will the river's guardian be,—"

and every German recalled the victory of Arminius over the flower of Roman soldiery in Teutoburger forest and thought with dimming eyes of the far-throned land between the Matterhorn and the sea.

Then came the airs of Scotland, and every Scottish heart leaped to the trumpet call of Robert Bruce—

"Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory,—"

and throbbed with sorrow deep and infinite in memory of Loch Lomond and the Clyde as there followed the slow, sad melody of "Auld Lang Syne." And then there quivered a refrain that spoke the anguish of a broken heart, the grief of Ireland at the tomb of a departed nationality—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled,—"

and tears fell fast from Irish eyes as in fancy reap-

peared the humble homes upon the Shannon, the Blackwater and the Boyne, the cots of Galway and Tyrone, and as the woes of that rare and gifted people who have contributed so brilliantly to the liberty and the progress of the earth were voiced in that pathetic song.

And then, O then, there fell upon the enraptured air an enthralling cadence, a song that upleaping thundered until angelic choirs from battlements invisible seemed to shout it on to God, expressing all the valor and devotion of a valorous and devoted people—

"America, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,"

and every American heart was thrilled.

I repeat that the love of home is the most universal emotion of the human heart. I assert that the protection of the home should be the most universal object of human effort. I submit that the Woodmen of the World and similar organizations whose chief aim is to preserve and to elevate the home are performing a work of permanent and fundamental importance. Indeed, they are the greatest home-builders of the age.

The Woodmen of the World protects the home because it teaches reverence for those who compose it—the mother, the wife, the child. There is in all literature no grander tribute to the mothers of men than Joaquin Miller's "The Bravest Battle," which I here repeat by the especial permission of that great lover of humanity:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there was the battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born."

In protecting the mother Woodcraft preserves and shields the home. I can conceive of no sublimer picture than that of a man surrounded by a happy and devoted family. It is to me a more splendid scene than all the portrayals of martial glory in the battle-galleries of the world. The radiance of a contented fireside is brighter than that of all the thrones of earth. Especially is this true if provision has been made for the family in the event of the protector's death. The crisis in the life of every family and the history of every home is the death of the provider. The Wood-

men of the World and kindred orders, representing the fraternal system of life insurance, were established for the especial purpose of giving life insurance to the people in the cheapest possible form and of making it possible for the masses whose circumstances as a rule are moderate to secure protection for their families and their homes. The Woodmen of the World gives the principle of insurance its most logical and fraternal expression. It is an attractive embodiment of the ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity. Its ritual combines the beauty of sentiment, the symmetry of truth, the logic of fact. The scene of its ceremonies—the symbol of its territory—is the forest, the great fraternity of nature, where the oak is brother to the shrub and the mountain mother to the flower. The emblems of its teachings are the implements with which the lower foundations of civilization were constructed—the axe, the beetle and the wedge. It illustrates the doctrine of equality in the erection of substantial monuments at the graves of all its dead. Its monuments teach that the performance of the fundamental duties of existence, the protection of the family and the home, are within the reach of every man. Its monuments proclaim that the man who makes provision for his loved ones is as much entitled to commemorative marble as the conqueror and the king. Woodcraft is brotherhood aflame. It teaches that in manhood, not in millions, it found the proper test of human worth. It teaches that the stain of honest toil is the insignia of a true nobility. It teaches that

"There's glory in the shuttle's song,
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong,
Who dig the mine and fell the oak."

Woodcraft rejects the tawdry distinctions of wealth and rank and pomp and all the vulgar jewelry of pride. It pronounces blasphemous the social system which requires one man to call another man "My Lord." In this connection let me mention a just rebuke which was administered by a plain Irish Woodman to a member of the aristocratic class. It is said that the latter was visiting in this country and while on the streets of one of our large cities asked the Irishman to direct him to a certain business house. The Irishman happened to be going that way and offered to guide his inquirer to the place. As they walked along Pat, to be friendly, asked, "And who might you be?" His companion drew himself up with dignity and replied: "I am the Honorable John Kenneth Edgerton, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of St. John, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Loyal Legion and Knight of the Iron Cross. And whom have I the honor of addressing?" Pat for a single instant was bewildered with this long list, but he quickly recovered, threw out his chest and responded pompously: "I am Patrick Timothy O'Flannigan of Hoboken, tonoight, lasht noight, noight before lasht, noight before that, tomorrow noight, the noight following and every other bloody noight of the wake, including Sunday noight, begorra."

History presents no sublimer spectacle than the grand army of 750,000 Woodmen of the World marching not to destroy, but to preserve, not to wound, but to heal, not to conquer, but to save. No warlike note incites to bloody charge and frightful conflict. No screaming shell, no shrieking shot surround these soldiers of humanity. They are cheered by songs and prayers from 750,000 American firesides. Let us from some eminence of fancy review this mighty army. First

appear the advance guards from the District of Columbia, the Dakotas, Maryland, Rhode Island and New Jersey, the sovereigns on the frontiers of Woodcraft who are preparing the way for its triumphant extension.

Next sweep into view the flying squadrons, a thousand to five thousand strong from Arizona, land of the topaz and the amethyst, an empire of the strange, a kingdom of the wonderful—from Connecticut, the first state to adopt the American constitution, its shops and factories humming an ode of progress from the Housatonic to the Thames — from Illinois, one of earth's commercial pillars, a happy theater for Woodcraft's future achievements—from New Mexico, land of mystery more profound than all the Orient, of more historic interest than Babylon or Thebes—from West Virginia, the Switzerland of America, a promising field for the propagation of our principles.

And now we see the charging columns of five to twenty thousand Woodmen from New York, the emporium of a hemisphere—from Alabama, land of chivalry, romance and natural fascination—from Florida, resplendent with the jewelry of nature, the Italy of the Occident—from Georgia, foremost in every struggle of intellect, of industry and of arms—from Indiana, notable for the liberality and enlightenment of its people—from Kansas, radiant with an exhaustless fertility—from Kentucky, land of eloquence and beauty, of scenery and song—from Michigan, rich in minerals and men—from Minnesota, the heart and center of a continent—from North Carolina, where was established the first English settlement in America—from Oklahoma, the Eden of the west—from Pennsylvania, where assembled the first congress of the American colonies—from Virginia, the patriot's shrine, the commonwealth that gave Washington to America

and wrote on the forehead of eternity the fadeless name of Robert Lee—from Wisconsin, gemmed with lakes, adorned with rivers, its institutions reflecting brotherhood and love.

And now we observe the next division of the enormous host, the legions of Woodcraft, numbering ten thousand to twenty-five thousand sovereigns — from Iowa, the granary of the nation — from Louisiana, redolent with the jessamine and the cane—from Nebraska, a kingdom of corn, its chief city the headquarters of the Woodmen of the World — from Ohio, perhaps the most typical American commonwealth—from South Carolina, stained with the blood of heroes from the Blue Ridge to the sea — from Tennessee, exemplifying the proudest traditions of free government.

Next swing into position two brigades of Woodmen, the one composed of thirty-five thousand sovereigns from Arkansas, the Cipango of the future, the other comprising thirty thousand choppers from Missouri, state of historic associations and unmeasured resources, its government the consummation of freedom's dreams and freemen's aspirations.

And now wheels proudly into line a phalanx of forty thousand Woodmen from Mississippi, whose citizens on battlefield and in legislative chamber have repeatedly risen to the loftiest capabilities of human genius and courage. But what myriads are these now pouring on the field? Stretching far into the distance, until the eye exhausted drops, they are forming in endless and imposing array. Beneath their tread the earth is shaking and one hundred and sixty thousand Woodmen from Texas surge to the forefront of the Woodmen army, from Texas, with star-daring crags and peaks sublime, its prairies gleam-

ing in the light that lies between the Rio Grande and the Red, its fields ablossom with the cotton's summer snow, its landscapes painted by the gods.

The great army is at last assembled. Suddenly storm on storm of acclamation bursts from the gathered thousands as there steps before the fraternal soldiery the leader of leaders, the greatest figure in the history of fraternal development, an inspiration in his soul, a glory on his brow, the incarnation of nobility, a prince of peace, a king of love, an emperor of humanity, the Washington of Woodcraft, Joseph Cullen Root. God multiply his years for the continued elevation of the race, the increasing effectiveness of the order, the further salvation of mother, wife, of home and child!

UNVEILING ORATION AT GRAVES OF SOVEREIGNS NASON, BAUGH, LITTLE, ROBISON, GENTRY, BURGER.

THERE is no subject worthy of profounder reflection than the grave. It is the most universal fact in all the records and traditions of humanity. It is a topic familiar to all ages, peoples and all climes. It presents its mysteries with equal force to the savage in the cave and the scholar in the cloister. As it gathered to its barren bosom the first man who trod the virgin earth so shall it fold upon its breast of clay the man whose death shall mark the extinction of the race, the exodus of time. It is unaffected by history or geography. It knows no zones, no latitudes. It is indifferent alike to snow and sun and rain. Men may differ in culture, creed and nationality. They may reside in the most distant islands of Polynesia in painted savagery and ignorance primeval, on the steppes of Asia recalling in their nomadic lives the state of man when history first reveals him, in arctic or antarctic regions where cold perpetual makes mere physical subsistence the consuming object of human energy, or in the modern structures of New York and London surrounded by every luxury and facility. Nay, twenty centuries with world-transforming wars, with the annihilation of governments and peoples, the destruction of continent-marking boundaries, the disappearance of immemorial languages and customs, may separate the ages in which they lived. They are identical in the dust.

Into the abysses of the tomb humanity's multiplying myriads pour. The dark battalions crowd the high-

ways of the centuries to gather every mortal for the march on which retreat is never sounded. Fugitives may wander from the fated company and the dreaded path and seek remotest deserts, crags most perilous, dimmest wildernesses, wildest plains, but never do they pass beyond the trumpet-call of that perpetual advance. Loiterers may pause amid the enchantments by the way, the fountains, jewels, flowers, feasts,—yea, pause and for one rapturous moment dream that life shall riot on forever, but they must join that hurrying throng. The summons rings throughout all seasons, the lull of spring, the summer's hush, the stir of autumn and the winter's tumult; it echoes through the shadow-pillared aisles of night, the vaulting dawn, the sinking day. It penetrates the silences of mine and cave; of peak and cliff, the clamor of the market-place; its sharp, swift notes like javelins of melody pierce the storm. The bugles of the sepulcher resound from sea to sea, from mart to mart, from nation unto nation, and as the obedient millions tombward turn back rolls the quavering cry,—"Dying, dying, dying."

Let us follow these dismal trumpetings as they peal across the hills and seas to gather conscripts for the involuntary squadrons of the grave. On every air the plaintive strains are floating. They beat against the columned palaces and monarchs totter from the throne, against the massive capitals and statesmen stagger from the tribune, against the towering temples and priests reel from the altar, against the tabernacles of the law and judges swoon upon the bench, against resplendent banquet halls and revellers fade from groaning boards. They echo in the fields and laborers prostrate fall, on rivers and nerveless hands guide fragile barks no more, on oceans and sheeted bodies

drop from swaying ships, in deserts and shallow graves protrude from shifting sands, in cities and toilers, idlers, the pious, the depraved, the righteous and unrighteous, all are cold and still.

They arrest the cringing Nero in his useless flight. He shrinks and cowers in the shadow of his doom. The tyrant who has condemned and tortured thousands trembles when the hour of his own destruction strikes. Urged by his slaves to perish quickly in order to escape the infamies of execution he bids them to prepare his grave and pyre and monument, yet hesitates and with an arrogance which the proximity of death could not abash exclaims, "Qualis artifex pereo," "What an artist to perish!" A courier arrives announcing that the senate has ordained for him the slow death of the scourge. In utter horror he attempts to end his own existence but his courage wanes. He begs that someone show him how to die and blushing at the fright he cannot hide, with weakest bravado composes pompous, self-exalting epigrams. The rapid strokes of horses' hoofs announce the coming of his captors. He feebly holds a dagger to his throat and a menial drives it home.

They surge against the couch of Mirabeau, and the mighty orator, conscious of his lot and master of his agony, pours from his ashen lips a torrent of such prophetic eloquence that it may appropriately be repeated here. "When I am no more my worth will become known. The misfortunes which I have held back will then pour on all sides upon France; the criminal faction which now trembles before me will be unbridled. I have before my eyes unbounded presentiments of disaster. We now see how much we erred in not preventing the commons from assuming the name of the National Assembly; since they gained

that victory they have never ceased to show themselves unworthy of it. They have chosen to govern the king instead of governing by him; but soon neither he nor they will rule the country; but a vile faction which will overspread it with horrors." A tremor thrills the classic frame. When all else is pulseless the brow and eye retain the fire of action and the last exclamation leaves the gifted tongue,—"sprinkle me with perfume, crown me with flowers that I may thus enter the eternal sleep."

They flow on viewless currents into the tribunal where Robert Emmett fronts his fate and the farewell to his country and the court remains through time a hymn of liberty. "Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth —then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written. I have done."

They break upon the distant rock in desert seas and welcome the wasted exile, the solitary figure of a splendid desolation, the embodiment of majestic ruin, to the refuge of the grave. The devoted watchers catch the whispers of the last delirium, "France, the army," and that marvelous energy expires. The faithful Marchand folds about the conqueror's conquered clay the cloak he wore at Marengo when first the lightnings of his genius began to play against the bayonets of opposing Europe.

But we need not follow further the carrion cry of death. We have seen that men encounter the inevitable moment with varying attitudes and emotions.

"The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe true that breathe their words in pain."

Varied and impressive as are the fantasies and philosophies of the past they cannot fully portray the sorrow inflicted by the grave. No lip or lyre may ever speak the woe it wreaks. The deepest agonies are unspoken; the most violent griefs unsung. In the Vatican there is a marble group more than twenty centuries old which typifies perhaps the most remarkable effort of the sculptor to fashion a monument of human pain. It represents Laocoon and his sons in the coils of two gigantic serpents. Laocoon, son of Antenor and priest of Neptune, was, the legend runs, a Trojan of that stirring age when the Greeks were waging the memorable war with Troy. The besiegers, prompted by Minerva, had contrived the stratagem of the wooden horse and had drawn the monster near the Trojan gates. Persuaded by the treacherous eloquence of Ulysses, the unsuspecting Trojans were about to admit the deadly engine. Divining the imposition Laocoon flung a spear against the side of the enormous steed and the clang of arms betrayed the Grecian soldiers concealed within. Having exposed the danger Laocoon and his sons proposed a sacrifice to Neptune on the Trojan shore. Angered at the failure of the enterprise Minerva sent two huge serpents to destroy the patriotic priest. Gliding across the sea they came and wrapped their sinister folds about the struggling Laocoon and his sons. In this attitude the group is perpetuated by the sculptor. The countenance of Laocoon is distorted with the anguish of a hideous death while every muscle swells out against the horrible embrace.

The fate of Prometheus, a character in mythology, has been the subject of perhaps the most notable efforts in all literature to reveal the depths of agony. For his kindness to the sons of men in preserving for them the use of fire which through a shrewd deception he spirited from the abode of Jove he incurred the hatred of the god of gods. Among the frozen wastes of Scythia on the northern sea he was chained naked to a swaying cliff. Through countless years he was exposed to night and sleet and storm. Vultures fed upon his living flesh, the wounds fast healing to be again dissevered. To make his suffering more intense he was permitted to lose neither consciousness nor life. In titanic despair he shouted to the storms, the thunders, and the snows:

> "O, holy Aether, and swift-winged winds,
> And river-wells and laughter innumerous,
> Of yon sea waves. Earth, mother of us all,
> And all-viewing cyclic suns, I cry on you,
> Behold me a god, what I endure from gods,
> How, wasted by this woe,
> I wrestle down the myriad years of time."

But vivid as are these examples of misery they cannot completely signify the terror which the grave may inspire. And this terror may under certain conditions become infinitely intensified. I do not believe that the combined tragedies of the world can equal the horror felt by one who on the bed of death finds himself surrounded by a family for whom he has made no provision. Let us observe the spectacle that affrights his fading eyes. He sees the loving, loyal figure of his wife. He recalls the lustrous days of youth. Again she wears the rose and charm of the intoxicating hours when first he laid the flower of his manhood at her feet. Again her brow suffuses like a lily dipped in crimson

with the first emotions of love. He hears again the solemn ceremony, the transporting music, the joyous clamor of assembled friends when surrendering home, identity and name she merged her being into his. He sees the weary years of contest with the world and how from all the storms and shocks of conflict he found a refuge in her loyalty and love, her courage and consolation illuminating the darkest hour. To the beautiful relation of wife he sees her add the divine capacity of mother. He sees her labors and her duties multiply as she guides the little feet in pathways safe and pure. He hears again the hymns she sang, the prayers she whispered. And as these loved ones gather around him now, bedewing his couch with tears, the thought of their future transfixes him like a sword of flame. He had been a generous and devoted husband but like many of his fellow-men he had neglected to make definite provision for the emergency which now confronts him. And as that weeping group recedes before his dimming vision he pictures what may be their fate. Perhaps he sees a garret bare and desolate, a half-protected opening in the roof that admits the winter with the light. He sees the haggard faces of his wife and children, hands stained with toil—perhaps with crime, lips that once pealed with laughter now lax and wan with hunger and with cold, the bride of his stalwart years the spouse of poverty—in her cheeks the ashes of memory and hope—in her heart the corpse of happiness and faith. Can language voice or sculpture fashion the horror of that soul as it sinks beneath the sorrowful gaze of the neglected family? If that man's dying lips could speak his screams would make Laocoon cease to writhe and Prometheus forget his agony.

It is a proposition beyond the pale of argument that

life insurance is the most definite and permanent form of protection against the pecuniary consequences of death. And yet it is unfortunately true that only one person out of every four of insurable age in the United States carries a life insurance policy. Almost every moment families in despairing grief are rising from the graves of their providers to face the problems of existence unprotected, unaided and unprepared. In this condition lies the most fruitful source of poverty and crime. It may be truly said that the man who fails to utilize the innumerable opportunities offered him in this enlightened age to guard his family against the misfortune of his death is not only recreant to duty and to affection but pursues a course subversive of the best interests of society.

Gratifying, therefore, is the knowledge of the fact that the men who sleep beneath these Woodmen monuments were not forgetful of the fundamental obligations of humanity. These monuments are perpetual trumpet-tongues proclaiming that in America there is a fraternal organization whose members place duty to family next to duty to God. The Sovereigns whose monuments we dedicate today died with an assurance so sweet, a consolation so tender, that the shadows of the grave dissolved into the radiance of immortality. No visions of deserted responsibility haunted their departing hours. They saw peaceful and protected homes where their names would be gently spoken and their memories affectionately preserved. The Sovereigns these monuments commemorate belong to glory. In adhering to the principles of Woodcraft they have won a brighter laurel than that which binds the brow of human fame. Like Joshua they have been buried upon the borders of their inheritance.

Through membership in the Woodmen of the

World they exemplified the principle of fraternity, the loftiest principle and the sweetest sentiment that men may ever know or feel, the basis of equality, the fountain of liberty,—a principle that found its most beautiful and effective illustration in the life and deeds of Christ.

The distinctions of earth are fortuitous and transitory. They are dependent largely on the caprice of circumstance and environment. The operation of chance in history is a subject of most astonishing revelations. Nearly 2,500 years ago eleven Athenian generals met in council of war on the heights overlooking the plain of Marathon. They had been summoned to decide whether their little army of eleven thousand should give battle to the Persian myriads on the plain. It was one of the most fateful hours of human history. The Persian empire was the most extensive power of the world comprising almost all the great nations of antiquity. Its armies had never known defeat. They had subdued the Orient under Cambyses and Cyrus and they were now pouring upon Europe under Darius. Athens, representing a country smaller than Rhode Island, was the first outpost of Europe, the highest embodiment of western freedom and culture. At Marathon Asia and Europe met in martial array. Two civilizations stood in arms opposed. Although the Athenian generals knew that the success of their opponents meant the subjugation of Athens and all Greece they did not grasp the world-significance of the contest. Five of the eleven generals voted for battle,—five against. The deciding vote rested with Callimachus. As he weighed the respective issues and swayed from one opinion to the other he little dreamed that he was debating the destinies of the earth. He voted at last for immediate conflict and Athens at

Marathon preserved the integrity of Europe and western civilization. The situation had so developed that if battle had not been immediately given intrigue at Athens would have brought about an ignominious Athenian surrender. Athens represented freedom of government, beauty of ideal, vigor of character, independence of thought, individuality of action and expression, the source of all that is highest and most lasting in our present civilization. Persia was typical of despotism, ignorance, cruelty, lack of progress, the utter repression of individual initiative and ambition which have made the Orient the most backward section of the globe. Such were the issues of Marathon. Had Persia triumphed the oriental type would have impressed itself on all the west and on all future time. Had Athens fallen then, there was no other state sufficiently strong to have resisted the eastern advance. European history would have been utterly changed, and the conquerors, emperors, statesmen, philosophers and poets, yea, all the great we worship may never have been known. The vote of one man 2,500 years ago determined in large degree the subsequent history of the world.

There has been no crisis in human affairs in which men have not been found sufficiently strong and great to meet and master all its problems. If today some commercial, martial or political upheaval should threaten the existence of the nation men would rise among us to thrill humanity and ornament tradition with the glory of their deeds. And yet these very men will in the absence of such conditions live out their appointed lives untrumpeted to fame. In the ordinary successes of this peaceful time the elevation of the individual is governed by the most fugitive uncertainties. The softest breeze may break the gossa-

mer of fortune. And those who wear the title of authority, the circlet of place, are rising on a waxen wing. Failure to attain celebrity or high position reflects not on the ability, the energy, the merit or the ambition of man. Above the vanities and uncertainties of earth are the eternal honors which these Woodmen monuments signify. Duty to family, belief in equality and God, and love of fellow-men are the only lasting glories attainable by mankind. In exemplifying these deathless truths with emphasis and eloquence heretofore unknown the Woodmen of the World has become the foremost beneficiary order of America. The Woodmen of the World appeals to the loftiest aspirations of the human nature.

In exemplification of our most impressive ceremony we unveil today the monuments at the graves of Sovereigns Tom Nason, James W. Baugh, Herbert Little, M. B. Robison, Rev. J. C. Gentry and Dr. F. W. Burger.

Sovereign Tom Nason was modest and retiring. He boasted of no quality that he did not possess. He passed so quietly among the busy multitudes that his presence was almost unobserved. Yet in affection he was loyal, in honor firm. He died a member of the Woodmen Camp at Waco on October 6, 1901. He realized the necessity and utilized the opportunity of providing for dependent ones. May blessings guard his grave and enshrine his memory!

Sovereign James W. Baugh was born at Brownwood, Tex., in September, 1868, where his early life was passed. He removed to Waco where he married in September, 1897. He was a devoted husband, a gentle father, a faithful Woodman. His upright life and lovable disposition gained him a multitude of friends. He was as ambitious as he was popular but

a fell disease crushed all his youthful energy and he died at Waco in September, 1903. May the God of Woodcraft and the world protect the wife and child and lead them safely through the shadows and the storms of earth!

Sovereign Herbert Little was born at Charleston, S. C., in November, 1865. At an early age he removed to Alabama and later entered Oxford College in that state. At the age of 16 he came to Waco, where he remained until his premature death in August, 1900. He was married in December, 1888, four lovely children garlanding the happy union. His final years were consumed by a heroic struggle against a slow but resistless malady. He was a Christian and a Woodman, thus combining in his life both spiritual and material preparation for the grave. His memory is fragrant; his soul secure.

Sovereign M. B. Robison was born November 7, 1860, and died January 29, 1904. Waco was the scene of his principal life-work. He was a traveling salesman and was universally popular. The world does not give sufficient credit to the traveling man. He is in reality one of the great factors in modern progress. He is in touch with every development and in line with every useful innovation. His influence is beneficent and effective and he is a genuine power for good in every community in which he moves. Sovereign Robison possessed all the qualities of the highest type of his profession.

Sovereign Reverend J. C. Gentry was born in Cherokee County, Texas, in March, 1856. He was born again in the regenerating blood of Christ on July 30, 1876, having been converted to the religion of God on that day. He was ordained for the ministry in 1880 and devoted practically his entire life to the active service

of the Master. He was especially prominent in general church work, and for more than two decades he was a stalwart figure among his brethren. The great Baptist Church never had a more faithful and untiring servitor. He died in August, 1902, and now abides in peace.

Sovereign Dr. F. W. Burger was born at Woodbury, Tenn., in December, 1849. He obtained a thorough literary training in the best schools of Murfreesboro and Nashville, graduating at the age of 18. For several years he taught school and at the same time studied medicine. He came to Texas in 1875 and in the following year was married. In 1881 he entered the medical department of Tulane University at New Orleans and on graduating located at McGregor in this county. He removed to Waco in 1885 and continued the practice of medicine until 1894 when he was elected County Treasurer of McLennan County. He was thoroughly beloved by the masses of the people and remained in this responsible position until his retirement in 1900. Having made investments throughout the state he removed to Dallas where he died in August, 1904. He was brought to Waco for burial and now sleeps in the soil of the county he served so well. He was a man of invincible energy, of determined will, of wide culture and enlightened public spirit. The entire community will long deplore his death.

These Sovereigns who have died in Woodcraft felt no horror as the curtains of the grave descended. Their countenances were as bright as the raiment of Christ in the hour of the transfiguration. The death horror of which I have spoken is but a temporary sensation at most to him who analyzes the grave in the light of religion and fraternity. Religion is the parent of fraternity. The fatherhood of God preceded and

made possible the brotherhood of man. God's fatherhood makes all men His children and the children of God are brothers by virtue of this common fatherhod. It follows that the man who denies his brother rejects his God. And we are told in writ divine that he that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

These Sovereigns whose monuments we now commemorate could see in heavenly hands the torches of brotherhood and faith converting the midnight of the grave into the noon of life eternal. They could feel the beatific presence of the power which is the plague of death and the destruction of the tomb. And with what gratification may we, their friends and brethren, recall the prophetic assurance that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, that there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for former things are passed away." With what gratification do we observe that nature exemplifies and confirms the love and watchfulness of God. Not a drop of rain is lost. It may fall upon the summits of Sorata or Elias, of Everest or Mont Blanc; it may dimple the surfaces of Nyanza or the Caspian, of Ontario or the Caribbean; it may descend on wastes of waters or of sands and seem to disappear forever. But it is gathered up in mist and cloud to refresh the seasons and renew the snows, to jewel every leaf and petal, to kiss the amorous earth to life again. So every mortal life, whether passed in splendor or in humbleness, in palaces or lowly habitations, on sea or shore, in mart or shop or field, may seem to fade forever in the clay; but it is garnered from the grave and borne on high to swell the multitudes about the seats of universal judgment.

No human harmony expresses the sighing of the heart for God, the resurrection of all the disembodied

souls of men so happily as the hymn of hymns, the song of songs, "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,—"
Eyes glistening with adoration are Godward turned and lips with ecstasy are parted—
"E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;—"
The woe-worn brow, the bleeding heart, incline us, Lord!—
"Still all my song shall be,—"
No other melody shall flood the temples of the soul,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Though like a wanderer the sun gone down,—"
In lonely wildernesses or mountains wild,—
"Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,—"
No hope but God, no shield but prayer,—
"Yet in my dreams I'd be—"
Beneath the gorgeous image of Thy throne—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"There let the way appear steps unto heaven,—"
As unto Jacob when of old he trod the road to Haran,—
"All that Thou sendest me in mercy given;—"
Thou art the source of life, the rock of strength,—
"Angels to beckon me—"
Earth's fading honors tempt no more—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,"
Let hallelujahs fill the acclaiming hours,—
"Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise,—"
Monuments of sighs and altars of my tears,—
"So by my woes to be,—"
By death exalted and through the grave made free,—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,—"
Wafted by a gentle wind to paradise,—
"Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly,—"
Orion vanishes, the Pleiades recede,—
"Still all my song shall be,—
With all the ascending congregations of the dead,—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

FRATERNITY AND WOODCRAFT.

WE MEET today to celebrate the progress of fraternity. Both as a principle and as an institution fraternity has marked the noblest periods and inspired the sublimest efforts in the annals of the race. It is proper that we should approach an occasion of this character with becoming reverence. To honor fraternity is to worship God.

When earth was summoned from the gloom and deluged with a sea of light fraternity was born. The creation of the universe for man was an evidence of brotherhood between divinity and humanity. When life was kissed by lips omnipotent into the silent dust and man assumed the image of his God fraternity began. The gift of life in the similitude of the Master was proof of an affinity between the creature and the Creator. When all the melodies of Eden charmed the slumber of the child of clay, when all the fragrance of that lovely spot imparted rapture to his dreams and woman blossomed at his side fraternity became an active principle in the life of man. The protection of woman is the supreme object of fraternity. When through the primal disobedience the founders of the race were driven from the haunts of ease into a world of pain and toil, when sword of flame and cherubim were placed about the fruit of everlasting life, and humanity was condemned to labor and to die, fraternity took up its mission of tenderness and love. Through the crowding centuries it has pursued the holy purposes of its existence. It has softened pain, ennobled toil, and modified the consequences of death. It has influenced government, philosophy and law. It has resisted oppression; it has opposed the scepter and the throne.

Fraternity is brotherhood, and brotherhood summarizes the highest aspirations, the purest achievements of mankind. Fraternity is the most universal force in history. It urges a child to deeds of mercy; it prompts an emperor to forgive. It is the source and guard of human liberty. It rests upon the fact that brotherhood is the basis of progress. It is an expression of the fundamental truth that each man is his brother's keeper.

Fraternity has prompted the sacrifices and the struggles of the past for freedom. It prompted Thales to suggest the confederacy of Teos for the establishment of Grecian independence. It made undoubted contribution to the cause of freedom in the codes of Solon and Lycurgus. It inspired the philosophy of Plato, the oratory of Demosthenes. It hurried Cincinnatus from the plow to save the Roman state. It prompted Flavius to restore the people's ancient rights. It prompted Cato and the Gracchi to oppose the tyranny of the dominant class. It prompted Brutus to defend the dying liberties of the republic. And when the despot's iron rule gained universal sway and freedom sank into a memory and a sigh fraternity was reborn at Bethlehem and exalted for all time on Calvary. It found complete expression in the life of Christ.

In the shadow of the cross He stated that the service of others was the real test of greatness saying to His disciples, "I am among ye as He that serveth." His death for man, for every man regardless of station and condition confirmed this mighty truth. Today every fibre of the Christian and fraternal world throbs in harmony with the ideals of His life. And in no way are these ideals more practically developed than in the Woodmen of the World which illustrates equality in its representative government, its striking ritual, its

ceremonies and its monuments, and which teaches fraternity through the distribution of substantial benefits in darkest moments among the humblest homes.

In the American Declaration of Independence and in the American Constitution fraternity was the guiding impulse, the inspiring principle. The growth and glory of the American republic may be largely ascribed to the influence of this impulse and the operation of this principle. The progress of fraternity, however, has not been confined to America. It is arousing a sentiment of international brotherhood. It is leading the nations into closer touch and more frequent communication. It finds invaluable assistance in modern methods of travel and transportation. The countries of the world now lie side by side, held in an embrace of steel and steam and the invisible arms of wireless telegraphy.

We have discussed the origin and nature of fraternity. We have seen its operation as a motive of conduct, a principle of government, a factor in progress, an inspiration in religion, an uplifting element in history. We shall now consider its latest, most concrete, and practical expression, the fraternal insurance order. We have observed how completely fraternity is interwoven in every essential relation of society. Applied to government it gives us liberty, to conduct equality. In the insurance order it preserves the value of every former relation and adds the direct financial protection of the family and the home.

The insurance order is to be distinguished from the fraternal organizations which have existed in all ages and all countries for the promotion of brotherhood and other common purposes. In early Greece were burial clubs and associations with rituals, degrees and benefactions most notable among which were the Com-

panions of the Sun, the Sons of Minerva, and of Jupiter the Savior at Rhodes, the Heroists, the Oregons and Theisotoes. There are records of funeral benefit societies and benevolent organizations known as Death Colleges in ancient Rome. Centuries before insurance became a factor in human affairs fraternal societies flourished. Founded to commemorate some great event, to perpetuate some honored principle, to advance some sacred cause, to furnish aid in time of need, to promote some common taste or pleasure, they have been prominent in almost every period of civilization. They have risen in the army, the church, the market-place, the professions, the occupations, the trades and the other departments of human activity. Some have survived the wreck of time and spread throughout the world. The Masonic fraternity traces its history to the days of Solomon and has branches today in every country. While many of these societies pay benefits in sickness, in misfortune and in death, practice charity and teach equality, they are not insurance orders proper. In the insurance order the life of every member is insured for a definite sum payable at death and the possession of a policy is an essential condition of membership.

The combination of fraternity with insurance was the culminating expression of brotherhood. Before the advent of this happy blending insurance was purely a commercial enterprise. It had become in all its forms the basic element in the business of the world. The tremendous value of life insurance as a conservator of society, a pillar of prosperity, a protection against poverty and want was dawning on mankind. The fact that it would save the dependent family from the consequences of the provider's death made it especially desirable. It was seen that if the benefits of life insur-

ance could be extended to the masses infinite good would result. The problem was solved by the appearance of the insurance order which placed insurance on a purely co-operative basis. The commercial features of profit and speculation were abolished and insurance was supplied at its actual cost. Through the lodge system and the ritual the beauties of fraternity were taught and through the insurance feature its practical blessings were enjoyed. Thus originated fraternal insurance. Thus fraternity brought insurance to the homes of toil. Thus fraternity achieved its highest realization. As the divine exemplar of fraternity moved principally among the masses and taught the universal dignity of man so fraternal insurance has for its single purpose the protection of the common people and teaches the principle of equality.

Fraternal insurance is essentially a modern institution. So recent has been the origin of the system that every order of more than a decade in age may justly be regarded as a pioneer. The beginnings of the system were necessarily crude, naturally imperfect. While commercial insurance had reached a stage of permanence the field of co-operative insurance was entirely new, absolutely untried. Changes and reformations were found imperative as time revealed the errors of the past. The system has been compelled in face of ridicule and opposition to develop its own standards, to find its own course on a treacherous sea beneath a starless sky. And it is not going too far to say that few other movements in the wide reach of time have achieved such astounding success. The system was unknown in America before 1859. It has had but little more than a generation in which to grow. In fact the greater number of fraternal insurance orders have arisen within the last thirty years. And yet there

are over 200 orders in active operation today that have paid for the alleviation of poverty and pain over thirteen hundred million dollars. These orders are making an annual distribution of over one hundred millions. Their combined membership approaches a total of over six and a half millions, nearly half the voting population of the United States. Adding the families and dependents of this membership, we may reasonably assert that thirty-five million American people are under the protection of the fraternal insurance system today. What a spectacle! What a record! The American people are a fraternal people. The American masses have united to protect themselves, their families and their homes. With patience almost superhuman they have developed the co-operative system which brings insurance to the hosts of toil. They have taken from the grave much of its terror, many of its tears. They have lifted their loved ones from the shadow of pauperism and distress. They have made the fraternal order the sum and circle of the human virtues. They compose the grand army of fraternity which is moving forward to the peaceful conquest of the human race. And what an army! History holds not its counterpart. Six and a half million soldiers of humanity! They gather about the couches of pain, the abodes of sorrow, the scenes of suffering and woe. They comfort the living and bury the dead. They attack the squadrons of disease and poverty. Love is the battle cry, brotherhood the standard. Their cause is the cause of angels, and their swords are swords of light. In protecting the home, in teaching charity, in upholding manhood and equality, they, the soldiers of the popular good, form a bulwark for the people's rights. They tread no soil but that of freedom, they breathe no air but that of liberty. They cherish the ideals of a true republic.

While they flourish free government shall endure. And they are doing more to maintain prosperity and conserve society than all the armies, navies, parliaments and congresses of the world.

Now, it is natural that fraternal orders should engage in vigorous but friendly rivalry in the promotion of so magnificent a cause. It is natural that the order which in its ritual gives happiest expression to the idea of brotherhood and in its plan and rates gives strictest study to the science of insurance, will, with able and consecrated management, assume the leadership. The unexampled success of the Woodmen of the World is due to the fact that in its symbolism, its ritual, its philosophy, its rates and plans are apparent the originality and inspiration of genius. The growth of Woodcraft suggests the story of the individual from the interior who was advised to go to the seashore for his health. It was his first visit to the sea and, in fact, the first time he had been very far from home. He had been directed to take a salt water bath twice a day,—morning and evening. Supposing that he had to bring the water from the ocean to his room he got a bucket the first morning and started for the sea. When he reached the sea he asked a policeman who was standing near if he could have a bucket of water. Seeing an opportunity for a joke the policeman told him that he could have the water but that he would have to pay him twenty-five cents for each bucket. He paid the money, got the water and went home. When he returned that evening for another bucket the tide had gone out nearly a quarter of a mile. "Good heavens," he said to the policeman, "what a big business you are doing!" That's the way with the Woodmen of the World. We are doing a big business.

In Woodcraft the fraternal principle finds perhaps

its most appropriate illustration. The pioneers of civilization were practical Woodmen. The colonial founders of America cleared the forest with the ax, the beetle and the wedge. Woodcraft accords especial honor to the implements of toil. It teaches the nobility of labor, the sublimity of self-sacrifice. It teaches that the world too frequently forgets the true ideals of conduct in the sway of fashion and the rule of gold. Woodcraft finds not its heroes in palaces of power, in halls of wealth. But in the factory where loss of life and health and limb are imminent and weary hands are chained to cheerless toil,—at the furnace where the worker confronts the molten fury of a hissing hell, his body scorched and blackened by the glare, breathing an atmosphere of fire, crucified on a cross of flame, a martyr of modern civilization,—in the mine where men face death more horrible than ever soldier dared to meet in battle,—in the field where broad, sun-smitten shoulders bend above the plow that governments may live and society advance,—at the workman's bench where labor strives with wondrous patience to sustain the pillars of the social structure,—in all these humble places where history is silent and fame is dumb Woodcraft proclaims its heroes, the real heroes of the world. Woodcraft honors all the myriads of toil. Woodcraft scorns mammon and worships man. The only aristocracy recognized by Woodcraft is God's aristocracy of honest toil. Woodcraft honors the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his own and not another's brow. The scene of our ritualistic ceremony is the forest, the great fraternity of nature, where oak and shrub, where tree and flower, where pine and plant dwell in harmonious brotherhood. Every member of our order is a Sovereign, a Sovereign who would disdain a throne, a Sovereign by virtue of no kingly

crown but by virtue of a knightly manhood. We exalt virtue in rags above vice in diamonds, integrity in a hovel above dishonor in a palace. We believe that men are born equal and that they die equal. To the democracy of life we add the equality of the grave. And in symbolizing this idea through the Woodmen monument we are instituting a practice distinctly new and beautiful.

The Woodmen of the World erects a monument at the grave of every Sovereign whom death has summoned to the soil. From the gold and ivory of the Phidian Zeus to the porphyry of Napoleon's tomb monuments for gods and men have been erected to celebrate some glorious deed, some wondrous attribute. The rich and powerful have also commemorated their dead with gilded columns. Humbler stones have marked the graves of many. But never in all the ages that are past and among all the peoples that are gone has any organization, governmental or private, before the advent of the Woodmen of the World, recognized the basic truth that all men are worthy of remembrance. It was reserved for Perfected Woodcraft, a body of fraternal doctrine exemplified in the organization and development of the Woodmen of the World, to devise an unsurpassed expression of equality, a generous widening of the sentiment of brotherly love. The Woodmen of the World erects a substantial monument at the grave of every deceased Woodman because it is a tenet of Woodcraft that there is something in every man worthy of admiration and recollection. What dignity for all humanity does this idea involve! How encouraging must it be to all men to feel that though the shadows of poverty and misfortune may thicken about them there is a great fraternal organization, the Woodmen of the World, extending from the forests of

Canada to the mountains of Mexico, which will recognize and appreciate the good that is in them! And how deep should be the love, how everlasting the honor accorded the originator of this conception! In conceiving this and other distinctive features of our order the founder of Woodcraft has contributed materially to the upbuilding of society. In originating the idea of the Woodmen monument the founder of Woodcraft, Joseph Cullen Root, must have felt an inspiration from the throne of God. There is no precedent in human history. The sole example of such universal honor for the sons of men is found on Golgotha's frowning brow. In Joseph Cullen Root humanity and genius have united to produce a superb apostle of fraternity. He wears no stars of military rank, he occupies no throne, but he holds an empire in the hearts of seven hundred and fifty thousand Woodmen and their dependent ones, in the affections of the mothers, wives and children of our dead. The thousands of monuments that mark the graves of departed Sovereigns are tributes more eloquent than saluting cannon to Joseph Cullen Root. I would rather have my name pronounced with his in one mother's prayer than with Dewey's on the lips of shouting millions. While many would be glad to share his glory, few are able to appreciate and fewer still to perform with equal success his enormous labors. His are the responsibilities that produce gray hairs.

Mention should here be made of the Sovereign Commander's co-worker in the formative days of Woodcraft, the brilliant and lamented Falkenburg. He planted the standards of Woodcraft in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific states. His efforts overtasked his strength and all too soon he faded from the walks of men. What a welcome his must have been to

the bosom of God whose fatherhood he had preached so eloquently on earth! He has been succeeded as Sovereign Adviser, the second highest position in the order, by W. A. Fraser of Texas, one of the most vigorous and successful fraternalists of the age, an organizer of rarest energy and ability, a Woodman with arm of steel and heart of gold, whose record as manager of the order's organizing forces in the state of Texas remains unrivaled in the fraternal world. Under his management that state has grown from fifteen thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand members and is growing more rapidly every day. Time prevents me from speaking at length of the other Sovereign officers, of the genial and efficient John T. Yates of Nebraska without whose signature a Woodmen of the World certificate could hardly be recognized, a Sovereign of high capacity and most lovable nature; of the tireless B. W. Jewell of Iowa whose work is of fundamental importance; of the gifted Bradshaw of Arkansas; of the noble and energetic Simrall of Mississippi; of the able and watchful Maxey of Oklahoma; of the grand old man of Woodcraft, Farmer of Illinois; of the versatile and vigilant Lewis of North Carolina; of the accomplished and faithful Fitzgerald of Missouri; of the careful and capable Patterson of Tennessee; of the conservative and practical Rawson of Ohio; of the firm and untiring Campbell of Michigan; of our able and devoted Sovereign Physicians—Cloyd of Missouri and Porter of Alabama; of our loyal and unerring General Attorney, A. H. Burnett of Nebraska.

Woodcraft boasts another feature that ought not in fairness to be overlooked, a feature more prominent than artistic, yet thoroughly characteristic—the Woodmen goat. All orders have the initiatory goat but there is something peculiarly striking about the Woodmen

goat. With majestic poise and stubborn stare he confronts the trembling candidate like a dragon of old. He seldom misses the mark. After the collision the candidate finds himself unable to decide whether it was electricity or dynamite. A liberal application of the goat makes a thorough and progressive Woodman. He is the celebrated steed of Woodcraft and he ranks with the thoroughbreds of history. I know that Pegasus, the winged steed of Helicon, ascended from Medusa's blood and bore the valorous Bellerophon through all his struggles until the fatuous rider spurred him toward the gates of heaven to be flung by Jupiter to a fearful death. I know that Bucephalus, the favorite horse of Alexander, submitted to no human hand but that of his world-ruling master, accompanied him through all his wars from Hellespont to Indus to be buried with martial splendor on the banks of the Hydaspes. I know that Brilladore once carried brave Orlando in his knightly quests and joined his master's grief when the treachery of Angelica had wounded love and shattered reason. I know that Bayarte, steed of Montalvan, who captured the golden idol of Mahomet is lauded in the lore and minstrelsy of romantic ages. I know that Orelia bore the fated Roderigo, last of Gothic kings in Spain, in the battle wherein he lost his life and kingdom. I know that Rosinante, the famous steed of Don Quixote, charged the windmill on the plain of Aragon and won imperishable renown. I know that Dapple ambled amiably beneath the mountainous weight of Sancho Panza and pranced with pride while Sancho framed the laws for the government of Barataria. I know that all these steeds and chargers of the past deserve the fame which history concedes. But above them all, in stern and silent dignity, I place the Woodmen goat. Rigid, pitiless and

inexorable, a look of sadness on his pensive brow, emblem of mortality and destiny, there he stands, waiting to stamp the principles of Woodcraft on the audacious anatomy of the first stranger who dares to enter the limits of the forest.

Woodcraft is the shield and buckler of the masses. It is the fruit of liberty, the flower of fraternity. It provides insurance for the many. It is the shrine of labor, the altar of the poor. It is the foe of poverty, the enemy of crime. Its benefits cannot be summarized in words. There is no grander instrument of good than the Woodmen assessment. There is no other way in which so small a pittance may be so fruitfully employed. On the Atlantic's restless bosom near the equator may be seen a group of rocks so small that they can hardly be detected above the surface of the sea. They are known as St. Paul's rocks and they excite at first no especial wonder. But they are the summit of a mountain rising from the ocean's bed to a height of four and one-half miles, the Mt. Everest of the deep. So the premium paid each month by every Woodman may seem small and unimportant, but the contributions of seven hundred and fifty thousand Sovereigns constitute an avalanche of gold to be invested for the protection of their families and their homes and to earn an infinite harvest in an educated, devoted and progressive citizenship.

The mission of Woodcraft may be resolved into a single expression, the protection of woman. The mothers of the race are the objects of its special care. They are the basis of the home, the support of industry, the crown of law, the hope of government, the diadem of humanity. In tenderness and grace they recall the classic hour when the Ionian moonlight revealed the new-born Venus on the wave. To speak of woman is

to become a poet; to love her is to assume an attribute of divinity. Queen of history and time she holds dominion in the hearts of men. Her relation to society was mirrored in the sway of Juno to whom the Romans offered flowers and libations in the temple on the Esquiline. Her influence is typified in the deeds and qualities of Pallas whom the Greeks made wisdom's goddess, who taught mankind to build the ship, the chariot, the loom, the distaff, and the plow, who was protectress of municipalities and states, inventress of the war trumpet and the flute, patroness of manufacture, science, art, and guardian of the growth and health of men. In modern age her gentle ministration hallows earth, illumines life, adorns success and lightens sorrow, arouses honor and sustains ambition. Woodcraft in protecting woman contributes to government its strongest pillar, to society its surest guard, to progress its swiftest wing, to humanity its purest jewel.

UNVEILING ORATION AT GRAVES OF SOVEREIGNS J. W. JONES AND WILSON JONES.

WE MEET to pay the tribute of our love and grief to those who sleep within the voiceless clay, insensible alike to sunlight and to storm. The lightnings and the wars awake them not; they are the vassals of the dust. The boasted power of invention and discovery cannot reclaim them. The fabled riches of Cipango, the treasure-island fringed with pearls, could not secure their ransom.

While human life pulsates we stand this side the boundary that man has never passed except in thought or dream. More easily may we track the eagle's course than trace the footsteps of the dead. We can not hope with mortal ken to penetrate eternity.

Death has once again extended his dominion. The millions that for centuries have thronged his shadow-haunted palaces seem only to inflame his passion for further conquest. The most towering despot of antiquity, the uncrowned monarch of an earth-embracing empire, found in death a land of which he could not say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

How strange the mystery of all mysteries—life! How stranger the tragedy of all tragedies,—death! Fascinating the one; repulsive the other. O, mighty and relentless death! Where are those who love too fondly to endure with patience their captivity in thine unknown prisons? The yearning of the soul to solve the problem of existence never ceases. I've stood beside Niagara's thunders and through the rainbows playing on the mist imagined that I caught a glimpse of God's eternal mystery. I've wandered at night along

the ocean's shore and on the moonlit waters fancied that I saw a gleam of nature's inmost meaning. I've heard a world famed orchestra translate in music's universal language the aspirations that exalt to God, and thought at times there sounded a solemn note, a chord divine, a cadence that might have risen on the lips of angels as they sang the secrets of the dim forever. I've tried with mortal view to penetrate the sky and dreamed I saw the shimmer of a cross and of a crown. But 'twas at most a fleeting vision. Amid the wreck of fancies and of dreams I stood abashed and baffled. We can unveil these monuments but we cannot unveil the mystery these tongueless tombs conceal.

We are not, however, as was the Peri at the gates of Paradise, disconsolate. From these graves there rises like the dove we liberated in our burial ceremony the Christian's hope converting the cerements of death into garments of glory and flooding the future with light celestial. This hope is the fruitage of faith and love. It has sustained mankind through all the tragedies of history. It has given progress and supremacy to the nations that have cherished it. It gilded the wings of the angel that proclaimed the advent of the Savior. It blazed from the star of Bethlehem upon the cradle of the world's Redeemer. It united Christ's disciples in a deathless brotherhood and lent them more than mortal power. It vitalized every parable and hallowed every prayer. It found illustration in Christ's victory in Gethsemane and radiated from his brow on Calvary. It animated the early Christians with undying zeal. It taught them to welcome torture and mutilation. It conquered the Roman world. It dismantled the shrines and temples of the pagan gods. It banished Jupiter from Olympus and Neptune from the sea. With

its advent Pluto and Charon abandoned the lower realms and the four rivers of that dark region ceased to be.

It subdued and softened the world's barbarian masters and its devotees kept learning and culture alive throughout the middle ages. It has been the precursor and the pillar of modern progress. It brings comfort to the individual as well as advancement to the world. It is the life-spring of every human virtue, the flood gate of all grief and joy. It is fairer than the rose of Sharon, lovelier than the lily of the valleys and sweeter than the song of songs which is Solomon's. It is suggested in the fragrance of every flower, the purple of every sunset, the majesty of every mountain. It is the symphony of the universe, the music of eternity. It sustains and strengthens man in every peril, making him as unmindful of the miseries and calamities of earth as Gibraltar of the pebbles at its base. It is the master of death, the conqueror of the grave.

It is the essence of fraternity as taught in Woodcraft. It was embodied by the founder of our order in the Latin legend on these monuments, "Dum tacet, clamat," "though he be silent, yet he claims," though he be dead, yet he lives, lives in immortal spirit and in mortal memory to exemplify the glories of fraternity and to claim from us continued allegiance to the obligations of Woodcraft. It is the basis of our ritualistic work and finds eloquent embodiment in our burial and unveiling ceremonies.

In Woodcraft may be found sublime expression of the principle of fraternity. What Shakespeare was to human life and thought is Woodcraft to fraternity. The bard of Avon was peculiarly original in method and in form. His field was wide as history embracing all that rhapsodist and minstrel ever sang

of gods and demi-gods and heroes of all times. He was a Homer who could find an Iliad in every struggle both of nations and of men—an Odyssey in every effort of the race—a Paris, an Achilles, a Helen or a Hecuba in every land and period. In the fantastic rhythm of "The Tempest," the joy of Ariel and the woe of Caliban; in the fidelity of Julia, the chastity of Isabella, the infamy of Angelo, the buffoonery of Puck, the strategy of Oberon; in the perfection of Portia, the manliness of Orlando, the constancy of Rosalind, the devotion of Helena and Perdita; in the loyalty of Desdemona, the jealousy of Othello and the malignity of Iago; in the lives and destinies of England's orators, ministers, warriors, kings and queens, their deeds of glory or of shame; in the pride of Coriolanus, the influence of Volumnia, the majesty of Caesar; in the remorse of Macbeth, the madness of Lear, the nobility of Cordelia, the philosophy of Hamlet; in tragedy, in comedy, in sonnet and in song Shakespeare has clothed all human thoughts, ambitions, impulses, hopes, all actions and all aspirations in an eternal form preserving them for all posterity. Some such relation Woodcraft bears to fraternity.

In gathering to unveil these monuments we celebrate a principle and glorify an institution—the principle of fraternity and one of the most admirable institutions in which that principle finds embodiment, the Woodmen of the World. Principles are eternal, institutions are perishable. It is consequently of the utmost importance that we should guard every beneficent institution with vigilance and devotion. Through the institution the principle is made of immediate value to mankind. If the institution dies the principle, returning to the nebula of metaphysical existence, is no longer useful to humanity.

Observe the ponderous steam engine, a monster with tentacles of iron and blood of fire. The elements of which it is composed have existed for ages. The metal of which it is constructed has remained for centuries in the mountains and the hills. The coal that gives it energy and life has reposed for aeons beneath the forest and the valley. The steam that supplies its motive force has been immemorially contained in river, lake and sea. The mathematical formula governing the relation and proportion of these elements would have produced the same result if similarly applied two thousand years ago. If the engine should be destroyed these principles and elements would remain. The mountains and the hills, the forests, the valleys and the waters would still exist unmindful of the fact that the genius of man had summoned from them a combination of material forces which revolutionized the progress of the world. The disappearance of the engine would mean general retrogression. Yet not a single element or principle of its composition would be destroyed. The steam engine is one of the physical institutions underlying the commercial advancement of modern times. Thus we see the importance of preserving the institution.

Observe the republic of the United States. It is an institution embodying the principle of liberty. Yet liberty has been known and dreamed and sung since language formed on human lips and aspirations struggled in the hearts of men. If this republic should perish who will say that the principle of liberty would not still live although it may have departed from our government? If the blessings of liberty are to be enjoyed by contemporary generations and to be preserved for posterity the constitution and the law, the frame-work of the republic, the basis of the institu-

tional structure of American liberty, must be defended and upheld.

Observe the Woodmen of the World, the organization in whose name we assemble today. It is an institution expressive of the highest conception of human welfare, the embodiment of the principle of fraternity. It illustrates the most practical phase fraternity has yet assumed. The destruction of this order and of the other fraternal insurance institutions would not annihilate the principle of fraternity but would effectually remove it from active operation in the affairs of men. It would be difficult to imagine a calamity more profound. It is well, therefore, that we should gather today to renew allegiance to the institution in order that we may retain the principle. It is well, therefore, that we should here resolve to exert every effort to maintain the integrity and facilitate the growth of the Woodmen of the World in order that the principle of fraternity may continue to illuminate the pathway of the toiling millions. Woodcraft is not for the few, but for the many. It is not of or for the "Four Hundred," it is of and for the ninety millions of the American people.

It is proper that we should worship the principle but it is imperative that we should foster the institution. Without the institution the principle is useless. Without the organization the principle remains an abstraction, beautiful to describe, useless to employ. It matters not how eloquently we may speak of the glories of religion if at the same time we contribute nothing to the support of the church. It avails little how loudly a man may praise the work and aim of Woodcraft if he does not become a Woodman or, if already a Woodman, he fails to attend its ceremonies, to evince an interest in its progress and to pay his

assessments and dues with cheerfulness and promptitude.

The fraternal insurance order is practically a new force in the world. Its object is to place life insurance within the reach of the masses. Men have ceased to deny the value of insurance. Insurance is the basis of modern commerce and trade. In its various forms it enters into almost every commercial transaction. It is an element in the price of practically every commodity. Men saw that certain calamities and perils were inseparable from every human undertaking. They knew that among those engaged in every occupation disaster would fall on a fated few. They saw that the contribution of a comparatively insignificant sum by each to a common fund would repay these inevitable losses. By the experience of the past they were enabled to calculate with approximate certainty the amount of the contribution required. Thus insurance began and it has given to industry, to trade and to civilization a security which could not have been otherwise obtained. It is the challenge of man to accident and fortune. It is the defiance the modern Titans of business and finance fling to the lightning and the storm. It is the fortress that shields humanity from the treachery of nature. It is the endeavor to eliminate chance, to give certainty and confidence to human ventures and occupations. Without it the tremendous fabric of existing industry would dissolve. It is the guardian of the ship on the sea, the home on the shore. It holds out to every man the promise of definite recompense for his labor and his talent, the guarantee that if injured by causes he could not prefigure or control he shall be made whole again so far as these extraneous catastrophes are concerned. Before the advent of insurance against death and fire and

storm human enterprise was timid, narrow, unprogressive and constrained. Insurance liberated the modern spirit of commerce and pillared the arch on which the mighty development of the time is based.

It is a remarkable fact that life insurance has corresponded in the rapidity of its development with the growth of freedom in human government. There is a significant relation between liberty and life insurance. As long as tyranny overshadowed the world, debasing the minds and darkening the souls of men, an individual life was not deemed of measurable value. When the stolid gaze of laborer and serf was lifted from the soil and fixed on freedom's holy light, when the aspirations of liberty burst like the harmony of the spheres upon the awakening consciences of men, every brow became a throne of dignity and hope, the humblest home a palace of freedom and love. It was then that the individual life assumed such value and such significance that life insurance became a permanent element in civilization.

Before the advent of the fraternal insurance order life insurance was controlled exclusively by corporations and stock companies whose primary object was profit. They represent what is popularly known as the old line, or commercial, phase of life insurance. They find in the business they have developed with life insurance as its basis a source of tremendous gain. They have almost ceased to deal in pure life insurance. They emphasize today the benefit they confer upon the policyholder himself rather than upon his family. They hold out to the policyholder opportunities for enriching himself, appealing more to the motive of personal gain than to the unselfish sentiment of the protection of his home. Now, what is the function of fraternal insurance, the insurance of Wood-

craft? It is the distribution of life insurance among the masses of the people at as near actual cost as practicable. It has no owners, stockholders or promoters. It promises no dividends, loans or cash returns. Its object is not to enrich the man who holds the policy but to protect his family and preserve his home.

The Woodmen monument around which we now assemble is an emblem of the Woodman's faith. The Woodman's axe is a truer type of usefulness than an emperor's diadem. We believe in the dignity of labor, the majesty of toil. We believe there is no aristocracy but that of honor, no rabble but that of crime. We believe the paltry distinctions of wealth and rank and title should be discarded and that men should be measured by manhood, not by money. We believe the head that wears the workman's paper cap is far more sacred than the head that wears the monarch's crown. We believe the hand that wields the saw, the axe, the spade is far more valuable to humanity than the hand that wields the scepter or the sword. Following the doctrines of Woodcraft I would rather wear rags with honor than fine linen with corruption. Knowing that Woodcraft honors man, not mammon, I would rather be buried with its simple ceremonies than with all the pomp of earth. I would rather have a Woodmen monument above my inanimate clay than a mausoleum of marble and gold. And the families of the Sovereigns around whose tombs we stand today may recognize in the Woodmen monuments above the ashes of their beloved a symbol of the fact that the Woodmen of the World protects the living and honors the dead.

We are here today to unveil the monuments at the graves of Sovereigns J. W. Jones and Wilson Jones. Sovereign J. W. Jones was born in 1859 in the state

of North Carolina. He came to Texas in 1880 but soon returned to his native home to seek the empress of his dreams. He was successful in his knightly quest and came again to Texas to remain until his dust should mingle with that of this imperial state. His generous nature, his industry and business capacity so favorably impressed the people of Bowie County that they elected him to one of the most responsible county offices. He continued in office until his untimely death at the age of thirty-nine. He was liberal, generous and true.

Sovereign Wilson Jones was born in South Carolina in 1845. He entered the confederate service at the age of fifteen and served with honor during the entire four years of that historic strife, having been wounded twice. My friends, the confederate soldier is one of the heroic figures of human history. He had no superior in valor. When his fortunes fell before as mighty odds as soldier ever faced he faltered not. With courage unsurpassed he gathered his battle-worn rags about him and rose to heights but little lower than divine. Sovereign Wilson Jones returned home from the war and took up the plain but honorable occupation of village smith. He was universally esteemed and revered. Healthy, robust and strong, he exemplified the character immortalized by Longfellow in the poem which begins:

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

The Sovereigns whose monuments we unveil today carried through the wars of life the banners of a spotless manhood. They appreciated their manifold relations to family, church and state and performed with commendable diligence the duties of the spheres in which they moved. They translated into their daily

lives the principles of Woodcraft. Both were practical and far-seeing. Both leave large families to whom the legacy of a Woodmen of the World certificate is doubly precious. Both had the infinite satisfaction of feeling that on their buried heads would never fall the reproaches of neglected love. Both were faithful Christians and faithful Woodmen. And now may the power that "hardens the ruby in a million years while Alps and Andes come and go like rainbows," the power that "stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves and the tumult of the people," receive into eternal happiness the Sovereigns whose tombs we dedicate today.

WOODCRAFT AND THE FRATERNAL INSURANCE SYSTEM.

DELIVERED ON WOODMEN OF THE WORLD DAY, CHARLESTON EXPOSITION.

EXPOSITIONS mark the progress of humanity. They reflect the advancement of the centuries and picture the achievements of man. They gather in harmonious display all the triumphs of invention, science, art and learning and give new hope and new horizons to the world.

The palaces of architectural grace and splendor composing the present exposition and rising like visions of glory from these enchanted shores are an appropriate tribute to the genius of the race. No state could have formed a more fitting stage, no city a more perfect environment for such an enterprise than the state of South Carolina and the city of Charleston.

Sacrifice, constancy and valor have found within the state of South Carolina an intense expression. Its past is an epic combining victories of statesmanship and arms with mighty sorrows. What tragedies, what glories and what woes that past reveals! We hear the music of the axes as they play upon the pines and we see the first English settlement rising on the Ashley. A century passes! We see the American colonies restless beneath oppression. We hear the voice of Gadsden ring through South Carolina like a trumpet-call. He proclaims the cause of all America. We see revolution pour across this state a tide of flame. We see Laurens at the head of the Continental Congress and later a captive in the London tower. We see the campaigns of Marion, Sumter, Pickens and their

heroic followers. We see Rutledge and the Pinckneys in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the very words of the younger Pinckney becoming part of the most significant written instrument in political annals. We see Langdon Cheves in the American Congress recalling to Irving's fancy the immortal orators of classic times. We hear the notes of Hugh Legare and Robert Hayne. We see the stern, patrician figure of Calhoun. We hear him measure argument with Webster and Clay defining the rights of state and nation. We see the shadows of civil war. The first sword to defend the Southern cause is the sword of South Carolina. We see a period wherein the people of this state exhibit the noblest devotion, the highest courage of which humanity is capable. Then we see South Carolina rise from the ruins of cities, fields and firesides. And today we behold its energies reach their throne and crown and flower in an era of fraternal peace symbolized by this exposition.

I repeat that this state and city compose an appropriate scene for an exposition devoted to the portrayal of enterprise and progress. It is equally proper that a day should have been set apart by the management for the Woodmen of the World, an organization representing one of the most useful and benevolent phases of human effort. In fact this exposition would have been incomplete had it failed to recognize the tremendous economic movement typified in the Woodmen of the World. The world at large has not understood as yet the significance of this movement. This exposition will have materially contributed to the welfare of mankind if it shall increase the prominence and popularity of such an institution as the Woodmen of the World.

Sovereigns of Woodcraft, we are assembled in the

name of a sacred cause. We are gathered to pay tribute to a great principle. It is an inspiring occasion, a holy theme. The banners of brotherhood are above us; the impulse of fraternity is within us. In meeting here we are taking part in the movement that is reclaiming humanity from poverty and tears. We are standing among the watch-fires of civilization; we are battling with the shadow and the night. We represent one of the most beneficent phases of human progress,—the system whose principal object is the protection of the mother, the wife, the child, a trinity composing the base and pillar of society, a triple inspiration of grandeur, loveliness and purity that should prompt mankind to greater effort than love of empire or of gold.

The noblest form that human endeavor has yet assumed is the system in behalf of which we have assembled,—the system of fraternal insurance. It is the result of a great historic impulse, an impulse so general and so enthusiastic that it could have no other origin than the intuitive desire of the people to improve economic conditions. It rests on deathless principles, the principles of brotherhood and equality. It is the most powerful weapon with which the people may resist the commercial despotisms of the time. In fact it is a combination of the people to protect the liberties and secure the welfare of themselves and their posterity.

There is no subject concerning which more misrepresentation exists than the subject of fraternal insurance. It has encountered opposition and criticism from the old line insurance companies, the most powerful financial forces of the age. It has caught upon its spotless shield the poisoned arrows of prejudice and slander. But despite these obstacles it has become a

permanent and growing factor in the industrial life of the country. The wonderful growth of fraternal insurance in the United States gives the lie to calumny and makes the system worthy of confidence and support.

In presenting the advantages of the fraternal system it is unnecessary to dwell upon the technical subject of life insurance. The benefits and functions of life insurance are so widely understood that an attempt to demonstrate them would be a waste of words and time. The superstitious dread with which life insurance was once regarded has practically passed away. It has become as common for men of sense and judgment to insure their lives as to insure their houses, barns and other material possessions. Men have come to realize that insurance against death is as essential a part of their business capital as is insurance against fire. Men no longer think more of their barns than of their lives. The man who earns two thousand dollars annually has in his life and energy the equivalent of a capital of forty thousand dollars. The amount earned is the interest on the capital of brain and heart and arm. It is certain that at some time this capital will be destroyed, that the brain will cease to think, the heart to beat, the arm to strike, and that this income will consequently fail. A man's barn and residence may never burn; but he must die and possibly burn also. Considerations both of prudence and affection unite in commanding him to take the steps by which some portion of that capital may be replaced when its inevitable destruction shall have occurred.

The nature and importance of life insurance are almost universally conceded. It is the fraternal system of life insurance that is not so well understood by the general public although it is growing in pop-

ularity and favor at an almost incredible rate. This system is of comparatively recent development. At the close of the American civil war there was probably not more than one insurance order in the United States. The old line companies, with decades of experience behind them, monopolized the field. What necessity existed for the fraternal system? What prompted Joseph Cullen Root in 1890 to found the Woodmen of the World?

The object of the founders and apostles of the fraternal system was to place life insurance on a co-operative, non-commercial basis and thereby to extend its blessings to the struggling masses. The old line companies threatened then, as with a thousand times more emphasis they threaten now, to destroy the proper province of insurance by obscuring it in the glittering mazes of investment and speculation. Fraternalists have felt and feel today that the central purpose of insurance is the protection of the family and the home when the protector shall have died. We hold that any inducement which diverts attention from this purpose and directs it to the personal interest of the policyholder himself is dangerous. We hold that for the sake of his wife and child it ought to be beyond a man's power to cash his policy. We hold that surrender values, loans and cash returns tempt a man to look upon his insurance as for his own benefit rather than the benefit of his family. It would require the genius of Dante, the grim artist of hell, to depict the horrors that beset the man who in some financial crisis yields to the temptation of a cash surrender, sells his old line policy and finds it impossible to obtain further insurance. We hold that there are sad prospects for the family when a man has insurance which he knows is a merchantable commodity. We hold that human

nature is all too frail to withstand the temptations and misfortunes which may confront that man. We say that speculation and debt are encouraged by the fact that the old line insurance policy may be pawned and traded. We say that insurance ought not to be a negotiable commodity but a sacred obligation cashable only when the policyholder dies. We say that life insurance is essentially for others,—not for self.

We have no war to make upon the principle of investment. We commend the speculative policy of the old line company to the man who is financially able to carry it and who will agree in addition to take out a policy cashable only by his family at his death. But we say that investment is foreign to insurance. We say that the element of investment increases the price of insurance to such an extent that the laboring man cannot purchase it. The companies do not insist upon a policy of pure life insurance. There is not enough money in it. They are for money; we are for men. They add the element of investment, suggesting endowments, loans, surrenders and returns, all of which are antagonistic to the true spirit of insurance.

The popular revolt against the old line system bears some resemblance to the American revolution against Great Britain. The government of that country was being conducted on the principles of most of the old line companies. The president was the king with an enormous salary and the directors ran things to suit themselves. They altered the tax basis, wasted the surplus and allowed the colonial policyholders no voice in the management. The colonists lapsed, cashed the surrender values of their English policies at Yorktown, organized the self-governing fraternity of the United States of America and made liberty the permanent password.

The province of fraternal insurance was vividly exemplified by the martyred president, William McKinley, in an address before a convention of old line insurance men during his second term as governor of Ohio. He congratulated them upon the work they were performing for the world. He expressed his admiration for their tireless energies and vast accumulations. And then a sentence left his lips which embodied the foundation and the philosophy of the fraternal system. "But what," he said, "are you doing for the common people? You point with justifiable pride to your great achievements, your millions of reserve, to your magnificent buildings and the almost limitless treasure that has been skillfully disbursed to the betterment of thousands, but what of the humble toiler, his widow, and his orphan?" Such were the words of one of America's foremost statesmen. He was an apostle of equality. He did much to reunite the American people and to fraternalize the American republic. He was too great to hate. He rose above the prejudices of his time. He illustrated the holiness of sympathy, the sublimity of tolerance. Forgetting partisanship let us pause to mourn and praise him. The memory of his gentle dignity, his spotless character in which the elements of fraternity and nobility shone brightest against the gathering shadows of eternity will receive the laurels and the tears of coming ages. His death had a fraternal significance. For while the blood the soldiers of the North and South poured out in common in behalf of Cuban liberty did much to erase the enmities of the past the American people were more lastingly united by the tears they shed together at William McKinley's grave. His address before the convention of old line disciples, his solicitude for the widows and

orphans of the people indicated his strong belief in insurance for the masses.

But the advantages of insurance for the masses through self-governing, non-profit organizations, infinite as they are, compose by no means the only beneficent characteristics of the fraternal system. There is yet another characteristic above and below all these, above them a star, below them a pillar,—a characteristic without which the success of the system is impossible, with which its triumphs in the past have been won and its victories in the future are assured,—the characteristic of fraternity. Many beneficent movements may be traced to the influence of fraternity. Fraternity is Christ embodied in a sentiment, clothed in a principle. He expressed the idea of fraternity when he said, "Bear ye one another's burdens," one of the sublimest sentences in writ divine. His life and crucifixion form the supreme fraternal example of the ages. If a God became the associate and equal of the humblest toiler certainly no man can arrogate right or nature superior to his fellow-men. His example hastened the advent of liberty. And fraternity,—Christ speaking through an idea,—has remained the watchword and the signal of human progress. The American republic is fraternity applied to government. The fraternal order is fraternity applied to insurance. Fraternity suggested the rescue of life insurance from the hands of those who were making it an instrument of selfish gain. Fraternity suggested that the mother, the wife, the child could be best protected by the removal of insurance from the field of speculation and investment. Fraternity suggested that the common people gather beneath its wings to secure at cost protection for their homes.

It will thus be seen that the fraternal system had its origin in the most laudable and inspiring motives. The assertion will not be denied that its underlying purposes are pure. Its progress is an astonishing tribute to its integrity and permanence. It has succeeded in bringing insurance within the reach of the masses because it has avoided the elements of investment, profit, and large expense. Being a representative system dealing in insurance proper it has been freed from the burdens of tremendous salaries, gain for owners, promoters, stockholders and directors, heavy commissions, numberless agents, additional charges for speculative features, all of which swell the expense account of the companies to an enormous extent. Enthusiasm of membership is its chief organizing agency and costs it nothing.

So far as the actual cost of insurance is concerned the charge in the order and the company should be exactly the same. The laws of mortality govern the actual cost of insurance with unerring and universal precision. The difference between the systems lies in the expense account and the investment feature. The two systems begin side by side. The charge for insurance proper must be the same in each. But when the mile-post of mortality is passed they diverge. The fraternity has a small additional charge for expense of management and relies upon the devotion of its members to make it a success. The company adds a charge for investment and for an expense so enormous that its premium is beyond the means of the masses and depends upon its cash to keep its high-priced agencies in the field. The claim that the companies are driving the fraternals out of popular favor is absurd. They are catching us in the same way a man in northeast Texas caught a bear. He had been in-

vited to join a bear hunt but refused to stay with his companions boasting that he preferred to hunt that kind of game alone. He wandered away from the company and came suddenly upon a huge bear. He turned instantly and made for camp with the bear in close and exciting pursuit. When he came within sight of camp he could feel the breath of the bear upon his flying form. One of his friends cried from the camp: "Why don't you shoot him? Why don't you shoot him?" "Shoot, you fool," he yelled, as he increased his speed, "don't you see I'm bringing him home alive?"

The members of the true fraternal order are united by the ties of brotherhood. They assert an active, personal interest in the order's welfare. It is natural and necessary that they should do so because they are an essential part of its very being. They own the institution. It is of the people, for the people and by the people. They visit the sick, assist the needy and bury the dead. They do not confine their efforts to the mere payment of dues. This is but half the fraternal obligation. The member-for-insurance-only is an imposition. The active members are carrying at least half of his insurance. The fraternal assessment is payable half in enthusiasm and half in cash. Enthusiasm alone makes insurance at cost possible. The Woodmen of the World lost some thirty members in the Galveston storm. When the policies of these unfortunate Sovereigns were paid did Woodmen consider that their fraternal obligations had been discharged? No! Before the echoes of the storm had died a representative of the Woodmen of the World, our devoted Fraser, was first to enter Galveston with relief funds. The Woodmen of the World sent in free-will contributions from its individual members over fifteen

thousand dollars to be distributed among flood-stricken Sovereigns. In Ellis County, Texas, the members of a Woodmen Camp harvested the cotton crop of a sick brother. In Texarkana the child of an humble Woodman died and afterward the father said that but for the Woodmen at the burial there would have been hardly a sufficient number present to lower the casket. These incidents might be multiplied indefinitely. They show the source of fraternal success. It is through such services that devotion to the order is aroused and the necessary enthusiasm created. These things make it possible to preserve the fraternal system. Enthusiasm takes the place of accumulation and the order flourishes through the magic influence of fraternal love, an influence the old line company can never invoke. Enthusiasm supplies for the order the expense element which the company must add in cash in order to defray the enormous cost of agencies, and the other elements to which allusion has been made. The local camp is the principal agency of fraternalism, the center of enthusiasm. And this saving would exist in favor of the fraternal order should the companies confine themselves to insurance proper and omit the investment proposition entirely. Oh, that every member of every legitimate order would keep religiously in mind the fact that the very life of the fraternal system with its vast possibilities for good depends upon the interest and enthusiasm which he as an individual exhibits in its behalf!

The development of the fraternal system has not been unattended by difficulty or disaster. I do not desire to conceal the fact that the system began with an absolutely erroneous mortality basis. The laws of mortality were disregarded because they were not understood. Excessive cheapness seemed to be the

rule in the early days of the older orders, and this error has not today been eliminated from the rate-tables of some orders. These orders that still attempt to exist without an emergency fund, on a mere current rate basis, calling less than twelve assessments a year, and fondly imagining that they can do so permanently, bring to mind the story of the man in New Orleans who received a telegram announcing the death of his brother in New York. The telegram contained an inquiry as to what disposition should be made of the body, stating that they could "freeze him for fifty dollars or embalm him for one hundred dollars." The grief-stricken brother wired back: "Freeze him from his knees up for forty dollars; his feet were frozen last winter."

It is a fact that in the beginning the rates of the orders were almost without exception insufficient to meet the actual mortality cost of insurance. The founders of fraternalism were neither mathematicians nor insurance experts. They were lovers of mankind who felt with the instinctiveness of a genuine humanity that infinite benefit would result from the application of fraternity to insurance. They knew that insurance ought to be brought to the masses, but in the plans they at first adopted they did not appreciate the importance of mortality. But does any blame attach to them or the system for this? Is Fulton condemned because he did not produce a modern steamer? Are Watt and Worcester and the other fashioners of the first crude engines the less praised because they did not give the world a twentieth century fast express? On the contrary are not these men honored all the more as their rude contrivances are made more useful and more perfect by time and thought and trial? Fraternal insurance has barely left the primary period

of its existence. Like every other human enterprise it has met discouragement and in some instances failure. But it has permitted nothing to deter its progress. It has profited by every mistake. It has built standards out of its own experience. It has resolutely adopted the necessary modifications and changes, and it is today a permanence in history. Fraternal orders have failed. So have national banks. It is as absurd to use the failure of a national bank as an argument against the stability of the national banking system as it is to argue the frailty of the fraternal scheme from the collapse of a particular order. Old line companies have failed. If the Home Forum and the Chosen Friends are cited as evidences against the fraternal system, we point to the Commercial Alliance Life, the People's Life, and the American Union Life, all old line companies that have failed within the past two decades. And we point to the further fact that out of forty-one New York state companies in existence in 1870 only fourteen remained in 1900. Fraternal insurance is on the whole a wonderful success.

The utmost harmony among the orders themselves is essential to continued progress. Co-operation among the orders is as necessary to make the system victorious as is co-operation among the individual members of the various orders to make the individual orders triumphant. They have the same battles to fight, the same enemies to overcome.

The individual order will be successful insofar as it embodies the vital principles of the fraternal system. The fact that the Woodmen of the World has happily combined these principles in its plans and features is the explanation of its magnificent growth. The Woodmen of the World has met the problems of fraternalism with fearlessness and intelligence. It has evolved

a plan which makes it the most conservative, the most enlightened and the most promising force in the fraternal field. In the beginning it committed the errors common to the system at the time. But owing to its thoroughly representative government, its original and striking characteristics, and above all, its faithful, progressive membership, it has always faced the truth and adopted without hesitation the teachings of experience and reason. No other order has so rapidly approached the solution of the fraternal mortality problem and with so little disturbance. The membership has conducted and controlled its destinies. There is an attractiveness about this order which wins popular confidence and love. All its success is due to the fact that it provides the fraternal principle with complete and glorious illustration. The name itself is suggestive of brotherhood. The word "Woodmen" is indicative of the common people, of frugality, equality and toil. The implements of Woodcraft, the axe, the beetle and the wedge, are the primary and indispensable implements of civilization. In addition to the embodiment of these ideas in a beautiful ritual, Woodcraft possesses a feature which is one of the most impressive symbols of fraternity under God,—the Woodmen monument.

At the grave of every Woodman a stately monument is erected. Whether in life our departed Sovereigns occupied the cabins of the poor or the palaces of the proud, the spheres of the humble or the seats of the mighty, the places of the weak or the citadels of the strong, the Woodmen monument rises in equal dignity above them. It commemorates the forethought they exercised in the protection of the home. The man who has such a distinction has not lived in vain. The man who sleeps beneath the Woodmen monument has

discharged the most sacred obligations of humanity. It is a tribute to the purity of his love, the usefulness of his life. It is a glory within the reach of men of every rank and station. It signalizes the equality of men before the law of Woodcraft and the bar of God. It honors men regardless of wealth and place and fame. Thousands of Christians lie in unmarked graves. Thousands of Masons rest in desolated crypts. Thousands of others, high and low, emperors, kings, scholars, writers, patriots repose in neglected or forgotten sepulchers. But every Woodman knows that his memory will be affectionately cherished with marble eloquence, or granite praise. In distant Germany, at Arzberg, Bavaria, a Woodmen monument rises above the tomb of a Sovereign who went back to the fatherland to die.

The world is now applauding the man it calls the hero of Santiago,—the man who stood like an angel of war on the Brooklyn's bridge. The world does well to extend him honor. But deep within the bosom of that battleship men stood against the heat and glare of the volcanic fires that propelled it. Below the ocean's restless sweep, ignorant of the fortunes of the battle, not knowing whether the next moment would find them conquerors or captives, or whether shot or accident would send the engulfing tide upon their helpless lives, they bent their scorched and blackened bodies to the nurture of the flame. The world does not know their names, but these men are the real heroes of Santiago. And the Woodmen of the World would erect a monument to them as gladly as to the famous man upon the bridge.

A review of the features and the growth of the Woodmen of the World suggests the thought that its founder, Joseph Cullen Root, must have felt the in-

spiration of genius, the promptings of a sweet humanity. When Joseph Cullen Root gave Woodcraft and the Woodmen monument to the world he became one of the great benefactors of the human race. He founded an institution that has expended millions in monuments and death claims. Every dollar of this vast amount has been a star in the midnight of some widow's distress, some orphan's despair. Think of the children this sum has educated, the poverty it has relieved! Think of the lives that have been turned from pauperism, wreck and shame by the institution which flowered from this man's brain! I would rather be Joseph Cullen Root and take to the throne of God one widow's prayer than to be Napoleon accompanied to judgment by the thunders of Austerlitz and Wagram! If the angels of doom should visit earth today to select the men most useful to mankind they would pass emperors, kings and presidents and lay their laurels at the feet of such men as Joseph Cullen Root.

Woodcraft is the poetry of fraternity. It uplifts the common people. In uplifting the masses it elevates society. It has its origin in that sublime and incorruptible sense of justice which throughout history and time has found its throne and temple among the masses of the people. In protecting woman and the home it refreshes, purifies, strengthens the foundations of social order.

The reverence of woman is the supreme mark of civilization. The world was ever happiest when woman was most free. The destinies of nations lie in her control, for the whispers of the mother become the thunders of the law. And the American woman is earth's highest type of loveliness and perfection. Tell me not of Cleopatra, whose resistless charm made warriors desert the battlefield and priests forsake the temple.

Tell me not of Agrippina, whose ambition made emperors tremble, nor of Margaret, the Semiramis of the north, who preserved her shattered country through the union of Calmar. Tell me not of Joan of Arc, Domremy's tender maid, whose girlish figure looming near the lilies in the red front of the battle led France to victory. Tell me not of Isabella, whose aid made possible the most tremendous event in human history—the discovery of America—nor of Anne, whose reign the valorous Churchill made illustrious. Tell me not of Elizabeth, whose name forever signalizes the most brilliant period of English literature and adventure, nor of Victoria, whose long career comprised the earth's greatest material development and whose imperial star declining threw a baleful light across the South African sky. Sing not to me of these, for above them all, on a throne of fadeless splendor, I place the American woman whose empire is the American home.

THE PROGRESS OF FRATERNALISM.

THE story of the world is a story of progress. The song that ripples on the lips of Clio, muse of history, is a song that sounds an eternal charge. With purpose changeless and inexorable, with courage stern and unrelenting, humanity ascends the steep of time. Unsubverted by ages of violence, undestroyed by movements of retrogressive tendency, through pestilence and carnage, through famine and flame, through flood and blood, civilization sweeps toward God. The swift-winged centuries have borne mankind through storms and fires of ceaseless change. Ignorance and superstition, oppression and corruption, anarchy, fanaticism and invasion have failed to stay the onward stride of man. The advancement of the ages culminated during the eighteenth century in the complete awakening of the human race. Revolution translated the principles of liberty and equality into permanent institutions. The light of freedom blazed upon the world and, like the star that nineteen hundred years ago illuminated the cradle of a god, revealed to modern times the accomplishment of the basic tenet of that god's gospel, the advent of individual liberty.

The establishment of liberty was an illustration of the power of fraternity, a principle that had found expression in the teachings of divinity. The new commandment to love each other, the tender charge to carry one another's burdens, the description of the final judgment in which the least of human kind is made an object of equal consideration with Christ, all gave utterance and impulse to the idea of brotherhood which is destined to transform the world. It was fra-

ternity that inspired the drooping energies of men in the long conflict for the supremacy of right. It was fraternity that implanted the desire for equality in the human heart. It was fraternity that struck the shackles from the brain and enabled the liberated mind to wrest the thunderbolt from the storm.

Fraternity is the basis of society, because society is founded upon the principle that men must dwell together in unity and peace. For centuries fraternity has lingered like an angel on the horizon, inspiring every struggle for freedom, every prayer for truth. Fraternity is the chief source of liberty, the fountain from which light has streamed upon the pathway of the ages. No sweeter strain has ever trembled on the lyre of Orpheus or the harp of David than that which fraternity awakens in the souls of men. When the Declaration of Independence issued from the brain and pen of Jefferson fraternity became a fundamental factor in American history.

On the eve of the new year of 1898 I witnessed the birth of Greater New York, the largest city of the western world. As midnight closed the gates of time upon the departed year the flag of the greater city, impelled by the mysterious current that had been set in motion on the Pacific coast but an instant before, slowly and gracefully unfurled. It was a memorable event—a remarkable scene. There were aerial Niagaras of fire; there were bursts of music, shouts of enthusiasm and songs of praise. The thunders of artillery blended in the chorus that saluted the birth of the proudest city of a continent. Impressed with the meaning and the majesty of the occasion, I thought of my country's wondrous history. I thought of the splendors of peace, of the triumphs of war, of the progress in art, in material achievement, in virtue

and in honor. I thought of the blessings of liberty. And as I saw in this glittering carnival a symbol of it all I thanked God that I was an American citizen. Now what is it that makes American citizenship so valuable? What is it that makes possible our rapid progress? What is it that enables us to enjoy the priceless prerogatives of freedom? What is it that enables the young republic to stand without peer or parallel among the nations? The value of citizenship, the rapidity of progress, the enjoyment of freedom, the glory of the republic are largely due to the operation in our history of the principle of fraternity.

Fraternity inspired the American revolution and taught the ragged colonials to endure the woes of Valley Forge. Fraternity presided with Washington over the constitutional convention of 1787, where was created the American Union. And it was fraternity that reconciled the American people forever in 1898. Fraternity made that year sacred. It was one of the most important years in our history. It marked the beginning of a new and brighter era. The liberation of ten million people from the bondage of tyranny gave new luster to American arms. It was the spirit of fraternity that refused to permit the martyred heroes of the Maine to sleep unavenged in the waters of Havana harbor. In many respects the achievements of 1898 may justly rank among the noblest efforts of mankind. It gave new names and deeds to immortality. The valor of Dewey at Manila, the courage of Bagley and Bernadou at Cienfuegos, the daring of Hobson on the merrimac, the movements of Schley, the bravery of Wheeler at Santiago, the heroic charges at San Juan and El Caney, the gallantry with which Evans and Wainwright greeted their illustrious captives, the kindness of our soldiers to the Spanish survivors of Manila

and Santiago, the tender words of Captain Philip, the victories on land and sea, constitute an epic age, a period throbbing with fraternal impulse.

It is not surprising that the inauguration of freedom through the influence of brotherhood and fraternity should have signified the beginning of the brightest era in the annals of earth. The world has but recently departed from the grave of the nineteenth century, the century that has elapsed since the birth of constitutional liberty and the disenthrallment of the mind—a century of progress far more rapid and beneficent than that of all preceding time, a century of unexampled development and activity. It witnessed the transition from flint and steel to the lucifer match, from the tallow dip to the electric light. It witnessed the discovery of coal and the invention of the steam hammer, which together have given civilization arms of iron and fingers of steel. It witnessed the infinite extension of the uses of iron and steel, an extension notable most signally in the heavy rail that makes possible the speed of modern trains, in the enormous bridges typifying the audacity and brilliancy of human thought, in ships of combat and travel and trade, in the structures of the cities whose height and grace and strength compose a new architecture and constitute the truest symbol of the age. It witnessed the recovery of the country from the devastation of war and the restoration of universal loyalty. It witnessed the employment and perfection of steam, the elementary power of the century's growth, the power which applied to locomotion has made so rapid and extensive the interchange of commodities throughout the globe and the association of peoples of every race and climate that the world is experiencing the great-

est material progress of its history—the power which applied to manufacture has brought the facilities as well as the indulgences and the necessities of civilization within the reach of the masses—the power which has increased the opportunities for the exercise of human effort, and exalted the environment and destiny of man. It witnessed the development of electricity, the mightiest force which nature has as yet surrendered—the force which is displacing all other agencies in every sphere of industry—the force which has abolished night, exterminated space, lengthened life, improved the general health, preserved and reproduced both speech and action—the force which has effected the almost instantaneous transmission of thought and knowledge to the remotest parts of earth and created a sense of world-unity and world-sympathy, marking a distinct step toward the brotherhood of man. It witnessed the most wonderful progress in agricultural implements and methods, in organizations for the protection of labor and in arbitration, in the construction of canals and reservoirs and in the making of arms, in all forms of printing and photography, in life-saving apparatus for land and sea, in mining processes, in discovery and in the excavation of forgotten cities, in music, in science, in education, law and art, in philanthropy, in temperance, in the circulation of the Bible, and in the refinement and culture of the masses.

I have alluded to these familiar illustrations of the last century's grandeur in order to emphasize the fact that one of its greatest achievements has not received the recognition it deserves. Within the last forty-five years one of the most colossal factors in contemporary civilization has been silently forming and growing until today it affects the lives and fortunes of more

than thirty millions of the American people and exercises an unequaled influence upon the material progress of the country. I refer to the system of fraternal insurance. History and the press have given far more attention to things of far smaller significance. Whether the lack of public notice is due to ignorance or to the intentional neglect of publications whose atmosphere is saturated with influences that oppose all enterprises by which wealth is in any way deprived of its power to prey upon the people, I shall not attempt to demonstrate. But, despite the silence of written record, the origin and growth of co-operative insurance equal in importance the revolution and the civil war. The revolution destroyed the tyranny of despotism; the fraternities are destroying the tyranny of pauperism. The civil war abolished the black slavery of domestic bondage; the fraternities are abolishing the white slavery of want. And when the meaning and extent of fraternal insurance shall have been understood by the American people they will behold with astonishment the triumphant operation of one of the most beneficent movements in all history.

Over six million American citizens are numbered today among the active members of American fraternal insurance orders. It is safe to say that those dependent on these soldiers of humanity will swell the number of those directly affected by the system to more than thirty millions. The fraternal insurance system erects above these dear, dependent ones, above the silver locks and bending forms of mothers, above wives, sweethearts and sisters, above the dimpled hands and rippling laughter of little children a golden canopy of protection. The system has paid since its humble beginning over thirteen hundred million dollars to the widows and orphans of the American people. It is

distributing a hundred millions every year, over eight million dollars every month, over two hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars every day, over eleven thousand dollars every hour. Think of the American homes that every hour are being redeemed from poverty! The memory of the dead is made sweeter, the darkness is lifted from the doorway. When I contemplate this fraternal crusade, when I think of this stream of gold as it drives the shadows from the brow of grief, illuminates despair, directs the helpless and the weak toward virtue, industry and honor, guides millions of young lives to usefulness and hope, it becomes a matter of wonder to me that every American citizen does not hasten to identify himself with such a movement. And I feel that the man who opposes or discourages it is profaning an instrument of Almighty God.

The principal object of the fraternal system is the co-operative distribution of life insurance at the least possible cost, with the elimination of the idea of profit from the process. It is the true and the logical method of life insurance. Insurance is not properly a source of gain. Insurance is a division of losses, not of profits. It is the mode through which the loss sustained by one or more on account of the death of another is distributed throughout the community. Thus the burden which would frequently prove unbearable to the one or to the few is lightened by apportionment among the many. And that system which collects and distributes these losses at the least possible cost with no idea of gain is the just and proper system. And when it is recalled that the dependents of the overwhelming mass of people are in greatest need of insurance, the necessity and the propriety of a co-operative, self-governing, non-commercial, fraternal organization becomes immediately apparent. Pecuniary profit has no legitimate

place in a process which is essentially non-speculative.

It is proper to state here that the laws of mortality act with equal regularity in both fraternal and old line systems, that the mathematical principles of insurance are the same, whether placed in operation by the fraternal order or the old line company. The actual cost of insurance is the same in both methods. The rules of life expectancy and liability to death are the same in each. The difference lies in the fact that the fraternal order endeavors to exemplify the principle of insurance through a self-governing, non-speculative organization, while the old line company uses this principle to enrich the company's owners and promoters. The rates of the old line companies, therefore, materially exceed the rates of the fraternal orders. The excess is due to no difference in principle, but in the method of applying the principle. The underlying object of the old line company is gain; that of the fraternal order is protection. It cannot be denied that old line companies have been of great benefit to society. Insofar as they have dealt in insurance proper they have aided mankind. But, in combining speculation with insurance in order to make money for managers or stockholders, they have increased the expense element of their charges out of all proportion to the real cost of insurance.

It is unfair to compare the investment phase of old line insurance with the purely fraternal plan. They are entirely different things. Insofar as the investment feature is concerned the old line company ceases to be an insurance organization. To those fortunate people who have money for investment at long time and small interest the old line company is an advantage. But it is wrong in principle to expose insurance funds to the risks of ordinary business operations. And

the inordinate premium charge necessary to make possible the payment of dividends, surrenders, loans, enormous salaries, or princely profits not only places life insurance proper beyond the reach of the masses who want protection without speculation, but demoralizes the entire insurance business. President Green, of the Connecticut Mutual, says: "One of the strangest developments in life insurance in the last twenty-five years has been the increase in its expense account. While that of every other enterprise and industry has been studiously watched and pruned at every possible point, and its reduction has been a prime and permanent aim of management, not only as a means of great profit to the business, but as a necessity in meeting competition by greater cheapness, the expense account of life insurance has gone the other way. The competition has not been by way of lessening cost secured by prudence and economy. Those companies have secured and are securing the best new business which have made their insurance cost their policyholders most, and are making it cost most today." Such is the note of warning which has been sounded by an old line president.

I have briefly referred to some of the distinguishing features of the old line system in order to show that the difference in the amount of the old line premium and the fraternal assessment lies in the expense element and not in actual mortality cost. If the fraternal system of non-speculative protection prevailed today in all forms of life insurance countless millions would be saved to the American people. The fraternal system represents brotherhood as against dollarhood. The companies point to the dividend, the surrender value, the cash return; the fraternals point to the home, the wife, the child. Fraternity has millions for

protection, but not one cent for speculation; millions for charity, but not one cent for profit; millions for God, but not one cent for Croesus.

In the Woodmen of the World, a typical fraternal insurance order, fraternity finds an incarnation worthy of its majesty and meaning, an embodiment in which it renders priceless service to humanity. Woodcraft inspires and fosters the noblest principles of human conduct. It is the uplifting force of civilization. It is the star-light above the dusk of sordid aim and selfish deed. It is the gold the stream of life leaves glistening on the shores and sands of time. It gives the Sermon on the Mount expression in the lives of men; it is the Lord's prayer in benignant operation. It is the fountain of charity, the source of sacrifice. It teaches through ritual and ceremony that man should be placed above mammon, God above gold. It teaches that men are equal and tolerates not the paltry distinctions of rank and class. It teaches that the man of the field and shop is as useful to society as the man of the bank and board of trade. It teaches that man is to be honored for what he is and not for what he has. Woodcraft welds men together in the crucible of brotherhood and from the mingled fires there pours a flame of love which in the Almighty's selected time will sweep war and hatred from the earth. It teaches forbearance for the faults, encouragement for the merits of our fellow-men. It teaches that humanity's highest mission is the relief of pain. It teaches sympathy for those within whose lives the light of hope has gone out in the dark of failure. It teaches assistance for the unfortunate, the distressed, the poor. It teaches mercy for the sinning, tenderness for the wayward, compassion for the fallen. It teaches mutual support in the trials and con-

flicts of life. It has smiles for the living and tears for the dead. It soothes the brow of grief and binds up the shattered fragments of the broken heart. It shields the mother, the child and guards the home. And the fact that the principal objects of Woodcraft are the protection of woman and the preservation of the home at a cost within the means of the masses makes this order an instrument of the greatest benefit humanity has received since the proclamation of the Gospel.

Over 200 fraternal beneficiary orders are in operation today with over eight billions of insurance in force. The progress of the first four decades of fraternalism has been marvelous. It is true that mistakes have been made and that failures have occurred. No institution under human control is entirely free from the possibility of disaster. As has been the case with every other movement in the history of the world the beginning of the fraternal system was unscientific and crude. But when it is remembered that impediments of the gravest nature have been overcome, the advancement of fraternalism may be fairly regarded as one of the most remarkable features of an age whose chief characteristic has been rapidity of progress in every phase of human endeavor.

It is perhaps advisable to state here that the general failure of business associations using the insurance method employed by many of the fraternals—the assessment method—has been frequently and unjustly imputed to the fraternal system. Although these associations are termed co-operative and mutual, and although they operate on the assessment plan, they do not possess the elements fundamentally characteristic of the fraternal order. These elements are the lodge system and representative government. These associations substitute for the lodge local boards and

committees, and their management is entirely autocratic. They have the old line feature of private gain without the corresponding feature of high rate. They have the fraternal feature of low rate without the corresponding features of the lodge system and representative government. The inevitable result is that they are deprived of the enthusiasm of membership which alone makes insurance at the low rate of the fraternal order possible, and that they are rapidly disintegrating.

It is the lodge system combined with representative government that explains the success of the fraternal order. It is through these elements that the principle of fraternity finds expression and operation. It is through these elements that the members participate in the control of the order and come to feel a personal interest in its welfare. It is through the lodge that the members are led to realize the glories of brotherhood. It is in the lodge that the real life of order is to be found. For it is through the lodge that the sick are visited, the unfortunate relieved, the poor assisted, and the dead interred. And it is in the lodge that through ritual, through ceremony, through degree work, through entertainment and celebration of various forms enthusiasm for the success of the order and devotion to its principles are aroused, and efforts are made for new members, without which the organization could not live. In Woodcraft we call our lodges camps, and other orders have designations for their local bodies suggested by their respective rituals. Enthusiasm accomplishes for the fraternals what accumulation accomplishes for the companies. The fraternal system is, therefore, in a large sense its own organizer and thus alone is it feasible to give insurance at low cost to the masses. The importance of

lodge work cannot be overestimated. The lodge is the unit of the organization; upon the enthusiasm and interest of its members depend not only the prosperity but the existence of the order. I appeal, therefore, to every Woodman and to every other fraternalist in the name of the struggling masses to take more interest in the local camp or lodge. Upon the attendance and interest of the individual members of the local lodges of the various orders rests the whole fabric of fraternalism. Woodman, the future of Woodcraft is in your hands. Maccabee, the success of Maccabeeism rests with you. Pythian, Workman, Heptasoph, Forester, fraternalists in general, this same statement is addressed to you. The members who attend lodge meetings, who fill the offices and perform the labors, who take a faithful interest in the affairs of the order are benefactors of humanity. When the individual members cease to take an active interest in an order its doom is settled, its end is near. The hope of co-operative insurance lies in the substitution of fraternal enthusiasm for corporate cash. When every member of every fraternal insurance order shall have become an apostle, and every lodge an apostolate of fraternal interest and principle the success of co-operative insurance with its limitless possibilities for good will have been definitely assured.

The progress of fraternalism may be ascribed to the lodge system and representative government. It is on account of the solidifying influence of these elements that the fraternals have survived changes of plans, double assessments and increases of rates which in a mere business organization would mean serious disturbance if not destruction. With but few exceptions fraternal orders began with insufficient rates. This may be attributed to the failure

to recognize mortality's basic law that liability to death increases with age, and that, therefore, the actual cost of insurance increases with age. Most of the insurance fraternities were inaugurated with a rate that barely covered the cost of insurance at the age of entry, without provision for the added cost occasioned by the member's growing age. Like every other human undertaking, fraternal insurance has had to pass through succeeding stages of development and experience. And, like every other human undertaking, it has serious problems yet to solve. Fraternalism is still in an era of formation, and the Woodmen of the World, through the adoption of the accumulative certificate, the establishment of an emergency fund—now approximately eleven millions—has placed its plan upon a scientific basis and stepped to the forefront of fraternal progress. Its percentage of expense to income is moderately low. Indeed, it is in many respects the torch-bearer of the fraternal system.

The Woodmen of the World offers today the most powerful and practical method of aiding and elevating humanity. It is the finest system of effective benevolence the world has yet seen. There are men, however, who have forgotten the higher obligations in the pursuit of wealth. They are like the gnomes in Wagner's Rheingold who for centuries have crouched beneath the waters of the Rhine clutching with misshapen fingers the gold within its rocks and sands. They have no other feeling than a fiendish exultation in the glitter of the gold. Such men may be successes in business, but they are failures in life. They hide the death's-head of moral ruin in the mask of business success. Though possessed of countless millions they are bankrupts of the

soul and insolvents of the heart. Business men of every degree should become members of some reliable fraternal insurance order. More than ninety of every hundred men in business fail—and in the days of financial misfortune fraternal insurance will be not a burden, but an encouragement.

There are reasons of the most selfish nature which should prompt every capitalist, every banker, every bond-holder, every business man, every professional man actively to support the Woodmen of the World. For these men are particularly interested in the continuance of orderly civilization, and they are directly benefited by every influence that tends to repress anarchy, to allay discontent, to lessen pauperism, idleness and crime, to increase the security of investment and the safety of capital. The educated and wealthy few need no especial care; it is the prosperity of the masses that determines the real stability of a nation. The refined and enlightened few may be found in every period of history, but the true progress of the world is based upon the condition of the people in general. The surest guaranty of society and government is the individual ownership of homes. Woodcraft is the greatest home-builder of the centuries. Inseparately connected with the home is the mother. Civilization and fraternity meet on the doorstep of the home; they worship at the shrine of the mother. The mother and the home are the central figures of civilization; they are the principal objects of fraternal care. And when American civilization is to be exalted through the protection of the American woman and the American home, no true American should hesitate to join the Woodmen of the World, one of the strongest agencies for the accomplishment of this purpose.

On the summit of the castle of St. Angelo at Rome stands the bronze figure of an angel with uplifted sword. During one of the fiercest French-Italian wars this castle had been captured by a small force of Frenchmen who were soon surrounded by the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Exhibiting the sublimest courage the beleaguered Frenchmen resisted siege and charge for many days. It became at last apparent that their destruction was inevitable. Prompted by admiration for such valor the enemy's commander suspended battle and summoned the French captain to surrender. "We will surrender," the brave French captain thundered in reply, "when the bronze angel sheathes its sword." Oh, may similar determination inspire all members of the Woodmen of the World today and of all the other armies of fraternity!

ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF SOVEREIGN CAMP, AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

IN RESPONSE TO MAYOR HINKLE'S WELCOME, MAY 14, 1901.

WITH unusual pleasure we accept the greeting so hospitably extended, so eloquently expressed. The Woodmen of the World emerges from the first decade of its existence panoplied with success. Cradled in the genius and vitalized by the energies of its immortal founder it has swept like an eagle from the valley to the peak. The hosts of opposition have fallen or fled.

Ten years have flown since Joseph Cullen Root, in the prime of manhood, inspired by as noble an impulse as ever thrilled the soul of man, planted Woodcraft's standards on the banks of the Missouri. Among the mountains of the West, where the flowers and the snows divided the kisses of the sun, the lips of Falkenburg were speaking the gospel of the new fraternity. Beneath these standards the people gathered, not for conquest, but for country; not for profit, but for protection; not for battle, but for brotherhood. And as the months have widened into the years, the years into the decade, the order has grown in popularity and strength until today more than 200,000 Woodmen are pouring down the crest of the twentieth century.

Before another decade shall have passed, the grand divisions of Woodcraft will march in review before our Sovereign Commander, saluting him with the song, "We are coming, Father Root, ten hundred thousand strong."

It is difficult to estimate the importance of this meeting, the solemnity of its duties. The masses

of the order have confided to this body the guardianship of its growth, the formation of its policies. The Sovereign Camp is the flower and the pride of Woodcraft. It is for the Sovereign Camp to originate the policy which, like the scarlet thread of Rahab, shall lead us to safety and prosperity. It is for the Sovereign Camp to protect and strengthen the structure of the fraternity with the iron cables of salutary laws. It is impossible to measure by mere human calculation our responsibilities. To attempt to do so would be another task of Icarus, foredoomed to fail.

In the dusk of evening I see a Woodman's humble home. At the gate is the father returning from the work of the day covered with the stains of toil, the insignia of the only real nobility. In the doorway is the mother, poised like the Argive Hera—a queen uncrowned. About her are children in whose locks the sunset seems imprisoned. A silence falls upon that group and they turn toward this Sovereign Camp. The dimpled hands of little children are in suppliance extended, the mother's eyes, dimming with prophetic tears, as she thinks of the day when the Woodmen certificate may be her only aid, are prayerfully regarding us; and the father with mournful earnestness joins the pleading. Multiply that home by one hundred thousand and you will have some conception of the trust we have been commissioned to discharge.

God give us the strength, the intelligence and the courage to legislate in the interest of one hundred thousand homes.

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST, "THE STATE OF OHIO."

AT THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BANQUET, COLUMBUS, OHIO, GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL, MAY 21, 1901.

IT IS proper that the governing body of an organization based and builded on the principle of fraternity should assemble in the state of Ohio. A territory of lovely slopes and fertile valleys held like a picture in the arms of Lake Erie and the Ohio river, the gift of Connecticut and Virginia to the nation, its history interweaves romance, tradition, war and progress.

Its history is almost cosmic in its tracings of an ancient civilization, almost universal in its connection with the world-movements of pre-revolutionary eras, almost philosophical in its contributions to the development of human freedom and almost national in its relation to the growth and permanence of the American Union.

The central and western portions of the state are covered with the footprints of a people more remote from mortal chronicle than the inhabitants of ancient Egypt. The hills that necklace Chillicothe are the tumuli of the immense communities of a long departed age, while the Hocking and Miami valleys are filled with the ruins of a cultured but unpenetrated past.

Within this land the confederated Iroquois terrorized the native tribes. Within this land La Salle and Joliet unfurled above the new France the lilies of the old. From Erie's shores La Salle's adventurous spirit led him finally to Texas, where he tragically died

in the tangled forests of the Trinity. After the coming of La Salle France and England here struggled for supremacy, and in these conflicts Washington obtained the prominence which later widened into immortality. Here, by the treaty of 1763, a convention of world consequence, France ceded the land to England, and then was witnessed the exciting period of early settlement, the coming of Putnam, Cleveland, and the other pioneers, the battles with the savages and the snows, the conspiracies of Pontiac and Tecumseh, the consummating triumph of Mad Anthony at Maumee.

Here, through the memorable ordinance of 1787 for the government of the northwestern territory, the civil authority of the United States was definitely established. Through that ordinance Ohio became signally connected with the progress of human freedom. By its terms slavery was forever prohibited in the northwest. It was, therefore, the prototype of the emancipation proclamation seventy-five years later. It contained the first express legal inhibition against the impairment of contractual obligations and legislative destruction of private rights. It was consequently a precedent and an inspiration for Webster and Marshall in the Dartmouth college case.

Admitted as a statein 1803 Ohio's fortunes became more intimately linked with those of the Union. At Marietta was erected the fleet that was intended to establish Burr's dream of empire. At Forts Croghan and Meigs the British, flushed with the victory at Detroit, were repulsed. Ohio contributed 320,000 men to the federal forces of the civil war, more than one-tenth the entire Union army. Ohio has glorified the annals of patriotism with the eloquence of Corwin, the learning of Chase, the fluency of Sunset Cox. From the Ashtabula district came three giant sons, Whittlesey,

Giddings and Garfield, who with unusual capacity represented Ohio for fifty-four years in the American Congress. Here Garfield rose, in whom the blood of Puritan and Huguenot mingling with seven American generations united to compose a marvelous personality, who ascended from canal and farm to presidency and senate, adorning bench and bar and battlefield with the radiance of native genius, whose successes in the Big Sandy campaign and in the armies of the Ohio and the Cumberland invested his name with military renown. And here arose the man who is in many respects the most conspicuous figure of one of the most significant epochs in the history of the republic, and whom, I, a Democrat, believe should be revered by all sections, parties and all creeds as the founder of the New America which sprang steel-crested, like a God unchained, from the flaming loins of Santiago and Manila, William McKinley.

It is appropriate, I repeat, that we should meet in a land where so many patriotic memories speak the heritage of a glorious past. And no lovelier spot could have been selected than this charming city of Columbus, where the waters of the Scioto and the Whetstone have begun a bridal journey to the ocean, and where the enchantments of natural beauty are garlanded with the Doric majesty of a mighty capitol.

ADDRESS PRESENTING JEWEL TO SOVEREIGN COMMANDER ROOT.

BEFORE SOVEREIGN CAMP DELEGATES ON AN EXCURSION STEAMER ON LAKE MICHIGAN DURING MILWAUKEE SOVEREIGN CAMP, MAY. 1903.

SOVEREIGN Commander and Sovereigns: In attempting to voice the spirit of this occasion I pause in silence and in awe. There are sentiments too deep for language; emotions too profound for words.

I am commissioned by the representatives who compose the supreme legislative body of the Woodmen of the World to present to you, Sovereign Commander, this jewel. It brings a message from more than a million hearts—a message which my feeble lips are powerless to convey.

For more than twenty years you have been a prominent factor in the progress of America. Twenty-one years ago you conceived the name and purpose of the organization that has made your name immortal. You stood among the pioneers of fraternal insurance and gave them energy through your example—inspiration through your success. You have given the principles of fraternalism the profoundest study. You have become a leader in fraternal thought, a giant in fraternal effort, and to you may be attributed a large part of the credit for the existence and the prosperity of the fraternal insurance system. It may safely be asserted that no other man combines a more vigorous comprehension of the practical requirements with a more thorough mastery of the philosophy of this system than Joseph Cullen Root.

For more than twenty years you have endured the toil, the trial and the pain of exhausting and unceasing effort. With the patience of a martyr you have borne the enmity and opposition that are the real marks of greatness. With courage rarely equaled you have resisted prejudice and hate. Gathering strength from every struggle, unstained by compromise with honor, unscarred by failure, supported by the standards of a lofty manhood, you are today the idol and the pillar of more than a million homes.

From these homes this jewel brings a tribute of gratitude and love. It is appropriate that such a tribute should find expression in a token composed of the most marvelous products of the material world. In the laboratory of nature God's countless centuries have fashioned the diamond and the gold. In these jewels are concentrated the supreme development of material evolution. They glass unnumbered epochs in the silent history of the soil. They imprison the volcano's flame, the snows and fires of ages, the blended essence of forest, marsh and sea—all crushed and trampled by the tread of time into a dazzling mirror of physical perfection. So Woodcraft reflects the progress of fraternity and embodies the struggles and the hopes of man. In founding the Woodmen of the World you crystalized fraternal advancement and gave to fraternity its purest illustration.

It is, therefore, with especial propriety that we present to you, the author of Woodcraft, fraternity's most perfect jewel, this glittering crown of nature's supremest effort. In it are concentrated the affection, the admiration and the solicitude of the toiling hosts of Woodcraft—the blessings, prayers and grateful tears of the thousands whom this order has aided and relieved. We present it as an endorsement of the past,

an encouragement for the future. May the spirit that broods upon these waters guide you to continued honor, to repeated glory.

RESPONSE OF SOVEREIGN COMMANDER JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT.

Sovereigns: I hardly know what to say to express my appreciation and thanks for your generous gift. I feel my own unworthiness more than I am able to state, coming to me at a time when I was least expecting such an evidence of your confidence. Yet, I will assure you that I shall prize it as long as I live, and it will become my most treasured heirloom to hand down to future generations.

Sovereigns, I have endeavored to do the best I could in the interests of fraternity and for the betterment of the conditions of my fellow-men. I entered into this work twenty-one years ago, when I had brilliant prospects in other directions, not for the gain I might derive, but from the fact that I believed there was a greater mission before me than laboring for sordid gain. I felt that I had inspiration from Almighty God to spur me on to help, in my feeble way, the good work that appeared to be laid out for me.

I thought, as I undertook to interest the congregating, or associating together, large numbers of men and women, if you please, to carry out the principles of the fraternal beneficiary system, which was then in its infancy, as only a few years before Father Upchurch had suggested the idea, which others materialized, and which from year to year received an impetus throughout the land, that by a conservative compromise of the plans then existing there might be evolved a system

that would in due time attain perfection. With the assistance of the wise heads that have come to us, who have allied their fortunes with ours, we have succeeded, I believe in perfecting our system and making it today the model fraternal beneficiary organization of the world. But let me say, however, that what might be brought about has not been accomplished. We have not reached the goal of our ambition. We have not as yet taken the glad tidings of fraternal regard and mutual beneficence to all the peoples of the earth.

Let me say that for what has been done the praise belongs to you. Aye, I would not take to myself the credit for this grand work. It is you who have assisted me; you who have helped.

I believe the seed that has been planted in America's fertile soil will bring forth fruitage that will produce good results, that will elevate the condition of mankind in every country and in every nation in the future that is before us.

Sovereigns, I cannot thank you enough for this expression of your confidence. I can only say with God's help I hope in the future to merit that confidence, and so long as I do I will feel that I have the members in the United States and Canada back of me to receive their endorsement and assistance; and if there is anything I may do that is wrong, that I will, and should, receive the condemnation of this great army of good men and noble women.

Yes, I thank you. You can hardly realize how full my heart is today; you can hardly realize how touching this incident is to me. And I can only say in conclusion that you have done a liberal act; you have done that which does you credit as it does me honor, and I trust that when I shall be able to meet any of the present Sovereign Camp, wherever it may be, that

I may take you by the hand and may feel that your heart is in your hand, as it is in mine.

I thank you. I thank you more than I can find words to express.

A TRIBUTE TO FALKENBURG.

SPEECH SECONDING NOMINATION OF SOVEREIGN ADVISER F. A. FALKENBURG, ALSO HEAD CONSUL, PACIFIC JURISDICTION, FOR VICE PRESIDENT NATIONAL FRATERNAL CONGRESS, MILWAUKEE, AUGUST, 1903.

IN THE selection of the vice president of the National Fraternal Congress the deciding test is, in my opinion, the extent to which a brother typifies the cause and character of this organization. Inspired by such a sentiment I desire to second the nomination of the man whose life and effort mirror the history of fraternal development, whose name is a summary of the fraternal advancement of America, an assurance of the future of fraternal growth, whose philosophy is brotherhood, whose gospel is love, one of the typical fraternalists of the time, the pride and idol of western fraternalism, Brother F. A. Falkenburg of Colorado.

Nurtured amid the ennobling influences of an Indiana home, he obtained a collegiate and legal training and began in Indianapolis the practice of law. Five years later he surrendered a remunerative clientage, a brilliant professional prospect to devote his energies to the promotion of fraternity. The west became the theater of his toil, the scene of his crusade against the squadrons of poverty and death. In 1899 he conducted at sunrise on the summit of Pike's Peak one of the most picturesque initiations in fraternal history, a conception of his artistic soul, an event which attracted the attention of the fraternal world. And for the originator of that Miltonic spectacle a career began which is probably unsurpassed in the records of fraternal enterprise.

The order under his control, the Pacific Juris-

diction of the Woodmen of the World, embracing nine western states, a mountainous area of more than 800,000 square miles, nearly a third of the surface of the United States, yet with a population smaller by 400,000 than that of the single state of Ohio, has within thirteen years acquired a membership of 90,000, a monument to his tirelessness and strength. With remarkable courage and endurance he has traversed that mighty region, enrapturing multitudes more vast, receiving ovations more spontaneous and continuous than any other fraternalist, living or dead, in the annals of the west, converting thousands to the fraternal doctrine, taking personally from the platform at Portland, Oregon, 1,200 applications in one week—traveling in one of his celebrated campaigns over 9,800 miles in six months, speaking publicly on every night, with but two exceptions, and receiving personally over 4,000 applications—impressing his lovable character upon the western heart—voicing his faith with forceful eloquence.

In addition to his record as an organizer, and his supremacy as an orator, he has an executive and legal capacity of the rarest type. For twenty years a constant student of the science of insurance, an actuary of distinct attainment, he has ever urged for both his own and all other societies the adoption of the most progressive standards. In manner gentle, in action firm, in character spotless and in speech superb, he will adorn the official roster of this body, and I deem it an honor to present his name.

THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

EXTRACT FROM OPENING ADDRESS, SOVEREIGN CAMP, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, MAY, 1905.

THIS is a remarkable hour. It is an anniversary of a glorious past, a point of preparation for a more glorious future. We rejoice in what we have accomplished; we anticipate with confidence what we may yet achieve. Pausing for a moment to survey the heights below, the summits we have scaled and conquered, we turn with undaunted resolution toward the peaks above us. The importance of the occasion to us is overwhelming. It marks the highest stage yet reached in the growth of one of the most promising fraternal organization of the time, the Woodmen of the World. Our advancement is in many respects unparalleled. Victory has succeeded victory; truimph has followed triumph.

It is fitting that our national legislative body, the Sovereign Camp, should assemble in the state of Tennessee, a state that has been ever foremost in the cause of freedom and fraternity. The founders of this state planted the banners of liberty west of the Alleghenies and dedicated that vast area to republican ideals. Thus this state became the link that made secure the Mississippi as the interior boundary of colonial territory and made inevitable the acquisition of the Louisiana domain. Its place in American history is fundamental. The story of its early years is a story of stirring deeds and noble sacrifice. It is beyond human power to describe the suffering its pioneers endured in establishing settlements at Fort Loudon and on the Watauga and Holston rivers. The wilderness had no terror, the savage no atrocity that could permanently

oppose them. Butchery and captivity were but temporary barriers. Year after year the brave frontiersmen from North Carolina and other colonies crossed the Blue Ridge to return no more. Viewing this new-world paradise from some acclivity of the Unaka, the Smoky or the Bald, the child of Vikings with ten centuries of adventure resurgent in his blood felt that on some highland, terrace, plain or rampart of this sublime expanse he would most probably find his grave. Amid such surroundings Tennessee was born. From the caress of death and tears, the kiss of blood and steel, there rose a race of men and women as brave and gentle, as chivalrous and fair as ever glorified humanity.

When the tocsin of revolution sang a call to arms Tennessee sent its sons back across the Appalachians to resist the tyrant. When some four decades later the despot again profaned the soil of the republic Tennessee gave Andrew Jackson to the conflict and Jackson gave to our arms a victory that will ornament them forever. When twenty years afterward the hero of New Orleans reached the crest of his career as president of the country he had preserved, Tennessee found honor in the fact that it had given the Union the firmest champion of the people's rights since the sainted Jefferson.

But Tennessee made perhaps its greatest contribution to the cause of human liberty when it gave Houston and Crockett to the struggle of the Texan patriots—Houston and Crockett who became essential elements in the success of the southwestern revolutionists and who aided materially in the establishment of Texan independence. For the heritage of their names and deeds, the inspiration of their examples, the

influence of their lives Texas kneels in gratitude at the feet of Tennessee.

In James K. Polk Tennessee gave the United States a president whose grasp of public affairs was of utmost service in a period of economic transition. Tennessee became the theater of many of the deadliest conflicts of the American civil war, giving its sons to both sides of the unhappy strife, but aligning mainly with the south. Rising in heroic outline above the fury of the time is the figure of Isham G. Harris, one of the chief pillars of the southern cause. No state illustrated more vividly the fratricidal character of the conflict and no state typifies today more signally a reunited country.

So it is most appropriate that in a state once shattered by dissension, but now symbolic of harmony and peace, the supreme representative body of an organization whose guiding principle is brotherhood should assemble. Yea, the fact that we, the sons and grandsons of federals and confederates who stood on crimson fields and in the presence of their dead swore mutual hatred and extermination, meet tonight upon the very scenes of battles that rank among the bloodiest of that bloody era to interchange assurances of sympathy and love, not shell and saber stroke—coming from every section to unite through the promotion of the Woodmen of the World in the furtherance of the highest interests of a common country and a common flag, is a tribute never before surpassed to the principle of fraternity.

TRIBUTE TO VIRGINIA.

ADDRESS AT OPENING OF SOVEREIGN CAMP AT NORFOLK, MAY, 1907.

SOVEREIGN Commander and Fellow Sovereigns: It would be impossible to select a more appropriate theater for the deliberations of this body than the state of Virginia, a commonwealth of such influence in human affairs that its birth is justly celebrated as the "birth of the American republic." There is an added significance in the fact that we meet within the limits of an exposition commemorating the birth of Virginia and the nation. The genesis of Virginia and the United States marked the beginning on a new continent of the ideas of brotherhood and freedom which their governments embody and to which our order has given an effective expression. Thus we celebrate today the inauguration and advancement of three great exemplars of fraternity, the rise to loftier skies of three luminaries of humanity, the commonwealth of Virginia, the republic of the United States, and the Woodmen of the World. Virginia and the United States were founded in 1607, the Woodmen of the World in 1890. In 1624, seventeen years after its birth, Virginia had about 3,000 English inhabitants, including men, women and children—the territory of what was later known as the United States not more than 4,000. Today, seventeen years after its beginning, the Woodmen of the World has over 500,000 members, counting men alone; adding women and children, it throws a protecting wing over more than two millions of the human race—two millions who lay garlands of gratitude at the feet of the man whose efforts for the relief of human pain elevate him above earth's titled

and exalted, Joseph Cullen Root. I would rather take with him one mother's wasted hand, and walk the shining lanes of judgment, than to be accompanied by all the conquerors and captains of the world.

In fashioning the physical outlines of Virginia, nature must have foreseen its history and designed the slopes and terraces that form an irregular stairway from the plains of tidewater to the Appalachian crest as stages on which, before a world-audience, were to develop many of the mightiest figures and most remarkable events of time. Three centuries ago the dauntless spirits who were to enact the opening scenes upon this rugged arena were swept by a storm within the Virginia capes to face a storm of arrows from the Virginia shore. Three centuries ago they founded Jamestown, Virginia, and the nation, the stroke of axes and the fall of trees announcing that the colonies had become Woodmen in order to inaugurate a colossal era in the records of humanity. Prompted by the impulses of practical brotherhood they combatted pestilence, dissension, war, to win an eternal laurel as the founders of the first permanent English settlement on this hemisphere. A year before the Mayflower and the Pilgrim Fathers reached the coast of Massachusetts, these Virginia pioneers established the first representative assembly on the American continent. A few years later, in 1624, more than 150 years before the Declaration of Independence, they asserted the right of taxation by representation. Fifty years later and more than a century in advance of the American revolution, they took up arms against British tyranny. From the colony of Virginia came the first president of the Continental Congress, and the Virginia members of that historic body were the proposers of the Declaration of Independence. In the Virginia conventions of

the revolutionary period were evolved the principles which became the basis of the present federal structure. From Virginia came in Washington the arm, in Henry the trumpet, in Jefferson the inspiration of the American revolution, the struggle which established for all the ages to come that indivisible fraternity of states, the American republic. From this state came the first suggestion of a confederation at the close of the revolution, and when the confederation had proved inadequate, the proposal for a closer union which resulted in our present form of government. From this state came seven of the first twenty-one presidents of the republic. Upon its soil was witnessed at Yorktown the close of the revolution; at Bull Run and Appomattox the beginning and the end of the inevitable conflict which was to determine the destiny of the American Union. To the latter it gave leaders on each side who exemplified the consummation of all valor. Today, through this exposition in the vicinage of old Jamestown, joined by the peoples of the earth, Virginia epitomizes its material progress, reviews the drama of three centuries and welcomes the representatives of an organization dedicated to the same high purposes of fraternity and progress that have illuminated its own pathway.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE TO HUMAN ADVANCEMENT.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CULTURE SOCIETY OF TEMPLE RODEPH SHOLOM, NEW YORK CITY. APRIL 25, 1906.

I AM TO SPEAK on this occasion of the contributions of the Judaic people to human advancement. It is a subject of especial interest and inspiration, not only to the Hebraic young men and women who compose the society before which I have the honor now to appear, but also to every friend of truth and justice, regardless of religion and nationality. Although of another belief and creed, I approach the subject of Judaic achievement with an appreciation of its immensity and sublimity, a consciousness of my incapacity properly to portray it, and with emotions of reverence and wonder. Although of another belief and creed, I address you not as an alien or as a stranger, but as a brother, friend and fellow-countryman, whose life is interlinked with yours in a changeless allegiance to the American flag—a flag representing the justice and the law which descended from God through your progenitors multiplied centuries ago—the flag emblemizing the first government since the destruction of the Jewish nation by the Romans under which your people exercised complete and permanent prerogatives of citizenship. I address you as compatriots who form a fundamental element in the development of American institutions and the growth of American ideals. Your ancestors were among the first to join the pilgrimage which sought upon these shores a refuge from intoler-

ance and tyranny. In the life of the colonies, in the progress of the revolution, in the formation and advancement of the republic they have been of such conspicuous service as to transmit to you the true blood royal of American citizenship. Among the peoples of the American republic a kinship arises from the fact that a common desire to escape oppression and to establish religious and civil liberty led them to this virgin hemisphere. In this fellowship you have an especial right to share because the difficulties from which your fathers fled surpassed in severity and duration the miseries of all other peoples combined.

When the American republic was established in 1789, it is doubtful whether in any other country the Jewish people were admitted to unrestricted citizenship. During the 1,700 years that had elapsed since the close of their independent national existence and the final dispersion they had been the objects of oppression and plunder. In France, although the Constituent Assembly had in 1791 decided to admit them to citizenship, and although the Sanhedrim summoned by Napoleon had proclaimed the abolition of all discriminations, it was not until the revocation of the oath More Judaico in 1839 that they secured complete political and civil privileges. In the Netherlands, although they had enjoyed important concessions and extensive rights since the sixteenth century, they were not entirely disenthralled until 1815. In Austria, although partly emancipated by the Toleration Edict of Joseph II in 1785, they did not become citizens without restriction until 1867. In Germany they did not attain full citizenship until the adoption of the Constitution of 1849, nor in Italy until the collapse of the temporal power of the Pope in 1870. Not until 1848 were they clothed with unqualified citizenship in

Greece, Sweden, Denmark, and other European states. Not until 1860 did they reach complete equality in England, nor until 1867 in Hungary. In eastern Europe, notably in Russia and Roumania, they are still subjected to murderous prejudices and barbarous limitations. Thus it is hardly to be conceived that with all its modern enlightenment the world is yet sufficiently advanced to appreciate and to acknowledge its indebtedness to a people to whom during the greater part of history it has given darkness in exchange for light.

It is neither necessary to the development of the subject nor possible within the limits of this address to trace the history of the Jewish people in detail. The history of the Jews is the history of the world in the largest sense. Of no other people can this be said. Every nation in existence when Abraham founded Israel has perished. No other people of that age remains. Succeeding cycles have witnessed the rise of empires that overran the earth, but these empires and their peoples have departed. Languages, religions, customs, nations, races, wars have thronged the centuries and with the centuries vanished. Yet today the Hebrew people form an important part of almost every nation in the world and have an identity as distinct as when Moses legislated and Samuel taught over 3,000 years ago. Not only are they a prominent element in almost every modern nation, but they have also figured eminently in the life of almost every nation of the past. In the great movements of history they have formed notable and frequently commanding features. And yet they have never exceeded in numbers the smallest proportion, perhaps not more than 1 per cent of the world's population. In addition to this they have been continuously ostracised and outraged be-

yond all belief. What gave such vitality, such influence, such cosmopolitanism to the Jewish people? The answer involves an inquiry into the cause, the character and the extent of their contributions to human advancement.

The primary contribution of the Hebraic people to the elevation of mankind was Abraham's proclamation of the one, the living, personal and omnipotent God. Fundamental as have been the changes that have swept through the 4,000 years of subsequent history this conception has never been questioned by the highest and purest thought nor shaken by pagan or infidel philosophy. Today civilization acknowledges and adopts it. The significance of this conception was due to its purely spiritual character. Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew nation, was born in an age of kings and idols. Government was despotic and religion hopelessly material. Amid such surroundings Abraham lifted the standard of the spirit and taught the idea of a spiritual God. He supported this conception with a faith unquestioning and sublime, a faith that was necessarily as spiritual as the invisible God in whom it was reposed. In this teaching was the germ of human liberty. The God of the spirit was the only rightful king. The spiritual fatherhood of God led inevitably to the spiritual brotherhood of man. It was but a short step from spiritual to political equality. Under the leadership of Moses the religion of the spirit was given expression in the laws and customs of Israel. The Mosaic system contained a moral and legal code which is today the basis of civilization and government, a code which entered largely into the code of Theodosius, the laws of Charlemagne, of Ina and of Alfred. This system ordained and taught the elevation of woman, the love of home, the sanctity of property and life, the observance

of the Sabbath, charity, fraternity, representative government, systematic education, contempt for luxury and extravagance, equal rights and rigid justice. The prophets and sages who followed Moses elaborated these principles, teaching the beauty of truth and nature, the glory of righteousness, the consequence of sin, the vanity of riches and material power, the supremacy of the spirit, the value of knowledge, universal progress and universal peace. The schools founded by Samuel were the most ancient prototypes of the universities and public schools of modern times. As was said by Leroy-Beaulieu, the Jewish children "learned to read in the rolls of Thorah before the Latin alphabet was fixed, long before Cyril and Methodius had given an alphabet to the Slavs, before Runic inscriptions were known to the Germanic races of the north." Agriculture was the chief occupation, love of home and liberty and knowledge the chief characteristic, spiritual development the chief aspiration of the Jewish people, a people whose principles and fortunes were embalmed in a literature which in the form of the old Bible is today universally revered as an immemorial repository of divine inspiration and of the deepest philosophy and wisdom. This high degree of spiritual and political advancement was attained centuries before the advent of classic antiquity. Thus the Jews, beside whom "the oldest of old European nations are youthful," were the pioneers of history, literature, monotheistic religion, spirituality and liberty. Thus the faith of Abraham was the fountain of human happiness, the foundation of human right. Thus the nation he established became the world's first self-governing commonwealth, a commonwealth that embodied the highest religious and civic ideals six centuries before Greece knew an alphabet and

more than a thousand years before the Latins founded Rome. In many of the upward movements of the world, the reformations, awakenings, revolutions, the Hebrew commonwealth has figured as a model and a light. Especially is this true with reference to the American revolution. The colonial governments of New England, the home of the written Constitution, were constructed on Mosaic lines, the criminal codes being taken almost bodily from the Pentateuch. As Mr. Straus so happily puts it, "Through the windows of the Puritan churches of New England the New West looked back to the Old East." From pulpit and platform throughout the colonies the Hebrew nation was lauded as the ideal republic. Arguments in behalf of independence and against all the doctrines of despotism were freely drawn from Judaic history and teaching. One of the most dramatic passages in Patrick Henry's immortal speech on American liberty—"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace," came almost literally from the sixth chapter of Jeremiah. When on the day of the declaration of American independence the Continental Congress appointed Franklin, Adams and Jefferson to prepare a seal for the United States, they selected for a device a representation of Moses watching the Red Sea as it enveloped Pharaoh, beneath the picture appearing the words, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." The example of the Hebrew government was undoubtedly one of the chief sources of the sentiment which inspired the American revolution and made possible the formation of the United States. Indeed the American republic in the spirit underlying its institutions resembles the Israelitish commonwealth more closely than does any other nation in history.

We have seen that the intellect and the soul were

the dominant elements in the original Hebraic character, and that spiritual devotion to a spiritual God was reflected in a commonwealth whose chief pillars were liberty and learning. These characteristics made the Jewish people essentially the messengers and disciples of the spirit and enabled them to attain a mental and spiritual development which contemporary peoples could neither understand nor approach. It is true that certain philosophers and priests of other nations may have conceived the idea of one God before they knew of the Jewish teaching. But they did not permit this idea to reach and to uplift the masses. So extensive was the culture and so universal the faith of the Hebrew people that almost every Jew, whatever his position or occupation, was a custodian and a disseminator of Hebraic principles. To the worship of the spiritual God he added a loyalty to the Hebraic laws and customs in which it found institutional expression. This devotion to the spiritual gave an identity and vitality to the Hebraic people which enabled them to survive captivities, devastations, national subversion and ages of agony and massacre. The consciousness of the indestructibility of the spirit made them superior to the tortures of the flesh. It made them gentle in peace and terrible in war. Their subjection was the most difficult task the legions of Rome ever attempted, it being necessary for the Roman empire to employ against them, small as they were in numbers, greater forces than against any other people. It is the philosophy of the spirit and the culture inseparable from it that explain the influence of the Jews on human progress.

When the Phoenicians, who were the immediate neighbors of the Jews and of the same Semitic origin, became the colonizers, navigators and commercial in-

termediaries of the ancient world, the Israelitish tribes of Asser, Zebulun and Dan were their companions and emulators. These early mariners and traders established colonies throughout the known world. Although the life of the main body of the Hebrew people had been agricultural and domestic for many centuries, still as wars multiplied, as Palestine became more and more the battle ground of the nations, and as captivities befell them, they began migrations to these Semitic colonies, especially to the settlements of their own bold tribesmen. A hundred years before the final destruction of Jerusalem Jewish communities were flourishing in almost every country. It is probable that with the Phoenicians they preceded the Hellenes themselves in Greece. The Jews founded colonies in Gaul in the days of the Roman republic. They settled on the northern shores of the Black and Caspian seas centuries before the Christian era and more than a thousand years before the Slavic clans laid the first foundations of Russia. They were so far in advance of the peoples by whom they were surrounded in religion and culture that they encountered prejudice and hostility from the beginning. The idolatrous masses around them had not been taught the sublime conception of a single deity. Thus the Hebrew people became the object of hatred and discrimination. They faltered not, however, in a sincere endeavor to advance the welfare of the countries in which they resided. They established schools for the study of religion and philosophy and law. At Alexandria the Hellenist Jews took a prominent part in the intellectual movement which made that city the successor of Athens as the world-capital of literature and thought and culture. They assisted in the revelation of Greek philosophy to the Roman world through the Neo-Platonic school,

one of whose foremost representatives was the Jewish thinker, Philo. Grammarian, rhetorician, musician, mathematician, scientist, literateur, philosopher, patriot, he was at once accomplished and profound. So familiar was he with Platonic thought that Suidas speaks of Philo as platonizing and Plato as philonizing. He was intensely loyal to his people and announced that the mission of the Jews was to teach a flawless conception of God and God's justice and to serve as the priests and prophets of humanity.

We are now in position to observe that when the Jewish nation was finally destroyed in the year 70 A. D. and the Jewish people were dispersed throughout the world, they readily found homes and friends among their compatriots who had already established communities in almost every country. We are in position to note that their culture and spirituality aroused everywhere the enmity of peoples of different training, customs and beliefs. As the barbarian invasions submerged civilization and the world sank into the shadows of the Middle Ages, this enmity assumed the form of severe legal restriction and violent persecution. The hostile attitude of mankind as well as the spiritual character of his belief and his devotion to the laws of Israel isolated the Jew, concentrated his life and aspiration within himself, and intensified the unity of the Jewish people. Thus the Jewish people, though scattered over the earth, remained in constant touch and preserved a wonderful uniformity in spiritual and intellectual development. The pressure of circumstance drove them to commerce and finance. Confiscation perpetually menaced their possessions and the only property they could safely own was that which could most easily be removed. The superb mental equipment resulting from centuries

of study soon gave them the mastery as traders and financiers. Thus the people who for more than twenty centuries had been anchored to the soil, and had developed the highest standard of morality, religion and philosophy, whose prophets had taught the disregard of riches—a people composed of students, thinkers, metaphysicians and agriculturists—became by a curious turn of fortune the chief cosmopolitans of the world and representatives of its most material forces. Thus the spiritual and the material were combined in the Hebrew people who had now become not only custodians of lofty standards of conduct and faith, and of the highest intellectual culture, but also guardians and sponsors of economic progress. In both capacities they have been of the very greatest service to mankind.

During the Middle Ages, when Europe was engulfed in unlettered darkness, when violence and tyranny were predominant and the masses were strangers both to liberty and to knowledge, the Jewish people, despite unutterable difficulties, maintained for many centuries a continuous spiritual, intellectual and economic development, and preserved from extinction the highest elements of civilization. They established great schools, many of which attracted Christian clergymen and many of which became the foundations of Christian universities. Notable among the Hebrew schools were those at Cordova, Toledo and Granada in Spain; at Beaucaire, Lunel and Narbonne in France; at Mantua, Genoa and Rome in Italy; at Pumbaditia, Sura and Bagdad in the east. With reference to Jewish influence in the east we may here recall the assertion of Schleiden, a scholar of prominence and ability, to the effect that what was best in the Koran was derived from the Jews. In illustration of the loftiness of the Hebraic character let it be said that the teach-

ers of these innumerable schools, attended in many instances by thousands of pupils from points both far and near, rarely accepted fees, but, on the other hand, frequently supported their pupils. Furthermore, these teachers were generally proficient in some commercial avocation. Civilization owes an infinite debt to the proficiency of the Jews in the study of languages. Having spread throughout the world at an early period, having maintained constant communication among widely separated settlements, they became familiar with every tongue. In the darkest period of the Middle Ages there were few Jews, however poor or humble, who did not understand at least two languages, and many knew from five to seven. Their intense devotion to the spiritual ideals of Jewish life and thought led them critically to study and faithfully to preserve the original Hebrew in which their ancient philosophers and prophets had spoken. It was Juda Ben Koreish who demonstrated that Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldean were of the same linguistic origin. The original Hebrew script had no definite vowel signs and was so difficult to read that it began to fall into disuse. The invention of a system of vowel symbols by the Assyrian Jews about 550 A. D. revitalized the Hebrew language and all subsequent study of the original Hebrew text of the old Bible has been based on the text arranged in accordance with this system. The Jews alone knew the Oriental languages, the ancient Greek and the western tongues at the same time. They were the founders of philology, one of the most important branches of science, a study that has thrown a flood of light on primitive history. The Septuagint, the original Greek translation of the Old Testament, was the work of Alexandrian Jews. This was the version used by Christ and the apostles. The Jews

translated Aristotle and the other Greek philosophers into Latin and thus introduced the culture of Greece into the western world. Many of the most celebrated scholastics, notably Albertus Magnus and Saint Thomas Aquinas, studied Aristotle and doubtless the other Greek philosophers in Latin versions based on the Hebrew translations. The original Hebrew text of the old Bible was one of the most significant and necessary factors in the Reformation. It is probable that Martin Luther obtained the chief inspiration of the Reformation from the study of the Hebrew Bible under Nicholas de Lyra, one of the closest students of Jewish literature. When the peoples of Europe had advanced sufficiently to appreciate the higher phases of existence, the Jews laid before them the intellectual and spiritual treasures of all the past. The Renaissance and the Reformation, two of the most beneficent eras in human history, followed. But for the translations of the Jews and the influence of their teachings the awakening of humanity might have been delayed for centuries. It is not surprising that the present century should number the Jewish scholars Benfey, Ollendorf, Brael and Oppert among its most noted philologists. In poetry and philosophy the Jews continued through the gloomy ages to make a marvelous advancement which culminated as to the first in Gebirol and Halevi in the eleventh, and as to the second in Maimonides in the twelfth century. Gebirol was a leader of independent thought. His principal work, "The Source of Life," was copied in many languages and influenced the learning of the time in no small degree. Of Halevi, Schleiden has said that he was not surpassed by Milton. Heine, who eight hundred years afterward succeeded to the fadeless purple of Halevi's genius, cried in ecstasy:

"Ah! he was the greatest poet,
Torch and starlight to his age,
Beacon-light unto his people,
Such a mighty and a wondrous
Pillar of poetic fire,
Led the caravan of sorrow
Of his people Israel,
Through the desert of their exile."

Halevi believed that God had scattered Israel through the world to proclaim the gospel of the spirit and that the long agony of the ages was a splendid martyrdom. Maimonides, the Jewish Aristotle, was the greatest philosopher of the twelfth century, and among the greatest of all time. Of his "Guide of the Erring" Scaliger has said that it could not be praised too highly. His writings were the basis of scholastic philosophy and the chief reliance of Spinoza. In medicine and natural science, which were not disassociated until after the seventeenth century, the Jews were unrivaled. Until the advent of Europe's earliest medical schools, Salerno and Montpelier, in the establishment of which they were mainly instrumental, the Jews were practically the only physicians in Europe. It was a most remarkable fact that princes who robbed, nobles who maltreated, and popes who excommunicated the Jews and even forbade them to practice medicine would have no other than Jewish physicians. The Jews were prominent in early exploration and astronomy. About the year 800 Tabari discovered the refraction of light and made the first Arabic translation of Ptolemaeum. In the twelfth century John of Sevilla wrote an arithmetic in which for the first time appeared the use of decimal fractions, and they were probably original with him. In the thirteenth century the book Sohar taught "the revolution of the earth about its axis as the cause of night and day" long

before Copernicus. The astronomical tables of Alphonse X., so long the practical guide of astronomers, were compiled under the direction of the Jewish Ben Sid about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was at this time that Hakohen divided the stars into the forty-eight star pictures. Ribeyra de Santos has said: "We owe to the Jews, more than to anybody, our first knowledge of philosophy, of botany, of medicine, of astronomy, of cosmography, as well as the elements of grammar and of the sacred languages, as well as nearly all studies of biblical literature." The Jews were among the first to take advantage of the printing press. They fostered all the more important industries, preserving the art of silk culture, of dyeing and of weaving. In commerce and finance they laid the foundations of modern political economy. In diplomacy and statesmanship they frequently rose by sheer ability to commanding spheres. The discovery of America was largely due to their assistance. The Jews Santangel and Sanchez supplied Columbus with the necessary funds, relieving Isabella, who had already done so much to make the project a success and without whose co-operation it would have failed long before, of the necessity of pawning her jewels.* The maps used by Columbus were made by Cresques, a celebrated Jewish astronomer and geographer, whose inventions alone made it possible for such a voyage to be undertaken. Bernal, the ship physician, and Marco, the surgeon, who accompanied the little fleet, were

*In a recent speech in Congress the speaker repeated in good faith the popular error that Isabella had pawned her jewels to defray the cost of the expedition of Columbus. The part really played by Isabella, however, was sufficiently fundamental to justify the position the speaker was then assuming.

Jews. It was a Jew, Rodrigo de Triano, who was the first of that immortal company to see land, and it was a Jew, Louis de Torres, an accomplished linguist, who in the capacity of interpreter went ashore to meet, as Columbus supposed, the Grand Khan of India, and who had the distinction of being the first of that memorable expedition to tread American soil. There was a dramatic significance in the part played by the Jews in the discovery of America. The decree expelling the Jews from Spain and the authorization of the project of Columbus were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella on the same day. And as the fragile squadron of Columbus, challenging the distance and the deep, began the bravest journey that sea or shore have ever known, a vessel passed laden with Jewish exiles who were leaving their homes in Spain forever. Little did these expatriated sufferers dream that at the very moment when earth's injustice seemed severest their brethren with Columbus were about to unlock the gates of another world where the Jewish people were destined to realize in peace and freedom their proudest ambitions, their purest ideals.

By this time the malevolence of mankind toward the Jews had assumed a diabolic aspect. Edicts of expulsion were registered against them in almost all countries, and in those where there was no official expatriation they were loaded with restrictions. Confiscation and death perpetually threatened them. They had no rights which men or governments respected, not even the rights of life and property. They could not call their own the homes and other belongings they had acquired; these were deemed also the possessions of noble, bishop, king and lord. They could be taxed without limit. They were serfs and outcasts. They were the objects of insult and persecution. As a rule

they were excluded from military and political service, although when opportunity offered they demonstrated a wonderful capacity for both. Frequently they were massacred by hundreds and by thousands. The enginery of the inquisition was turned in fury against them. In certain places in England, Italy, Poland, France, Moravia, Austria, Spain they were exterminated; in Strasburg, Mayence and Treves many were burned. They were blamed and punished for many of the great panics, famines and epidemics. In many cities they were confined in ghetto walls and locked and barred at night like criminals. In 1648 persecutions began in Russia which have continued with accumulating horror until the present time. Thus the world with one hand accepted the torch of progress from the Jew and with the other assaulted him. The causes of this treatment, though originally religious, were finally economic and political. As long as this hostility was purely religious it did not assume so pronounced and general a form of physical barbarity. As mankind ascended from mediaeval gloom to higher spheres and a more complex civilization large classes became traders and financiers. They found the Jews their forerunners and their rivals and they invoked the enmity of governments and peoples for assistance in a competition in which they would have been otherwise at a disadvantage. It was a favorite habit with states and principalities to reimburse exhausted treasuries by extortion from the Jews through both threats and deeds of violence, confiscation and expulsion. Thus it was not Jewish greed for the gold of others that excited so much hostility, as has long been popularly supposed, and as Shakespeare intimates in his portrayal of Shylock, but the greed of others for the gold of the Jews. The excel-

lence of the Jew in the avocations most immediately connected with money was literally forced by the fact that all other avenues were practically closed and the fact that money was the only weapon with which he could maintain even a precarious security of property and life. The political character of these persecutions was due to the desire of rulers to divert popular attention from their own despotism and misgovernment. This was largely the case with the recent massacres in Russia, the only country with the single exception of Roumania that has not yet abolished the mediaeval restrictions and outgrown the mediaeval attitude with reference to the Jews. The cause of the common people of Russia is equally the cause of the Christian, the Jew, and of believers of all other sects and creeds. It is the cause of universal liberty. The recent massacres were evidently arranged in order to blind the people to the real sources of the nation's misery, to keep the Russian masses divided and oppressed, and thus to strengthen the autocracy. If it be said that they were apparently religious let it be remembered that the Russian church is inseparably united with autocratic government. These massacres would shame mediaeval assassins and they will inevitably evoke the anger of civilization and the chastisement of God.

The fact that despite such difficulties the Jewish people remained throughout the dark centuries among the chief conservators of learning and made such mighty contributions to civilization is a remarkable tribute to their spiritual vitality. Nor is it surprising that in later times, as oppressions and persecutions multiplied, as the ghetto and the pale developed, millions lost the outer semblance of culture and surrendered to distressing conditions. We have seen that not till within the last 125 years have they obtained complete free-

dom of citizenship and association in the nations outside of Russia and Roumania, and that in these two countries they still suffer discrimination. The rapidity with which they have entered the highest life of every country in which they have been emancipated and restored, the influence which they have exercised on the world's recent progress demonstrates how imperishable is their hereditary and fundamental culture. They contributed through Spinoza and Moses Mendelssohn and Heine—Heine who easily takes rank with Goethe and Schiller—to the development of German idealism, one of the chief ornaments of modern thought and literature. They were prominent in the political and philosophical upheavals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In war they have been no less conspicuous. Massena, the Jewish marshal of Napoleon, recalled on historic fields the military genius of David and Judas Maccabeus. Without the assistance of Haym Solomon of Philadelphia, who gave $600,000 to the American cause and rendered other forms of service it is doubtful whether Robert Morris could have financed the American revolution. Manuel Noah and Isaac Franks were colonels on the staff of Washington and served with distinction throughout the Revolution. Major Nones rose from the ranks under Pulaski to head a legion under DeKalb. Judah Touro of New Orleans was of material aid to Andrew Jackson in the defense of that city. In the Mexican war General David de Leon made so splendid a record that he was twice thanked by Congress, and Lieutenant Seeligson was praised by General Taylor for valorous conduct at Monterey. At his death in 1862 Commodore Phillips Levy was the highest ranking officer in the American navy, and the following is written on his tomb at Cypress Hills: "He was the father of the law for the

abolition of the barbarous practice of corporal punishment in the United States navy." In the Civil War the Jews served on both sides with marked gallantry and credit. Frederick Kneffler enlisted as a private in the 79th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, rose rapidly to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was made Brevet Major-General for bravery at Chickamauga. In the Spanish-American war there were over 4,000 Jewish soldiers. Of these Sergeant Justh was the first man to die in the attack on Manila. According to Roosevelt himself the Jews among his Rough Riders were of the bravest of that celebrated band, one becoming a lieutenant. They were in the Astor Battery and fifteen went down with the Maine. They took part in every engagement, and the quality of their service is shown by the number of Jewish names on the lists of the wounded and the dead.

Never have the versatility and value of the Hebraic genius been more clearly demonstrated than in the last one hundred years. In politics we find Lasalle breathing the German social democracy into existence and rivaling Bismarck. We find Lasker, the author-statesman, inaugurating the German Liberal Party and leading it in the Reichstag. We find Bamberger, the economist-historian, assisting in the formation of modern Germany. We find Mannheimer president of the Austrian Diet, and Treier the speaker of the Danish House of Commons. In Turkey we find Pasha a Vice-Admiral of the Imperial Navy, and his brother the First Dragoman of the Imperial Palace. In Italy we find Maurogonata among the foremost senators and lawyers; Luzzatti, a conspicuous member of various cabinets; Wollemborg, Victor Emanuel's first Minister of Finance; Artom, an illustrious diplomat, the friend and counsellor of Cavour. In France we find

Benavrides one of the highest magistrates; Cremieux a famous minister and legislator; Fould four times Minister of Finance under Louis Napoleon; Gambetta a defender of human rights; See, a champion of woman's education. In England we find Disraeli rising from the humblest surroundings to become for twenty-five years one of the most powerful figures in the world and Lord Herschel twice Lord High Chancellor under Gladstone. In the United States we find Judah P. Benjamin declining a Supreme Justiceship on account of his immense private practice, representing Louisiana with rare ability in the Federal Senate, serving in the cabinet of the confederacy, and after the failure of the southern cause reaching England with shattered fortune at the age of fifty-one to become a leader of the English bar and to write a work on the law of sales that ranks as permanent authority. Benjamin once appeared against Webster in the United States Supreme Court. Webster occupied three hours. Then came Benjamin, physically small and insignificant, who spoke in a thin, low voice for twenty minutes when the Chief Justice whispered to one of his colleagues: "Great heavens, that little man has stated Webster out of court in twenty minutes." We find Isador Rayner, a worthy successor of Benjamin, in the present United States Senate. In the national House of Representatives we find our own incomparable Mr. Goldfogle, Meyer, Littauer and Kahn. We find Franklin Moses Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and Newburger, Cohen, Leventritt, Greenbaum, Steckler and others on the bench in New York.

In other avenues we find the modern Jew pre-eminent. In poetry we may point to Drachmann, whom competent critics have ranked with Tennyson

and Byron; in fiction to Auerbach, to Bernstein and to Zangwill; in dramatic literature to Klein, Millaud, Halevy, Schlesinger, Von Weilen, Rosenfeld, Belasco and Martha Morton; in dramatic art to Sonnenthal—the idol of Vienna—to Barnay, Braham, Rachel and to Bernhardt, the "queen of attitude"; in song to Lucca, Calvé, Lehmann and Marcella Sembrich; in music to Mendelssohn—grandson of the great philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn,—Meyerbeer, Strauss, the Damrosches, Rubinstein and Hoffman; in painting to Israels, Solomon J. Solomon, Ulmann, Meyerheim, Lazarus and Ben Austrian; in sculpture to Ezekiel and Antokalski; in writers of history to Edersheim, Herzberg, Rowanin and Geiger; in political economy to Ricardo, Marx, Lasalle and de Bloch; in criminology to Lombroso and Max Nordau; in mathematics to Sylvester who with Cayler founded modern higher algebra; in exploration to Emin Pasha; in astronomy to the Herschels, to Goldschmidt, who discovered fourteen asteroids and thousands of new stars, and to Beer, who has been called the first cartographist of the moon; in medicine to Koller, discoverer of cocaine, to Virchow and Koch, the renowned specialists in tuberculosis; in botany to Cohn and Pringsheim, who are among the first botanists of Germany; in finance to the Rothschilds, who perfected modern finance and popularized national loans; to Poliakoff and Pereres, the great Russian and French railway owners; in journalism to Pulitzer, to Rosewater and Ochs; in diplomacy to Oscar Straus and Solomon Hirsch; in charity to Montefiore, to Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, Schiff, Nathan Straus and Mrs. Esther Hermann. It may be seen from this all too brief enumeration how few of these great names are connected with finance. The Jewish people retain in all its original vigor the

spirituality of old Israel. They are still devoted to the things of the spirit, and scholarship, philosophy, art, in fact, all intellectual studies are still their favorite form of energy. Let it be said to civilization's shame that of the eleven million Jews in the world more than half this number are still subjected in Russia and Roumania to the restrictions and oppressions of the dark ages.

In this brief and necessarily incomplete discussion I have tried to outline the principal contributions of the Jewish people to human advancement. A complete description of their achievements would involve a review of the history of almost every important nation, both of the present and the past, and of the world itself. They have been patriots in the countries of their exile and adoption; cosmopolitans in almost every age. In the great transition periods, the movements for human elevation, they have played fundamental parts. They have been the messengers of an idealism that has done much to advance loftiness in morals, equality in society, majesty in law. In philosophy, science, literature, finance, in general culture, in domestic virtue, in patriotism and philanthropy they have been world-pioneers, world-counselors. In the preservation of their identity, vitality and refinement through centuries of cruelty and oppression they have established an example which will give new strength and hope to inhumanity's victims everywhere. Recalling their marvelous record, a record of blessings for mankind, it seems unthinkable that death and torture and exclusion should have been their fortune through so many ages and that today they suffer ferocious discriminations in eastern Europe. This last condition is the foulest stain on our civilization, the darkest indictment of our time. How proud

the heritage of the Jewish young men and women! How inspiring the task which confronts them! With what purity and culture must they fill their souls and lives in order to keep unfurled and spotless the banners of the spirit! With what courage must they defend the principles of equality and justice; with what devotion must they take up the cause of their bleeding brethren of the Russian and Roumanian captivities! May they continue to promote with every energy the welfare of the respective nations of their allegiance, to spread the teachings of the spirit, the ideals of intellectual and political freedom, of fraternity among nations as well as men, and thus bring nearer to humanity the realization of Isaiah's dream of universal peace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SPEECH AT REPUBLICAN CLUB BANQUET, HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 12, 1908.

"For the first time in the club's history they called on a Democrat—and a Southern Democrat at that—to respond to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln." Congressman Sheppard was roundly applauded when he got up. He was still more enthusiastically cheered during the course of his speech"—New York Sun, February 13, 1908.

"In introducing Congressman Sheppard, President Young said the committee in charge of the dinner, although representing a Republican organization, took the position that the fame of Lincoln had passed beyond sectional lines. Therefore, it had invited from that section of the country where Lincoln's acts were first the cause of violent controversy a representative differing in political faith, but not in loyalty to the government. At these words, as the Congressman arose to speak, there was a hearty demonstration from the diners, who joined with a will in the singing of the old rallying song of 'Dixie.' "—New York Tribune, February 13, 1908.

ON THE wall of a Southern home there is today a letter in a frame, a letter which reads: "Executive Mansion, Washington, February 10, 1865. Hon. A. H. Stephens: According to our agreement your nephew, Lieutenant Stephens, goes to you bearing this note. Please in return to select and send me that officer of the same rank, imprisoned at Richmond, whose physical condition most urgently requires his release. Respectfully, A. Lincoln." In a corner of the frame is a photograph of Lincoln on which appears his signature in his own handwriting. At the close of the Hampton Roads conference early in 1865 Lincoln had asked Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the

Confederacy, if he could do anything for him personally. "Nothing," said Stephens, "unless you can send me my nephew, who has been a prisoner on Johnson's Island for twenty months.' "I shall be glad to do it; let me have his name," was the prompt reply. A few days later Lieutenant Stephens left for Richmond, where the exchange was effected, carrying the letter and the picture before described, both the gifts of Lincoln and for more than forty years they have remained the chief treasures of a Dixie fireside. This incident was but one of a host of others showing in Lincoln a spirit that poised on wings of light above the gloom of war.

But for other and wider reasons it is proper that the portrait of Lincoln should adorn this Southern home. He was born of Southern parentage on Kentucky soil. His father was a Virginian; his grandfather was a Virginian; his mother was a Virginian. His mother! The very word hallows the lips that utter it. The world has not yet grasped its debt to the mothers of mankind. The mother is the luster and the hope of history. From her bosom flow the impulses that fashion governments and alter civilizations. With whisper and caress she organizes parliaments, revolutions, epochs. She is the central figure of all human sacrifice. Life is the flower of her agony, the fruitage of her pain. Humanity is cradled in her tears. That men may be she fronts the grave, yea, at each birth endures a living crucifixion. Lincoln's mother possessed in emphatic measure the qualities that make maternity sacred. He never forgot her prayers, prayers that made the cabin in the wilderness a temple grander than St. Peter's or Cologne. The privations of the frontier soon crushed her tender life, and a few days before she died, her face already radiant with

the ecstasy of heaven, she obtained from him a promise that he would never touch inebriating drink, a promise that remained as sacred as her memory. His father, always in deepest poverty, had removed from Kentucky largely because the spread of slavery tended to degrade the status of the whites who were compelled to labor with their hands. Thus in his earliest years were impressed on Lincoln the ideas of liberty, equality and personal rectitude that led him later to acclaim that day the happiest in history when there should be neither slave nor drunkard in the world. Such was his mother's influence that he afterward ascribed to her all that he was or hoped to be. The clumsy, hand-hewn coffin in which she was interred, the lack of ceremony, due to the fact that few ministers visited that remote vicinity, the lonely grave in the clearing, deepened the sadness that solitude and hardship had implanted in his nature. He did not rest until several months later he knelt in the snow while a wandering preacher, summoned at his instance, delivered a funeral sermon at her grave. It should be said here that the devoted woman, a native of Kentucky, who succeeded Lincoln's mother in the Lincoln home, recognized at once his unusual capacities and employed every means to encourage and develop them. To her he gave a love and reverence that were reflected in his spotless conduct. The teachings of these two women gave gentleness and grace to all his acts and must have prompted deed after deed of mercy in the memorable conflict with which his name is forever associated.

When Lincoln in 1832 announced his candidacy for the Illinois legislature he stated that the supreme purpose of his life was to win the esteem of his fellowmen by being worthy of it. Thus at the age of 23

he proclaimed the basic impulse of his career, the ambition to be useful to mankind. This impulse was but prophetic of the principle of brotherhood that was to mark the consummation of his efforts and to signalize his relation to history. Perhaps no other man of commanding fame ever struggled so effectively against so unpromising an environment. The family had removed from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to Illinois, following the frontier's westward sweep, locating in secluded forests, felling trees with which to construct the crudest shelter and clearing land for cultivation. In the labors of the farm and woods young Lincoln shared to the fullest degree. The ordinary facilities of rudimentary education were beyond his reach. His entire schooling did not comprise twelve months. Yet he managed to obtain and study with absorbing eagerness Bunyan, Aesop, Weems' Washington and the Bible. Perhaps Aesop inspired his celebrated habit of reinforcing argument with parable and anecdote. With what prophetic interest must he have followed the trials of Washington and the patriot armies in founding the nation he was to be summoned to preserve! He seems to have been especially impressed with Washington's unvarying trust in God, a sentiment he approved and emulated. To show his estimate of Washington let me cite an excerpt from his address on Washington's birthday at Springfield in 1842: "Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on." In the Bible, of which he was a constant student, he found the

doctrine that supplied the definition of his existence, the doctrine embodied in Christ's reply to the lawyer in the temple, the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the doctrine that Lincoln considered of itself sufficient to form the basis of a church, the doctrine his life proclaimed and his death ennobled, the doctrine of which the American Declaration of Independence is but another form, the doctrine on which rests all liberty and progress. Such were the materials with which this youthful Vulcan hammered his being into heroic mould and purpose. In that stern pioneer age labor of severest form was honor's essence, equality was the natural state and men were loved for what they could contribute to the general good. In such a school Lincoln learned to revere humanity, truth and God. In such a school he developed a gentle soul, a giant stature and an iron will. His was a sympathy with all human aspiration. Hate found no lodgment in his heart; there kindness and mercy like twin Portias pleaded always against the pound of flesh.

These elements were slowly fusing in the fires of experience and ambition, of conflicts, defeats, successes for almost thirty years from the date of his first announcement for office. His initial race resulted in disaster and without means, without profession, he wavered between the careers of lawyer and blacksmith. In 1834 he was elected to the legislature and began preparation for the law, borrowing the necessary books and studying alone. Re-elected to the legislature in 1836, in 1838 and 1840, he took an important part in framing the legislation of that formative period, obtained a splendid training in practical statesmanship and parliamentary law and gave such evidence of leadership that he was twice his party's

nominee for speaker. He continued the practice of law with signal industry for more than two decades, maintaining the highest standards and applying the doctrine of brotherhood to his profession. He believed that the lawyer should discourage litigation, that the lawyer's true mission was the mission of peacemaker. During the early years at the bar persistent poverty and the death of the woman of his first love subjected him to severest melancholy. Chosen an elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, on the Clay ticket in 1844 and canvassing his own and adjoining states in both campaigns, happily married in 1842 and elected to Congress in 1846, he rapidly became a factor of more than state importance. His single term in Congress was marked by faithful service and several comprehensive speeches. He helped to make Taylor the Whig candidate for president in 1848, thereby contributing to that shrewdest of movements by which his party secured the political fruitage of the war it had so bitterly opposed. Another significant act was his bill to prohibit slavery in the District of Columbia, providing cash payments to owners voluntarily manumitting their slaves. Already he was considering the idea of compensated emancipation which during the war he urged on Congress and the border states and which he never entirely surrendered. It was during this term in Congress that he wrote a letter to his young law partner containing certain rules of conduct which every young man ought to engrave upon his heart, a statement comprising a sounder and more helpful philosophy than any similar number of words in all literature, a statement breathing brotherhood in every line: "The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to as-

sure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury." In a speech a few years before he had expressed another phase of his love of humanity in this sentence: "If you would win a man to your cause first convince him that you are his sincere friend." There is a verse from Aleyn which elaborates this idea, an idea so illuminative of Lincoln's soul:

> "The fine and noble way to kill a foe
> Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
> So change him that he shall cease to be so;
> And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say
> His pardons put his foes to death; for when
> He mortify'd their hate he killed them then."

Retiring from Congress, Lincoln devoted himself to the law until the repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 stirred the land almost to frenzy. Douglas, the brilliant Democrat from Illinois, had been chiefly instrumental in the repeal of the compromise which had been acclaimed as the solution of the slavery question. Lincoln and Douglas became the champions of conflicting theories, and in a series of remarkable debates employed every weapon of logic and exhausted every field of illustration. In his speech before the convention which nominated him for the United States Senate in opposition to Douglas, in the debates with that master of the forum, in inaugural addresses and presidential messages, on the field of Gettysburg and elsewhere Lincoln gave deliverances that in chaste and lofty eloquence, in simplicity and power stand unsurpassed. He was an earnest advocate of prohibition, canvassing the state of Illinois in its behalf

and declaring that the liquor traffic was the tragedy of civilization. On the morning of his assassination he said to Major Merwin, with whom he had stumped Illinois for prohibition, that after reconstruction the next great question would be the overthrow of the liquor traffic. The rapid march of prohibitory sentiment throughout the United States today shows with what prescience he spoke. The ideal of human brotherhood was with him ever uppermost. Towards the south he exhibited on many occasions a tolerant spirit. In his famous speech at Peoria in 1854 he said: "Before proceeding let me say I think I have no prejudice against the southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we should not instantly give it up. * * * When southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we I acknowledge the fact." The keynote of his position was resistance to the extension of slavery. In his speech at Cooper Institute in New York in February, 1860, he said: "Wrong as we think slavery is we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we while our votes will prevent it allow it to spread into the national territory and to overrun us here in the free states?" He considered the Emancipation Proclamation necessary to the preservation of the republic. The maintenance of the Union as the chief hope of brotherhood and freedom was his predominating purpose. He cherished to the last the idea of compensated emancipation. As late as February, 1865, when the south was prostrate, he presented to his cabinet a plan of payment for manumitted slaves. His secretary, Nicolay,

who probably understood him better than any other biographer, said that he never relinquished the idea and intimated a renewal of his efforts in this direction in his last public address.

His election to the presidency and the opening of the American civil war made him the chief civic figure of the most colossal crisis in his country's life. Every element of his character was brought into instant and effective play. It is difficult to appreciate the task he met and mastered. His was the responsible supervision of all civil and military administration. The young party he had led to victory was naturally filled with numerous and discordant groups, all clamorous for recognition. Advocates of conflicting policies poured a stream of argument and protest across his audience chamber. To harmonize conflicting sentiments and interests required superbest skill. Relations with other nations demanded the coolest judgment. He rewrote Seward's dispatch on the subject of England's recognition of southern belligerency, converting that violent document, which most probably would have incited foreign war, into a model of diplomatic propriety. The selection of commanders for the untried millions who assembled at his call involved the rarest penetration. Forbearance, sympathy and keenest insight marked his treatment of generals in the field. He studied the art of war and demonstrated a military talent of the highest type. His orders and inquiries showed a technical familiarity with all the problems of the contest. He grasped the essential features of the proper handling of the Union arms and resource. From the beginning he foreshadowed the course of the strife with such accuracy that competent authorities have pronounced him one of the ablest strategists of that world-astound-

ing war. Throughout the changing fortunes of the conflict he was the same serene, unyielding, all-compelling force. Modest almost to self-effacement he held himself the humblest of all the presidents. Of his second election to the presidency he said that there was in his gratitude to the people no taint of personal triumph and that he felt no pleasure in succeeding over others. He exercised the prerogative of pardon with tenderness and enthusiasm. Mighty as was his brain, still mightier was his heart. He had begun a humane and peaceful reconstruction of several states and had he lived the nation's wounds which he felt were also his would have far more quickly healed. The knowledge that despite his love for all mankind his efforts for human elevation would be distorted and assailed; that, however glorious the ultimate victory, thousands of American homes were being desolated; that brother was emptying the blood of brother and the premonition that he would not outlive the struggle wrapped him in isolation and sorrow and gave to his face a suggestion of sadness.

His death was a profound calamity. To his wife he remarked as the assassin was about to fire, "There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem." He was not permitted to see the old Jerusalem, but in a few hours he was to stand among the glories of the new. Now what is the relation of his life to the republic he aided so materially to preserve? It is the development of the idea of brotherhood on which the existence of this Union depends. What lesson emanates from his spectral figure as it rises from that April night in 1865? It is the love of Abraham Lincoln for every man, woman and child beneath the American flag. Invoking his memory, I, a southerner and a democrat, true to every principle that

animates my people, come among you, northerners and republicans, equally loyal to your convictions, as fellow-countryman, friend and brother. New York is my country as well as Texas. Massachusetts, California, Illinois are as dear to me as Louisiana, Georgia or Tennessee. The memory of Lincoln is one of the buttresses of the reunited America of the twentieth century. In fulfillment of his desires and dreams the American people are today a mighty and a deathless brotherhood. Forgotten are the discords of the past; departed are the specters of civil strife. Near Columbus, Ohio, was situated Camp Chase, one of the military prisons of the north during the civil war. There thousands of southern soldiers died, far from the land of their birth and love. But their graves have received the tenderest care from northern hearts and hands and an arch has been erected on that solemn spot bearing the word "Americans." This word expresses the spirit of patriotism that today uplifts and thrills the nation, the spirit in which Lincoln moved and spoke and prayed. It hallows the past, it inspires the present and oh, may it animate the endless reaches of the future! It arouses love for every part of our common country, for every city and every state, every mountain and every shore, every forest and every plain—love for our traditions and our history—love for the home of freedom, the hope of liberty, the light of time, the radiance of the ages—our own United States.

"The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair olive laden Spain,
The Grecian isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plain,
Of Egypt, countless ages old,
Dark Afric's palms and dates;
Let me acclaim the land I name
My own United States.

The poet sings of Switzerland,
Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimm'ring sheen of Ireland's green,
Old England's rockbound shore,
Quaint Holland and the fatherland
Their charms in verse relates,
Let me acclaim the land I name
My own United States.

I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountains' side,
I love every drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass,
Within Columbia's gates,
The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
My own United States."

SATIRE ON CONGRESSIONAL GARDEN SEED.

SPEECH IN NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 26, 1905.

WHEN the agricultural appropriation bill was before the House during the last session I attacked the existing system of distributing vegetable seeds. I attempted not to destroy, but to improve the system—to restore the purposes which prompted its creation. I directed attention to the fact that the system had degenerated into an indiscriminate distribution of standard seeds without regard to the distinctive character of the various soils throughout the country. The Secretary of Agriculture had similarly described the situation in his annual report.

The original object of the distribution was the development of the soil, the discovery of its adaptabilities. Manifestly it was a perversion of this object to send seeds suitable to a particular soil and climate into a section where different conditions obtained. For instance, the watermelon seed which went into my district last season produced watermelons so diminutive that they could be used for watch charms. Evidently these seeds were intended for a sterner clime.

It is unnecessary to say that I was unsuccessful in the seed crusade. Cassandra never had a more unsympathetic audience in foreshadowing the doom of Troy. I was a prophet without a people, an apostle without a following. It seems that the distribution of vegetable seeds is a permanent institution, an institution which it is sacrilege to question and madness to oppose. As long as the republic lives senators and congressmen will, with the recurrent seasons, go forth

to sow, encouraged by the hope that succeeding elections will bring in the sheaves, "some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." The custom has the highest authority, for in Genesis we find that Egypt cried to Joseph, "Give us seed, that we may live and not die; that the land be not desolate."

Mr. LITTLE—Amen.

Mr. SHEPPARD—I acknowledge that in the endeavor to reform this practice I have for the present failed. But, Mr. Chairman, the tragedies of history compose its most instructive chapters. The melancholy note that rises from the harp of time is proof that in the sum of men's activities failure overbalances success and grief counterpoises joy. For every Socrates there is the hemlock, for every Oedipus the Theban gate, for every Caesar the ides of March, and for every seed reformer a unanimous opposition.

I know that the daughters of Pierus, who challenged the Muses to a war of song and thrilled Parnassus with contending melody, were stripped of human form and attribute. I know that Niobe, asserting for her children a loveliness outrivaling divinity, offended heaven and having witnessed their destruction by the wrath divine, was changed to stone, remaining through all time a genius of woe, a patroness of tears. I know that Ixion boasted of the love of Hera and met a doom so horrible that the world still shudders at its relation.

I know that the fathers of mankind, speaking a universal language, flourishing beneath the especial favor of Jehovah, began the construction of a tower on which they hoped to stand the equals of omnipotence, and that there fell upon them a confusion of tongues from which the race has not today recovered. I know that Pharaoh pursued departing Israel along

the pathway God had severed through the sea to find in the rejoining waters a prison and a grave.

I know that Godfrey, Raymond, Tancred, Robert of Normandy, Hugh of Vermandois, and other lights of chivalry, other models of romance, all failed to drive the Moslem from the sepulcher of Christ. I know that Rienzi, last of tribunes, rising from that humble tavern on the Tiber, gaining supremacy through the people's confidence, subduing Orsinis and Colonnas, re-established domestic tranquility and foreign peace to drift into a tyranny more oppressive than that he had destroyed, to fall at the hands of the people he had liberated.

I know that Robespierre, sinister contradiction; idealist; assassin; at heart a disciple of universal peace, in practice an advocate of universal murder; pointing with one hand to the God of love and with the other to the guillotine; attempting to turn the course of revolution to his own advantage, perished amid the jeers of the convention that had feared, the populace that had adored him.

I know that Don Quixote charged the windmill on the plain of Aragon with disastrous results. I know that Sancho Panza, beneath whose mountainous proportions the faithful Dapple ambled into immortality, endeavored to conduct the fictitious government of Barataria and became a favorite subject for the ridicule of the world.

I know that these adventures mark the possibilities of human daring and ambition. But, Mr. Chairman, not one of these exceeds in audacity or in hopelessness an attack on the distribution of vegetable seed in the American House of Representatives.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

SPEECH IN THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 10, 1906, PROTESTING AGAINST THE FORCIBLE EXPULSION OF A LADY FROM THE WHITE HOUSE OFFICES AND GROUNDS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have introduced a resolution for an investigation of the recent violent expulsion of an American mother from the White House offices and grounds by executive officials and employees while she was seeking an audience with the president of the United States. This resolution is not privileged, and unless the Committee on Rules, to which it was referred, reports it I shall be powerless to secure its consideration. The incident which inspired this resolution recalled the darkest ages of the world. A lady of evident culture and refinement, an American mother, sought an audience with the president of the United States. She had every reason to feel that her cause would have just consideration from the man whose overwhelming popularity is largely due to his reverence of motherhood. She had every reason to believe that this sentiment would have been reflected in the conduct of the officials who surround him. Be this as it may, she had a right as an American citizen to seek redress for what she deemed a wrong, and if she was in error either as to the justice of her cause or as to the source from which relief might be obtained, she was entitled to courteous information. She was told that she could not see the president. Thinking that perhaps the president for the moment was engaged, and not

being familiar with the rules regarding visits to the president, she announced that she would wait.

MR. GROSVENOR—Mr. Chairman———

THE CHAIRMAN—Will the gentleman from Texas yield to the gentleman from Ohio?

MR. SHEPPARD—Yes, sir.

MR. GROSVENOR—Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order that the discussion of the resolution introduced and pending before the committee, and not reported, is hardly a proper subject at this time and not germane in any way to this question.

MR. SHEPPARD—I think it is germane to the bill, and I will tell the gentleman why. I object to a tariff which erects a Chinese wall around the White House as well as around the United States. While I favor as great an exportation of commodities as we can have, I object to the forcible exportation of American women who have personal business at the White House. Now, Mr. Chairman, I trust the gentleman will let me proceed.

MR. GROSVENOR—Does the gentleman think it a proper subject of discussion? I have made the suggestion; if he thinks it proper to arraign the president and his household, we'll let him go ahead.

MR. SHEPPARD—What the country is arraigning is the spectacle of this woman's expulsion from the White House.

MR. GROSVENOR—I have just made the suggestion to you.

MR. SHEPPARD—If the president had heard the growl of a bear or the howl of a wolf, he would have been on the scene immediately, but the wail of a woman fell on unresponsive ears.

Her ejectment was ordered and the indication of force overcame her sensitive temperament, frighten-

ing her almost into hysteria. Then ensued an unequal struggle between this helpless and unoffending woman and powerful guards, in which she was barbarously handled. They dragged her across the muddy pavements, her clothing torn, her body bruised, and hurried her to the house of detention under an imputation of insanity which was found to be so absurd that she was immediately released.

These unwarrantable and unnecessary brutalities demand investigation and merit censure. As for myself, the memory of my departed mother would not permit me to rest until I had given expression to my indignation. Unless Congress takes some action we will soon witness in a free republic a condition where citizens can not approach the president they have created without fear of bodily harm from arbitrary subordinates. In the name of American womanhood and American motherhood I protest against this outrageous action. It is a distinct lowering of the standards of American manhood. It is a violation of the sentiment that lies at the base of American civilization, American liberty, and American progress—the reverence of woman. Without this sentiment the government is an empty pageantry and the flag a lie. The lady should have been permitted to remain. She would doubtless have left of her own volition if the situation had been politely and properly explained. The presence of an American mother honors any place, although it be the audience chamber of the president of the United States. When the president steps into the presence of an American mother he is before his superior. This action of his subordinates should be investigated. Sir, it is impossible in words to measure the sacredness of motherhood. It is the sweetest note in the great anthem the ages chant to God, and the

radiance of His infinite mercy is reflected in a mother's smiles, a mother's tears, a mother's prayers, a mother's love.

"A mother's love
If there be one thing pure,
Where all else besides is sullied,
That can endure
When all things else have passed away,
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,
It is a mother's love."

Not until the tired hands that supported the cares of infancy and ministered to the developing years have been folded forever, not until the tired eyes grown dim and weary with the anxious vigilance of countless hours and endless days and nights that seemed eternal have closed in death do we begin to grasp the depth and tenderness of this mother love.

If Congress, composed of American fathers, husbands, brothers, permits this incident to go unrebuked it will add a passive and cowardly approval of this violation of the most sacred principle of American life. In all the channels of human activity, in all the records of human martyrdom, self-sacrifice and valor the example of woman is unsurpassed by man. We need but mention the loyalty of Artemisia to the memory of Mausolus, the devotion of Margaret Roper to Sir Thomas More, the affection of Eleanor for Edward, the heroism of Lucy Hutchison in the castle of Newark, the daring of Catherine Herman at the siege of Ostend, the fortitude of Lady Russell, the eloquence of Cornelia, the constancy of Madame Lavergne. The discovery of the American continent, on which have been wrought out the elemental problems of representative government, of practical science, and of every form

of progress, the very existence of the American republic, are due primarily to a woman.

MR. PAYNE—Mr. Chairman, I rise to the point of order that the gentleman is not discussing the bill. I dislike to deprive the Democratic party of this new issue, but still I must insist that it is not germane to the discussion of this bill.

THE CHAIRMAN—The point of order is raised, and if it is insisted on the chair will have to rule upon it.

MR. PAYNE—I insist upon it or I should not have made it.

THE CHAIRMAN—The chair is of the opinion, and finds himself sustained by former rulings, that in Committee of the Whole House a member must confine himself to the subject, but it has been universally held that in Commitee of the Whole House on the state of the Union a member need not confine himself to the bill or subject under debate.

MR. PAYNE—I want to say that there are many rulings in that book to the contrary; that members must confine themselves to the bill under discussion, whether in Committee of the Whole House or in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and it has been repeatedly so held.

THE CHAIRMAN—The chair does not find any case in which a member in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union has been required in general debate to confine himself to the bill under discussion.

MR. PAYNE—I have held that myself.

THE CHAIRMAN—The chair will add that, as may be found in paragraph 885 of the Parliamentary Precedents of the House, on February 23, 1849, the question was squarely before the House in Committee

of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and the Chairman, Mr. Hugh White, of New York, "held that, according to the universal usage, when the House was in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union all manner of matter was debated." An appeal was taken and the chair was sustained. There has never been a contrary ruling from that time until the present day.

The chair finds that, according to paragraph 888, the House then being in Committee of the Whole House, not on the state of the Union, the gentleman from New York (Mr. Payne) made a ruling that in that committee members were confined to a discussion of the pending matter. It is, of course, so held in the House; but in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, in general debate, under the unbroken precedents of the last fifty years or more, the ruling has been uniform that all manner of matter may be debated. Of course, there are other ways in which a gentleman having the floor may violate rules and be out of order, but the chair is unable to sustain the point as to germaneness. The point would be good in Committee of the Whole, but not in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union while general debate is in progress.

MR. PAYNE—Under the ruling of the chair the Democratic party will have an opportunity to discuss the new issue they have discovered.

MR. SHEPPARD—But, Mr. Chairman, this is a nonpartisan question. My resolution provides for Republican and Democratic representatives upon the committee. I would favor a majority of Republicans upon that committee. Republicans are American citizens as well as Democrats. There is absolutely no

division, for whether we are Democrats or Republicans we honor women.

MR. PAYNE—Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?

MR. SHEPPARD—Yes, sir.

MR. PAYNE—If the gentleman had as facts what he states in his speech, does he not think it would be better to present them in the police court than in the House of Representatives?

MR. SHEPPARD—No, sir; a discussion of the dignity of the American woman is not out of place in the House of Representatives or anywhere else, and to suggest the police court is to cast a reflection upon the subject. I regret that the gentleman has endeavored to prevent a discussion of this character, a subject on which we all meet with perfect unanimity.

I shall not say very much further on this subject. I said that the every existence of the American republic was due primarily to a woman. If Isabella had not risked her personal fortune in support of the strange, almost fantastic, project of Columbus, no ships would have ever left the Spanish shore. And it is especially fitting that in a country which so largely owes its being and its progress to a woman's courage the love of woman should form the sublimest attribute of its people. The mothers of the race should be the objects of its most unselfish devotion. I trust that my resolution will be adopted.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

SPEECH IN NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 7, 1908, FAVORING REPLACEMENT OF THIS MOTTO ON NATIONAL COINAGE.

(Before the end of the session, during which this speech was delivered, Congress passed an act permanently restoring the motto.)

MR. CHAIRMAN: I rise without partisan feeling or purpose briefly to submit the reasons which prompted me to introduce at the opening of the present session a bill providing that the words, "In God We Trust" should be retained upon the coins of the United States. On recent issues of gold coins designed by the late Augustus St. Gaudens this striking sentence, so expressive of American reverence and faith, has been omitted by order of President Roosevelt. It may be interesting to refer here to the circumstances under which this motto was first inscribed upon our coinage. In November, 1861, when the foundations of the republic were shaking, a Pennsylvania minister warned the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Salmon P. Chase, that if the nation should perish no evidence of the religious faith of its inhabitants would be preserved upon its coins. Impressed by the minister's appeal, the Secretary of the Treasury, affirming that no nation could be strong except in the strength of God or safe except in His defense, and that the trust of the American people in God should be declared on the national coin, requested the director of the mint to prepare a device "with a motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words possible this national recognition." It was discovered that legislation would

be necessary, as the act of January, 1837, prescribed the mottoes and devices for our coins. In April, 1864, in March, 1865, and in February, 1873, Congress enacted laws providing in substance that the words, "In God We Trust" might be inscribed upon such coins as would admit of such motto.

Mr. Chairman, Congress ought not to permit this legend to be stricken from the coinage. The American people are fundamentally a religious people. They are distinguished by a devotion to religious and civil freedom. Perhaps every form of religious thought is represented among us and yet we are one in the recognition of a supreme and all-wise God. The opportunity to worship the omnipotent Father according to the conscience of the individual is the basis of American history, the corner-stone of the American commonwealth. There is an essential relation between God and freedom. Liberty as a permanent prerogative of the people was for all practical purposes an impossible conception before Abraham's proclamation of the one all-seeing God. After this proclamation men who had worshipped kings and idols came soon to realize that the God of the spirit was the only rightful sovereign. They came soon to understand that with the same spiritual Father men were brothers, both here and hereafter. It followed immediately that men were spiritual and political equals, and liberty, equality, fraternity dawned upon the human race. Thus God is the source of liberty and religious freedom the basis of political independence. Voltaire, the scoffer, the satirist, but above all the analyst profound, expressed this truth with evident application to the American republic when raising his withered hands above the grandson of Benjamin Franklin who had besought for the youth the aged philosopher's benedic-

tion, he whispered, "God and liberty." It was the idea of the one God and the resultant conception of human brotherhood that made the Hebrew nation the first self-governing commonwealth. It is of more than human import that the Hebrew commonwealth, embodying the ideas of God and liberty, was the chief example of the American patriots and that the United States, representing in the spirit underlying its institutions the Hebrew nation more closely than does any other country, was the first government since the final destruction of Jerusalem, seventeen hundred years before, under which the Hebrew people were admitted to unrestricted and co-equal citizenship.

The beginnings of the United States were essentially religious, and a divine purpose may be seen in the events which made possible our country and its institutions. Surely there was omnipotent design in the fact that the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the European Reformation took place within the span of a hundred years. The printing press brought the Bible to the people, and they rose from the serfdom of ages to stand before God as untrammeled children; before each other as brothers and as equals. With the Reformation began the movement to free the soul, the brain, the arm of man—a movement which culminated on this hemisphere in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Despotism was assailed, and wars, commotions, persecutions raged through Europe. That this movement might reach fruition in a new world undisturbed by the errors and oppressions of the old, God pointed the frail caravels of Columbus to these virgin shores. It was of more significance than even Columbus dreamed that on landing at Salvador his first act was to kneel upon the soil and dedicate the infant continent to the

King of Kings. Thus under the especial favor of Providence America began. I now propose to show that the finger of God may be traced in every crisis of American history and that the dominant note of American character has been an unfaltering trust in the wisdom and the justice of Omnipotence.

It is worthy of remark that every effort to exploit this country for sordid ends failed utterly; the adventurers in search of gold and notoriety came to grief. On the contrary, the valiant spirits who braved the trackless tides, the storms, the savages, the snows to establish in America a government of the free, who fled religious and political oppression to erect upon these shores the altars of religious and political liberty —the Puritan, the Huguenot, the Catholic, the Quaker, the Walloon, the Waldensian, the Covenanter, the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Dissenter, the Highlander, the Moravian, the Jew; in fact, the hosts of earth's exiled and earth's wronged—flourished here under difficulties so tremendous, such pestilences, famines, massacres, and dissensions, that their preservation and advancement can be attributed to no other source than the God whose worship they came to maintain in its original purity, whose freedom they were to transmit to posterity and eternity. Before commencing each day's work the colonists at Jamestown assembled in the little church to invoke the blessings of Jehovah. "Doubt not," they wrote their friends at home, "God will raise our state and build His church in this excellent clime." When in 1619 the house of burgesses, the first legislative body in America, was established in this colony one of its first resolutions was a recognition of God. When the little congregation of John Robinson in the north of England was driven to Holland to become immortal pilgrims in the cause of liberty and

truth, they were animated by a deathless trust in God. Before landing on Massachusetts soil, after leaving Holland, they paused to compose upon the Mayflower our first written constitution, and they began that remarkable document in the name of God. The first sentence summarizes the doctrines of God and freedom on which American institutions rest. Throughout colonial times the fires of faith and brotherhood were kept ablaze by Higginson, Hooker, Eliot, Mayhew, Williams, Davenport, Fox, Penn, Barclay, Keith, Whitfield, the Wesleys, Edwards, and other champions of an unshackled gospel, an unshackled manhood. They originated the religious revivals which have become so splendid a feature of American life. The first work of the first printing press in America, established in 1630, was a metrical version of the Psalms.

The life of Washington, the buttress of the republic in perilous emergencies, shows instance after instance of divine intervention. One of the most notable of these was his preservation during the slaughter of Braddock's troops on the Monongahela in the French and Indian war. So marvelous was his escape that he at once accredited it to the Almighty. Writing his brother, Augustine, he said: "By the all-powerful dispensation of Providence I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was leveling my companions on every side around me." Indeed, his survival excited universal comment. One of the foremost clergymen of the time, Rev. Samuel Davies, voiced the general opinion when he referred to Washington, in a sermon shortly after Braddock's defeat, as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can not but hope Providence has hitherto preserved

in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

The first Continental Congress, with the assembling of which the revolution morally began, was opened with prayer. On the second day the distinguished body met under the disturbing influence of a rumored bombardment of Boston. Indignation was on every brow, sympathy in every heart. The thirty-fifth Psalm, wherein David recites his wrongs and cries out for the shield and buckler of the Lord, was read by the chaplain with such fervor and such effect that he broke into a thrilling prayer for the colonists and John Adams afterwards expressed the belief that heaven had ordained this passage to be read that morning. When the chaplain concluded there was the silence of death. Then rose Patrick Henry, and, under the impulse of that tremendous moment, exclaimed in part: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." With that sentence, inspired by more than human surroundings, the birth of American citizenship was complete, the germ of the American republic was in flower. During the following year Henry expressed a similar sentiment, when in his memorable address before the Virginia revolutionary convention he said that there was a just God who would raise up friends to fight the battles of the colonists and welcomed liberty or death.

Ethan Allen crowded American history into a single sentence when he demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. On Cambridge Common, the day before Bunker Hill, we see the president of Harvard praying among our troops. The colonists began

the American revolution with prayer, and before the war was over the British, too, had learned to pray. On assuming command of the continental armies, Washington expressed the most unqualified confidence in the Deity. So desperate was the situation at the outset of a struggle between a fledgling nation and one of the foremost powers of the earth, such the destitution, lack of discipline, lack of numbers among the colonials, that Washington wrote a friend in confidence: "We are now left with a good deal less than half-raised regiments and about 5,000 militia. * * * If I shall be able to rise superior to these and many other difficulties which might be enumerated, I shall most religiously believe that the finger of Providence is in it to blind the eyes of our enemies." Can we doubt the partiality of the Creator when we recall the unspeakable suffering, the disparity of strength, the bitter winters, the ragged uniforms, the bloody prints of shoeless feet, the poverty of state and individual, the inherent weakness of government, the treacheries and intrigues through which the patriot cause ascended to victory?

Can we question the especial aid of the Ruler of All Worlds when we see the fog refuse to rise that August morning in 1776 until our army had retreated from almost certain annihilation on Long Island, and then some five years later observe the dawning daylight drive the escaping Cornwallis back to Yorktown and surrender? Can we deny the interposition of Divinity when in the gloomiest hours of the conflict we see the tattered continentals retreat barefooted over frozen roads, crossing, when almost overtaken, the Catawba and the Yadkin, whose waters successively rose to delay their pursuers? Is it strange that after the decisive victory of Yorktown the Continental

Congress immediately proceeded to a church, and, after expressing public thanks to God, proclaimed a day of national thanksgiving, in which the entire country joined most fervently? Is it strange that Washington, on surrendering his commission, deemed it an imperative duty to commend the nation to the continued protection of Omniscience?

As the first act of Columbus on American soil was a recognition of Providence, it was remarkably fitting that nearly three centuries later the first act of the first Congress under the present system was to assemble in a church and there unite in supplication to the Lord of all. In his inaugural address Washington had expressed his gratitude to heaven for the creation of the republic. Before the adjournment of that initial session Congress requested the president to recommend a "day of public thanksgiving and prayer, in acknowledgment of the many signal favors of Almighty God, and especially His affording the people an opportunity peaceably to establish a constitutional government for their safety and happiness." De Tocqueville, the French historian and philosopher, who wrote an accurate analysis of American character, observed after visiting the United States in the first half of the last century: "It never must be forgotten that religion gave birth to Anglo-American society." It is hardly possible to dissociate the miraculous growth of the American republic in population, in territory, in material and spiritual strength, in world influence and importance from the co-operation of an agency more than mortal. Especially is this true when we consider the questions of internal policy which, after threatening the existence of the country for seventy years, were not permanently settled until the altars of a reunited country had been christened in the blood of brothers.

When in the exciting hours of the Clay compromise of 1850 the strife of contending factions was angriest, Benton, his turbulence for once subdued, said, concerning the solution of the pending problem: "It seems to be above human reason. But there is a wisdom above human, and to that we must look." On leaving his home at Springfield in February, 1861, for the assumption of the presidency, when the signs of the storm through which he was to guide the imperiled nation were everywhere apparent, Lincoln voiced the traditional American trust in God when he said to the neighbors who had come to say farewell:

"My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence upon which at all times he relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him. I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive the same divine assistance with which success is certain."

Both sides in the appalling conflict which ensued, leaders and followers alike, Lincoln, Davis, Grant, Lee, McClellan, Jackson, and other mighty figures, exhibited a heroism in march and charge, in camp and cabinet, a devotion to truth as each conceived it, that could have proceeded only from unlimited faith in the Infinite Preserver.

Both sides achieved eternal victories, the one having preserved a nation, the other having defied annihilation and challenged death for its conception of the right. When the assassination of Lincoln in April, 1865, had filled the world with gloom and dread and disturbances more violent than those of

war seemed imminent, we hear the voice of Garfield as he lifts the American flag above the rioters in New York, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." Immediately the country caught the spirit of this appeal and another crisis had been mastered. It was about this time, at the culmination of the period which established the unity and permanency of the republic that Congress, as if by inspiration, ordered the sentence "In God We Trust," a sentence summarizing the history and reflecting the character of the American people, to be inscribed upon the nation's coinage. For more than forty years it has there remained to remind us of our origin and the world of our faith. Who can doubt that its educational and ethical value has been immense? Who will not regret its displacement on certain coins to make way for the Gaudens design, a design which shows on one side a woman in savage head-dress, on the other a Roman eagle in predatory flight—the one side a degradation of woman, the other a eulogy of war?

It is particularly appropriate that the inscription "In God We Trust" should appear upon our national moneys. The coinage of a country is the most concrete and universal evidence of its sovereignty. Is it not fitting that this elemental expression of government should contain a recognition of the power to which the government owes its foundation, its growth, its glory? Again, the coinage is, as a rule, the first and most general token of government with which American children and foreigners seeking our citizenship become familiar. It enters fundamentally into the people's lives and thoughts and hopes. It is the vitalizing element in commerce, society, and government. Bearing the words "In God We Trust," it would sug-

gest to every child and every citizen the genius of American institutions; it would lead every foreigner to study American ideals in the light of a proper philosophy. It is a poor time to remove this motto when economic disaster shrouds the land, when the successful and the rich of yesterday are the suicides and paupers of today. For the reasons enumerated I believe, Mr. Chairman, that the beautiful and stately sentence "In God We Trust," so symbolic of American history, American aspiration, American faith, should be permanently inscribed upon the coinage of the United States. And permit me, sir, to express the firm belief that the eye of God is watching the American fleet as it speeds today through distant seas beneath strange suns and stranger stars, and that if we are destined, contrary to our desires and prayers, to meet in combat the foremost heathen power of the globe, the God of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Lee will again crown the American arms with victory.

A TRIBUTE TO OLD AGE.

DELIVERED IN NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MARCH 22, 1910.

MR. CHAIRMAN, I was very much interested during the early course of this debate in the discussion of the question of old age as applied to clerks in the various departments of the government. While listening to the statements of the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Gillett) in response to inquiries by the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Madden), the gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Gardner), the gentleman from South Dakota (Mr. Martin) and others regarding the advisability of attempting by law to establish an age limit for those who serve the government, it occurred to me that in the noisy onsweep of an intensely material era we were perhaps not sufficiently familiar with the capabilities of age. Indeed, sir, it has become too much a habit in recent years to disregard and put aside our older men and women. The clamor against old age, not only in the departments of the government, but in nearly all the other activities of the world, is senseless and unjust. This fact I hope to demonstrate in the short time now allotted to me. The idea has become too prevalent that after a certain age, by no means advanced, a man's usefulness diminishes as his years increase. A celebrated physician—Doctor Osler—expressed the opinion only a short while ago that the effective work of the world is done between the ages of 25 and 40. A more colossal error could hardly have been made.

The impression has become entirely too general that our older men and women obstruct rather than facilitate the march of civilization. The truth is that

the world owes infinitely more to men above the age of 50, an age ten years beyond the Osler limit, than to men below it. Some two years ago an analysis was made by a scholar of accepted standing, Mr. Newman Dorland, of the lives and achievements of 400 foremost characters of human history. This analysis, to which I am indebted for many of the names I am about to present, showed that nearly 80 per cent of the world's greatest figures closed active lives between the ages of 50 and 80; 35 per cent continuing beyond 70, 22 1-2 per cent beyond 80, 6 per cent beyond 90. Let us consider what has been achieved by men beyond the age of 80. Titian, master of Venetian painting, whose colors reflected the freshness and enthusiasm of a world saluting the return of art, produced many of his most wonderful canvases after 80, painting his famous Battle of Lepanto at the age of 98. Fontenelle, one of the most versatile of men; Cornaro, the disciple of temperance; Pope Leo XIII, John Adams, Theophrastus, strode into the nineties with intellectual vigor unimpaired. Michel Angelo at 89 still held the sky a prisoner in his brush, having executed his Last Judgment, perhaps the most famous single picture in the world, and his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel between 60 and 70. See Von Moltke in full uniform at 88, still the chief of staff of the Prussian army, having crushed France at 72. Hear John Wesley——

MR. KELIHER—May I interrupt the gentleman?

MR. SHEPPARD—In one moment. Hear John Wesley preaching with undiminished eloquence and power almost every day at 88, still directing the great religious movement he had founded, and closing amid unceasing activity at that remarkable age one of the most remarkable careers of his time, having traveled

250,000 miles in an age that knew neither electricity nor steam, delivered 4,000 sermons, composed hundreds of volumes covering almost every phase of literature, earning through his publications $150,000, every cent of which he gave to charity during his life. I now yield most cheerfully to the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Keliher).

MR. KELIHER—I desire to ask the gentleman from Texas if he can tell us how old the Speaker of the House was when he outgeneraled the House recently.

MR. SHEPPARD—He is now nearly 74. Whether the Speaker outgeneraled the House or not on that particular occasion, he is a conspicuous instance of the accomplishments of age, and I shall refer to him later. See Guizot and Hobbes and Landor with active pens at 87. See Talleyrand and Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Newton, and Voltaire, all fruitful in the eighties. See Bancroft, Buffon, and Ranke writing history after 80. See Palmerston, prime minister of England at 81, and John Quincy Adams, stricken in the fullness of his strength on the floor of Congress at the same age. Tennyson's Crossing the Bar, the tenderest death song in our language, was composed at 83, Goethe's Faust at 80. See Gladstone conducting one of his most exciting political campaigns at 80, taking control of a nation and becoming its premier at 83. See Cato learning Greek; Plutarch, Latin; and Socrates, music, all at 80, and tell me no more that the old are no longer capable of high and useful achievement.

But let us proceed. Think of Joseph Jefferson portraying Rip Van Winkle with added effectiveness at 75, or the Irish actor, Macklin, taking part in a performance in England at 99. Think of Browning,

brilliant and complex as ever at 77, or Whittier and Bryant issuing new volumes at 79. Think of Grimm, Laplace, Lamarck, completing tremendous tasks in the neighborhood of 80. Think of Perugino, at 76, painting the walls of a cathedral, or Humboldt deliberately postponing until 76 the best work of his life, his immortal Kosmos, completing it at 90. Think of Galileo discovering the daily and monthly vibrations of the moon at 73. Think of Irving and Lamartine, Hugo and Holmes, Wordsworth and Longfellow, Hallam and Grote, George Buchanan and Samuel Johnson, Kant, Savigny and Littré, all astounding mankind with masterful productions between 70 and 80. Think of Henry Clay, Calhoun, Metternich, Bismarck, Crispi, Thiers, Franklin, Morgan, Reagan, Roberts, Allison, Morrill, Cannon, all towering figures in politics after 70. Think of Commodore Vanderbilt increasing the mileage of his railroads from 120 to 10,000, adding a hundred millions to his fortune between 70 and 88.

Turning to the period from 60 to 70, the list grows still more interesting and comprehensive. To this decade belong the best deductions of Confucius; Bismarck's inauguration of a colonial career for Germany; Pasteur's discovery of a cure for hydrophobia; Monroe's famous doctrine for the protection of the South American republics, the permanent safeguard of a continent's liberties; the third and fourth voyages of Columbus, resulting in the discovery of South America; and many of the brightest deeds of Webster, Beaconsfield, Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Martin Luther. To this period belong many of the world's most splendid paintings. In music some of the rarest fabrics of Wagner, Haydn, Verdi, and Gounod are the fruitage of this period. In general literature, philosophy and science many of the most

imposing performances have been by authors between 60 and 70. Prominent among these we find many of the best compositions of Cervantes, Schopenhauer, Hugo, John Stuart Mill, Berkeley, Mommsen, Voltaire, Ruskin, Emerson and Francis Bacon. Especial mention should be made of Michelet's history of France, Dryden's ode on St. Cecilia's day, Milton's Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes, Edmund Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, and Sir Richard Burton's translation of Arabian Nights, a source of delight to every English-speaking fireside.

Coming now to the deeds of men between 50 and 60 we find many of the most far-reaching of all history. Between 50 and 60 Columbus made his first voyages of American discovery, perhaps the most important single events in human records; Marlborough won Blenheim, Morse invented the telegraph, Richelieu reconstructed France, Caesar corrected the calendar and wrote his commentaries, Cromwell established the protectorate, Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, Bright instituted his reforms; Loyola founded his great society, Jefferson the Democracy; Knox acomplished a great religious revolution; Wyclif and Luther translated the Bible and brought its eternal truths to the hearts and hearths of the English and German masses; Schliemann made his most notable excavations; Hunter gave a fundamental impetus to surgery; Kepler contrived his table of logarithms, Chesterfield his system of social ethics, Hegel and Lotze their systems of philosophy; Leibnitz founded the Academy of Berlin, Penn negotiated his famous treaty with the Indians, Washington became the first president of the United States, Robert E. Lee made the confederate resistance sublime, Herschel in-

vented the reflecting telescope, Canning and Peel performed their most brilliant labors, Burke devised his India bill and secured the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Garibaldi became the ruler of Italy.

Between 50 and 60 Leidy made his most valuable contributions to biology, Cuvier to natural history; Copernicus wrote his treatise on the revolution of celestial bodies, Adam Smith his Wealth of Nations, the foundation of modern political science. Between 50 and 60 Plato and Aristotle gave their principal creations to the world. Between 50 and 60 Kant wrote the Critique of Pure Reason, Bacon the Novum Organum and Locke the Essay on the Human Understanding, each of these three works being veritable pillars of modern learning. Between 50 and 60 were written Bunyan's Holy War and the second part of Pilgrim's Progress, Boswell's Life of Johnson, De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, Dante's Divine Comedy, Milton's Paradise Lost, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the first part of Cervantes's Don Quixote, the second part being written after 60; La Fontaine's Fables, Gulliver's Travels, all treasures that will enrich the literature of the world forever. The average age of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, perhaps the greatest legal tribunal on earth, is nearer 70 than 60, Marshall having concluded his prodigious labors of more than three decades at 80, Taney at 88, Waite at 72, Fuller still presiding over that august body today at 76. It is safe to say that the average age at which all the more than fifty associate justices who have occupied the supreme bench since its organization were still in the full exercise of their functions is nearer 65 than 60.

Such is a partial list of the achievements of men who have passed the half-century mark. Eliminate

these achievements and you would blot out most of the world's advancement. Observe that we are still ten years above the Osler limit of 40. Were we to go still further, and erase the deeds of the "infants" between 40 and 50, we would destroy about all that remains of human progress. We would have to eliminate the printing press of Gutenberg, the discoveries in electricity of Franklin and Galvani, Priestley's discovery of oxygen, the small-pox preventives of Jenner, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi, Bessemer's process for the manufacture of steel, Watt's steam engine, Stephenson's railway, the military feats of Grant and Sherman and Cromwell and Nelson, Blackstone's Commentaries on the Principles of English Law, the services of Washington in the American Revolution. In science, music, art and literature we would wipe out almost all the surviving contributions to human enlightenment; among these the conceptions of Herschel and Von Baer, the compositions of Liszt and Spohr, the creations of Doré and Rubens and Blake, many of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Scott, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, Petrarch, Pope, Dickens, Chateaubriand, Lessing, Spurgeon, Dumas, Milman, Motley and Gray. This incomplete review will show that our older men are by no means to be despised; that we owe to them what is most permanent and uplifting in the civilization of the world. It shows that a man rarely reaches the full fruition of his powers until he enters the forties and the fifties, and that as long as life throbs within his bosom he is capable of service to mankind, that "age is opportunity no less than youth itself."

In the words of Mr. James Q. Howard, one of the most gifted officials in our Congressional Library, him-

self an example of the possibilities of age, a man is as a rule "immature, unripe, callow, vealy, verdant, sappy, bumptious, bat-blind, and grass-green until he reaches the age of 40 years." I repeat that there has been of late too much of a disposition to neglect and disregard the old. I would not deprecate the encouragement of young men and women. They have a high mission to fulfill; but the old need encouragement as well; affection and solicitude are as welcome to their twilight years as to the radiant hours of the young. Beneath gray locks may blaze the fires of genius; perhaps a gentle word may awake in feeble eyes the vision of an eagle. Society in its adulation of mere youth is falling into serious error. Such an attitude is a contradiction of the truth of history, a violation of all the teachings of experience. There are advantages of which age alone may boast. The passions that lashed the early years now lie obedient at the feet of reason. The impulses that stirred the youthful soul to violence and sin are sleeping in the cradle of a mature philosophy. No more does anger break in curses on the lips or envy hiss its shameful whispers. Revenge no longer prompts the uplifted arm; on the venerable countenance there broods prophetic peace.

The weaknesses of men and governments stand out in startling contrast with the ideals experience alone develops and age alone may understand. Contemplation imparts a glory to the furrowed brow as in the silent sunset of a noble life the storms and follies of the world become mere distant echoes. Society must learn again that services of unmeasured value may be rendered by the old. It must learn again that in neglecting the old it is wasting one of its most valuable assets. It is the general complaint of students of human institutions that each generation repeats in

large measure the blunders of former ones, it being evident that if each generation could begin at the exact point in knowledge and experience where the other left off the progress of the world would be wonderfully accelerated. This complaint would have far smaller basis if we but learned to heed and love and glorify our older men and women.

And after all old age is but a fiction; there is no old age of the soul.

"The hands of youth are smooth and beautiful
And round and finely formed and white and cool.

But I have known two old and twisted hands,
With knotted veins and fingers bent with work;
No grace of form is left those wasted frames
Wherein the hidden grace of life doth lurk.

But thin and old and cramped, they on them bear
The marks and signs of those who struggle much;
The patient strength of all the earth is theirs,
And tenderness untold is in their touch.

The hands of youth are smooth and white with ease,
But God hath clasped such twisted hands as these."

O, sir, let the crusade against our older men and women cease. The world needs and heaven consecrates the ripened wisdom of the mellow year.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

ADDRESS BEFORE A LITERARY SOCIETY.

THERE is an attraction in misfortune that at times fascinates men of marked sensibility and makes them martyrs in causes with which they are unconnected by ties of natural affection or by material interest. Some such charm the pale and placid brow, the "mild voice and mournful eyes," of the first Charles Stuart exerted over the impulses, the passions and the destinies of two striking characters—the Marquis of Montrose and the Earl of Strafford. Were another Plutarch to arise he could find no more instructive or pathetic parallel than the lives of these two men who employed their wonderful energies in averting for a season the ruin of the Stuart race—in supporting for a time like human caryatids the tottering Stuart throne—and who died on the block and the gibbet for those who neither appreciated nor understood them.

It is with regard to the former of these, the Marquis of Montrose, that I desire to speak.

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, was born in a seaport town of Forfarshire, Scotland, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The place of his birth is one of the most romantic spots in Scotland. It was the ancestral seat of the family of Montrose. It was on the shore of the German ocean. From this place and across these waters Douglass departed on his fatal pilgrimage with the heart of Bruce. To the northeast was Dundee, consecrated by tradition—the home of Claverhouse. To the southwest was memorable Aberdeen, the scene of Macbeth's expiation, of Donald's death, of Bruce's valor and Murray's triumph. And this triple inspiration of nature, history

and tradition left an impress on the soul of the young Montrose.

He received a liberal education and completed his studies on the continent. Returning home in 1635, the twenty-third year of his age, he found Scotland angered and aroused over the announced intention of Charles the First to establish in that country the English system of Episcopal church government and the English liturgy. When three years later Scotland broke into open hostility Montrose signed the Covenant and took an active part in the suppression of English sympathizers and in the repulsion of the royal army. In 1639 he was one of the covenanting leaders who visited Charles on the border to arrange the treaty of Berwick.

Here he met Charles in person. What passed between them has never been ascertained. But through some strange influence Charles won him. Thereafter Montrose was a devoted supporter of the decaying Stuart cause. In the next year Charles again invaded Scotland, and Montrose, on account of his prominent position among the Covenanters, was compelled to oppose him. But his actions became so suspicious that his loyalty to Scotland and the Covenant was challenged and he was imprisoned for a while by the dominant Presbyterian party. Shortly afterward civil war burst out in England. This war was the culmination of the struggle between the Commons and the Crown which had begun centuries before. Practically all Scotland opposed the Crown. As the contest intensified it became evident that Charles was doomed. In 1644 at Marston Moor his fortunes received a fatal blow.

It was about the middle of this year that Montrose quit his home in Forfarshire, where he had been since

he left the jail, and joined Charles at the royal camp in England. He insisted on being allowed to invade Scotland. Permission was given. Receiving the title of Marquis from Charles he set out with only a thousand men, all of whom deserted before reaching the frontier.

In disguise and with but two companions he made his way to the Highlands. Gathering a few clans that rallied to his summons, and with some Irish who had crossed the sea to aid him, his forces amounting in all to but fourteen hundred men—he began the struggle which has made his name so widely celebrated in the annals of war. With a handful of inexperienced, ill-armed and half-clad followers he swept Scotland like a whirlwind. Unimpeded by the severities of a Scottish winter, traversing almost impassable regions with astonishing rapidity, falling like a thunderbolt upon forces that frequently more than thrice doubled his own, he terrorized and almost mastered Scotland. His achievements are said to have been equaled but twice in subsequent history, by Napoleon at Montenegro and by Jackson in the valley of the Shenandoah.

But each day that augmented his success diminished his resources. After each victory the Highlanders, whose predatory instincts made them impatient beneath the restraint of a regular campaign, retired to the fastnesses of their mountain homes to enjoy the spoils of war. Thus Montrose was finally left with a few Irish, who, on account of the distance of their country, were compelled to remain. Stripped of almost every resource he was forced to abandon the strife and flee for safety to the continent. There his fame preceded him. He was received with praise and adoration, the German emperor conferring upon him the rank of Mareschal of the Empire.

In 1649 Charles the First was executed and in the same year Montrose, made captain-general of Scotland by the young Charles Stuart, collected a few followers and attempted a second invasion of Scotland. Unable to hold his forces together and destitute of supplies he became a fugitive in the land of his birth. While in the disguise of a peasant in the house of a supposed friend he was betrayed. To consummate his humiliation, his captors received word from Charles Stuart treacherously disclaiming knowledge of or connection with his rash invasion.

His captors, bitter and implacable, brought him to Edinburgh. They subjected him to every indignity and condemned him to the gibbet. That he was condemned to die was not surprising. It might have been expected, for at that time defeat meant death and political parties settled controverted issues in pitched battle with bullets for ballots. But the brutality that marked the treatment of the fallen and harmless Montrose was without excuse.

During the morning of the day of his execution a storm of unusual violence was raging over the city, but when the death cart left the prison the thunder slept and the sunlight clothed the last scene of his fateful life with glory. He was carefully toileted and richly clad. His dignified and impressive bearing, his fearless glance, his serenity and his majesty imposed silence on the multitude as it had on the storm. The miscreants who had been hired to stone him felt the missiles drop from their nerveless hands. And so modestly and so bravely did the great Marquis approach his death and martyrdom that the curses of his enemies were turned into prayers, their insults into tears.

"A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder,
As it were the path to heaven."

A TRIBUTE TO BOOKS.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION.

BOOKS are a universal currency coined from the mints of thought in every age and country. Books are the only general means by which we may know and study the habits, customs, ambitions, joys and woes of ages that are past and peoples that are dead. Books are monuments that immortalize alike the glory and despair in every human experience. Books are of far greater service to mankind than all the material achievements of this wonderful time.

The forces of electricity and steam transport us from continent to continent, but they cannot take us to the England of Elizabeth, the Greece of Pericles, or the Rome of Nero. They bring us messages on threads of fire from distant lands, but they cannot bring us messages from the voiceless dead. Through books we may converse with the great of every age. We may with Alexander pass the Indus in his earth-conquering career and weep with him because he could not subjugate the stars. We may accompany Napoleon from Corsica to St. Helena. Caesar will relate the deeds of Gallic wars and we may see death resting like a stricken eagle on his brow as he lies at the base of Pompey's statue. We may stand with Cicero in the Roman forum and watch the thunder on his lips obey the lightning in his eye. Cleopatra will tell us of her love for Antony and Antony will picture Cleopatra's charms for which he flung the crown of half a world away. We may sweep from the forests of the north into the valleys of the south with Attila and Alaric. We may wander with the mighty dead through all the mighty past.

A TRIBUTE TO TEXAS.

ANNUAL BANQUET, TEXAS CLUB, HOTEL PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 21, 1910.

WHEN Cortez, but thirty years after the first voyage of Columbus, vanquished Montezuma and established in Mexico as a part of the Empire of Charles V. the government of New Spain, the Rio Grande was its northern limit. Tales of treasure in the land beyond this river excited the avarice and fancy of the invader. It was whispered that within this region were the seven cities of Cibolo with fabulous riches and enormous populations. Thus, almost one hundred years before the first settlements appeared on the Atlantic shore of North America, while the wildernesses that were to become New York, Virginia and Massachusetts were reposing in the silence of creation's morning, Texas was known as a land of mystery and charm.

When in 1536 Cabeza de Vaca and the other three survivors of the attempted subjugation of Florida, after wandering along the Gulf coast and through Texas, reached Mexico to relate a story of privation the world obtained its first definite information of the country across the Rio Grande. Through a century and a half Coronado, De Soto, Onate, Castillo, Mendoza and others penetrated various portions of the trans-Rio Grande, attaching it to New Spain, but no permanent occupancy was effected. The temporary establishment of a French colony by La Salle in 1685 near Matagorda Bay and the fear of further French aggression aroused the Spaniard to the necessity of locating Spanish settlements in Texas. But a strange paralysis fell on Spanish energy. For the next

130 years, while the other colonies of North America were enjoying rapid growth, Texas was practically unoccupied and undeveloped. Beyond the erection of a few missions, some of which still stand as monuments of neglected opportunity, the Spaniard failed to employ any measure that might have made Texas an integral part of the Spanish empire. So feeble were the colonizing efforts of Spain that when the influx of American citizens into Texas began there were but three small settlements between the Sabine and the Rio Grande—San Antonio, Goliad and Nacogdoches. The failure of Spain successfully to settle Texas for nearly 300 years is one of the most astounding facts in history. Spain had inherited the colonizing instinct from Rome—Rome, whose methods of conquest and settlement had unified the world in a single system of administration. The Spanish emperor traced his scepter to the Caesars. Spain itself had been a Roman province. Its generals and governors had been schooled in Roman practices and methods. The lethargy of Spain in respect to Texas is explainable on no human hypothesis. Destiny kept the Spaniard to the south of the Rio Grande. God preserved Texas for the American citizen, the American Union and the American flag.

The achievement of Mexican independence in 1821 gave great impetus to American settlement in Texas. The conception of the masterful plan of American colonization, its approval by the Mexican government in an hour of domestic turbulence are due to the patience, the courage and the genius of Moses Austin who planted the germ of American institutions in the soil of Texas. The execution of the plan was bequeathed to Stephen Austin, his immortal son, who administered the original and typical colony with such

firmness and fairness as to secure the permanency of American occupation. From the advent of the Austins the history of Texas becomes the Iliad of a race of heroes. Without the labors of the Austins San Jacinto would have been a barren victory. The Texan pioneers came not for gold, for plunder or adventure, but for homes, accepting in good faith the guarantees of the Mexican government for the protection of property and life. They were the sentinels on the outposts of American civilization, the frontiersmen of liberty, and an instinctive appreciation of their position made them great in thought and deed. When tyranny became intolerable they wrested Texas from its grasp, giving to freedom another citadel, to history a new illustration of sacrifice and valor. Again the Teuton faced the Latin in the struggle for world-dominion and Teutoburger forest in San Jacinto found another sequel. The tragedy of the Alamo, the massacre of Goliad are the heritages of eternity. The names of Houston, Travis, Crockett, Bowie, Fannin, Milam and all the others from whose blood a new republic rose will be cherished wherever freedom has a temple or glory a shrine.

The republic of Texas assumed its place among the nations and exercised for a decade the prerogatives of independence. Governed efficiently at home, represented ably abroad, the beginnings of a great civilization were laid. Nurtured in recollections of the heroism with which the autonomy of Texas was achieved, a sense of nationality inseparable from its soil—a patriotism as wide as its boundaries, as lofty as its mountains, as limitless as its plains has been implanted in every Texan and deepening with the years makes the division of our state unthinkable forever. There is one Texas, and but one, today and on

the everlasting morrow of the centuries—the Texas christened in the fires of revolution, cradled in the storms of battle—the Texas of the Red, the Sabine, the Gulf, the Rio Grande—not one inch of whose territory will we ever yield or consent to its mutilation for any purpose that political ambition or sectional intrigue may suggest. After ten years of national existence Texas became a part of the American Union.

The progress of Texas is amazing. Its population has increased from 818,000 in 1870 to 3,050,000 in 1900. It challenges Missouri for fifth place in population among American commonwealths although Missouri became a state a quarter of a century in advance of Texas. In 1840, fifty years after it became a state and after more than two hundred years of permanent settlement, New York had a population of 2,450,000. In 1840, fifty years after it became a state and after more than 175 years of continuous occupancy, Pennsylvania had a population of 1,750,000. In 1900, but little more than fifty years after it became a state and only 85 years after its permanent colonization had begun, Texas had a population of over 3,000,000—being in relative growth practically a century ahead of the two most powerful and populous states of the American Union.

From 1840 to 1900 New York, the first state today in numbers in the Union with the largest city of the western hemisphere—the second city in the world—grew from 2,450,000 to 7,300,000, increasing threefold. From 1840 to 1900 Pennsylvania, the second state today in numbers in the Union, with the third largest city on the continent, the ninth in the world, grew from 1,750,000 to 6,300,000, increasing four-fold. From 1840 to 1900 Illinois, third state today in numbers with the second largest city in the Union—the fifth

in the world—grew from 480,000 to 4,825,000, increasing ten-fold. From 1840 to 1900 Ohio, fourth state today in numbers with several of the largest cities of the country, grew from 1,520,000 to 4,200,000, increasing nearly three-fold. From 1840 to 1900 Texas, without a city of as many as 100,000 people, grew from 212,500 to 3,050,000, increasing nearly fifteen-fold. When it is noted that the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio are the most highly developed regions of the Union, the centers of manufacture, wealth, finance and distribution, with industrial enterprises conducted on prodigious lines, with railroads traversing every section of their respective territories, and that Texas, devoted mainly to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, is in but an elementary stage of economic growth, with less than 25 per cent of its land in cultivation, with a comparatively small portion of its area intersected by railways, the ratio of miles of railway to square miles of territory being but one to twenty-six, although the actual mileage is exceeded by only one or two other states, that in these four leading states the density of population ranges from 86 to 150 to the square mile, while in Texas the proportion is not much more than twelve to the square mile, we begin to grasp the significance of this showing.

But there is more. Texas holds the leadership in cotton, producing one-fourth the crop of the United States and twice as much as any other state. In cattle its supremacy is unquestioned. In 1899 only four states exceeded Texas in the value of its agricultural products and only one in the value of its domestic animals. In both respects Texas is now most probably first or will soon become so. The taxable values of the state have increased from fifty millions in 1850 to two billion and three hundred millions in 1909.

The last few years have seen a general awakening in the state on the subject of diversified farming. The idea of diversification has been exploited to such an extent that northern and eastern buyers are trooping to Texas to compete for its growing output of vegetables and fruits. A public educational system supported by an enormous fund, state, denominational and private colleges of accepted excellence provide intellectual training of the most thorough and progressive nature.

Great, however, as have been the achievements of Texas, they are but whispers of its possibilities. The star of the present fades before the aurora of the future. With an area of 265,000 squares miles, the largest of American states, its potentialities are measureless. It is in economic and commercial infancy. It has barely pronounced the first letter in the alphabet of its progress. Extending through fourteen degrees of longitude and more than ten of latitude, it comprises shore and plain and mountain, the three representative inhabitancies of man. Almost every people of importance in the world may find Texas a reproduction of their native land. Its climate varying from temperate to sub-tropic, adjusted to the gradual elevation from the Gulf line to the scarp of the Llano Estacado and the summits of the trans-Pecos, gives health to the citizen and luxury to the soil.

Practically every crop of benefit to man may be grown in Texas. Practically every variety of productive soil lies within its boundaries. It may easily duplicate the cotton, oat, the corn and wheat yields of the Union. Cotton may be produced in almost every portion of its domain. The Llano Estacado, described till recently in the geographies as the great American Desert and popularly supposed to be a waste of sand,

is a region of unquestioned fertility. The Gulf coast will ultimately be devoted to rice and fruit and a large section of East Texas to the production of tobacco of the finest Cuban aroma. The soil of the Brazos Valley, an alluvial deposit some 300 miles in length, perhaps the richest of the river basins of the state, all of which have an exhaustless fecundity, reaches a depth of 50 feet as it approaches the Gulf. In the Red River Valley, where grows a cotton with fiber of such special quality as always to command a distinctly higher price than the ordinary staple, are six contiguous counties, by no means completely settled, remote from extensive markets, whose farm tonnage already exceeds that of any similar area in the country, except in some four or five of the older states, where large cities create an exceptional demand for truckage and stimulate intensive farming.

In minerals as well as agricultural products Texas possesses a limitless supply. In the mountains of the trans-Pecos gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, graphite, mica, asbestos, manganese and kindred ores are known to exist. Many of these metals are also found in the central mineral region of Llano, Mason and adjoining counties. Extending from the Brazos to the Red are immense beds of clay impregnated with copper assaying in some localities from one to four per cent. The iron ore deposits of east Texas, from which gun barrels and other munitions of war for the confederate service and the ornaments for the pillars of the Texas capitol were made, contain limitless masses of the metal on which modern progress is builded. In the Llano region are Bessemer ores of surpassing grade. Large beds of asphalt lie in Anderson, Montague, Uvalde and other counties. Clays for building brick, paving

brick, earthenware, stone ware, tiling, and for porcelain of the most delicate composition are widely distributed. Salt is found abundantly in different portions of the state. The oil of Beaumont and Corsicana is justly famous. The Fayette sandstone, the shell limestone of Austin, the marbles, granites, porphyries, the lustrous serpentines and other ornamental stones of Llano, Burnet, San Saba and the trans-Pecos rival in beauty and utility the quarries of Vermont and Cairo, the brocatelle of the Pyrenees, the Numidian of Algeria, the carrara that prisons the skies of Italy.

Such is a partial review of the elementary resources of the state. The plentitude of raw material is apparent. One commodity I have omitted until now in order to emphasize the fact of its abounding existence. It supplies the one remaining element necessary to industrial development, the element of fuel. In this respect, as in all others, Texas is infinitely provided. The coal fields of the state are divided into the three bituminous basins of north central Texas, of Eagle Pass, and of Presidio county, while the brown coal and the lignite extend from Red River east of the prairies across the state to the Rio Grande, a distance of over 400 miles. It is reliably estimated that the north central bituminous field contains a thousand square miles of workable deposits, "each of which is underlaid by 2,500,000 tons of coal." The extent of the brown coal and the lignite is almost beyond computation. The bituminous coal is an excellent fuel, and it has been shown by actual demonstration that the Texas brown coal is equal to the celebrated brown coals of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary and similarly adaptable for all household and industrial purposes. It should be added that the coal

fields are so widely distributed as to make possible the industrial development of those sections of the state least susceptible to agriculture. Manufacturing has already begun in Texas, the value of the total product in 1905 being nearly two hundred millions.

It is evident, therefore, that Texas is entirely able to support the needs, supply the wants, and occupy the energies of as large a population as it may be practicable to assemble within its boundaries. With a population as dense as that of Rhode Island today Texas would have one hundred and four million people—one-fifth more than are in the United States at the present time. With a population as dense as is that of New York today Texas would have over thirty-nine million people—as that of Pennsylvania over thirty-six million—as that of Ohio over twenty-six million—as that of Illinois over twenty-two million. It is perhaps not extravagant to assert that within the life of existing generations Texas will send rice to China, porcelain to Japan, marble to Italy, dressed meats to Chicago, flour to Minneapolis, cloth to Massachusetts and presidents to Washington.

No lovelier land, no grander conformation was ever penciled by the sunlight and the rain. From the foot of the Balcones the San Antonio river leaps full-born. The fountains of Del Rio and San Marcos surpass Egeria and Bandusia. The porphyried turrets beyond the Pecos, the crest of the Sierra Diablo, resembling the acropolis of some forgotten Athens, outrival the Etna of Sicily, the Ymesfield of Norway, the Ben Nevis of Scotland, the Snowdon of Wales. The impassive array of granite highlands, lordly plateaus, the Cambrian cliffs, the sweeping solitudes of the Paloduro Canyon, the melody of the Silver Falls, the rugged

mystery of the Wild Rose Pass content the longings for sublimity.

Two hundred miles or more below El Paso the Rio Grande presents "one of the most remarkable features on the face of the globe, that of a river traversing at an oblique angle a chain of lofty mountains and making through these on a gigantic scale what is called in Spanish America a canyon, that is, a river hemmed in by vertical walls."

Midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, almost equally distant from the equator and the arctic circle, Texas is the proper center of immigration, commerce and production, the heart of a continent, the throne of a hemisphere. From Rome it has inherited through the Spanish domination many features of the classic system of law and jurisprudence. From its Anglo-American traditions and affiliations it has derived the patriotism, the justice, the domestic virtues, the independence, the self-government of the Teutonic race. Thus the Latin and the Teuton, after the wanderings of centuries, have met within its borders to construct the highest civilization yet achieved. Nature has dowried its titanic youth with every climate, every commodity and every soil. Valor consecrates its annals, grandeur robes its natural environment, justice illuminates its institutions. The Panama Canal will connect it with all markets and all peoples, making it the intermediary of the earth. Occupying a favorable position on the highway of the nations, the convergent point for migration and for trade, its happy millions typifying the supreme development of education, industry, science, fraternity, devotion to country and to God—fact and prophecy point alike to one result. When the Gulf of Mexico shall repeat in wider radiance the ancient glory of the

Mediterranean and keels and flags from every sea adorn its waters, Texas, the new Venetia, will take a leading part in the earth's development.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE STATE EPWORTH LEAGUE OF TEXAS.

PERHAPS the most fundamental, the most significant, the most universal condition of human existence is described in the term "citizenship." It is at once the most ancient and most modern mark of civilization. The moment mankind coalesced or divided, as the case may have been, into societies sufficiently organized to have made possible the establishment of definite and permanent relations between the societies and the individuals composing them, the sum of these relations constituted a primitive citizenship. It is entirely conceivable that rude but distinct forms of citizenship united peoples long before they occupied definite territories or developed permanent systems of government. Whatever ties connected the first human groups, whether the necessity for defense or the ambition for plunder, whether the desire for a peaceful development or the yearning for a warlike destiny, the duties and relations which preserved and perpetuated such associations comprised the first elements of citizenship. The exercise of these duties and relations resulted in the creation of determinate institutions. The progress of mankind has been reflected in the rise and fall of institutions. Governments, armies, navies, colleges, altars, temples, parliaments, social, commercial and religious organizations, states, colonies, provinces and empires have expressed the co-operative impulse which inaugurated society. Now institutions must be distinguished from the power which creates them. The impulse, the attitude, the relation-

ship which produce institutions are the basic components, the inherent factors of citizenship. Citizenship, therefore, is not in itself an institution, but the source of institutions. It is the relation which lies at the very beginning of society and permeates its foundations in every age.

But the relation of citizenship applies not alone to society as a whole; it reaches directly or indirectly, actually or potentially, every individual in every period. The people as a whole have always been the ultimate arbiters of history, the final source of power. The function of citizenship has remained their basic and universal weapon. Often the people have failed or refused to exercise this capacity. Often it has remained unused so long as almost to be forgotten. Often the people have acquiesced in despotism; often they have consented to their own humiliation. But there has never been an hour in all history in which the people could not immediately have become the rulers of society. They had but to rise and strike. The knowledge of this slumbering power has made tyrants tremble on thrones that seemed eternal. In exact proportion as this function has been employed for the promotion of human welfare the world has grown in happiness, in prosperity and liberty.

Much of the unhappiness, the oppression and the crime in the history of society has been due to the failure to distinguish between citizenship and existing institutions, to recognize citizenship as a function of the individual and institutions as the result of a particular exercise of that function, to grasp the idea of citizenship as the creator and all human institutions the creation. The application of this distinction to human affairs insures perfect freedom. It makes systems and institutions, offices, solemnities, ceremonies,

precedents dependent solely upon the popular view of their righteousness and usefulness. It makes man the central figure and all forms and institutions subordinate and secondary. It makes the will of the people the dominant influence in society. Self-government and equality before the law are its necessary accompaniments. We see at once that the proper exercise of this function requires in the individual the noblest qualifications. The creation and the control of institutions involve the destinies of the race. In registering his will at the ballot box the individual shares in a sense the prerogatives of divinity. The creation of man and earth was the work of God. The enactment of laws and the establishment of institutions which shape and govern the life of man and the fate of the nations of the earth are a logical continuation of that work.

Human happiness may be measured principally by the degree in which the populations of earth have embodied in their institutions the true character and the proper conception of citizenship. We have seen that the ideal capacity of citizenship is the control of human affairs by the individual as a co-equal member of a self-governing society, that citizenship is the function through which the masses wield the powers of government and mould the institutions of economic and political life. We have seen that at any moment the people may through a concerted and appropriate exercise of this function assume control of their own destinies. The innumerable tragedies of history may be ascribed to the failure of the individual through ignorance, through neglect, through inherent perversities and ignoble passions to utilize this sacred capacity for the welfare of himself and the state. The control of institutions, the formation of governmental

systems to meet the changing needs of changing ages, the varying emergencies of human development—these, the necessary attributes of an untrammeled citizenship, involve, I repeat, the extension and continuance of the initial labors of God in summoning the earth from the elemental shadows. For this reason the human intelligence alone is incapable both of the due appreciation and the permanent exercise of the prerogatives of government. For this reason no society of the crudest form has ever existed in which the idea of God was not operative in some fundamental way. Citizenship is essentially a creative function. Creativeness is a quality of God, not man. Consequently there can be no society and no citizenship disassociated from the idea of God.

To the idea of a God, to the doctrine of immortality and to the beliefs and principles emanating from both, all governments have looked and must continue to look for the basis of loyal citizenship and obedience to law. The observation of Plutarch is as true today as it was when first uttered over 1,900 years ago—"You may travel all the world and you may find cities without walls, without king, without mint, without theater, without gymnasium, but you will nowhere find a city without a God, without prayer, without oracle, without sacrifice. Sooner may a city stand without foundations than a state without belief in God. This is the bond of all society, the pillar of all education."

Let us observe here that while the idea of a God and the practice of religion were necessary factors in the organization and progress of every people and every nation from the beginning of history, by no means does it follow that these ancient beliefs rested on a true conception of deity. In fact the early religions of the world were almost wholly materialistic and

represented but dimly and imperfectly the impulse which was the universal basis of society and citizenship. They were pantheisms which deified the forces of nature, the traits and functions of men, yea, the attributes of the state itself. They had a basis essentially physical, essentially human, and reflected in idolatrous rites, festivities and numberless deities the history and characteristics of the various races and nations. Desires and lusts and vices were typified by a vitiated pagan fancy in particular deities. These pagan creeds were fundamentally united with the life of the state and invested the state, its ruling classes and its institutions with a solemnity that made it impossible for the people to understand or to exercise the proper functions of citizenship. When the world had been consolidated under the Roman empire each nation sent to Rome its conquered gods to be ranged in the pantheon with the deities of the omnipotent republic, and humanity, saddened and disenchanted by the motley array, sank into the abysses of moral decay, spiritual death and political serfdom. On account of the apparent eternity and invincibility of Rome its state religion was reverently observed by every Roman and imposed on all mankind. The emperor as the embodiment of Roman authority and power was exalted to the station of a god and became an object of universal worship. The spectacle of a monster gorged with blood and lust and gluttony—a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Claudius or a Nero, parading as a god aroused a skeptical disgust that added to the darkness of the time. The old, national creeds had lost their pristine vitality. The human element in religion and government, based in the beginning on foundations of faith and liberty, however pure, had degenerated, as it always will, into mere man-worship, grossest materialism and universal tyranny.

It is necessary to an accurate discussion of the subject now to advert to the one nation which in the earliest stages of social development became the messenger of the true and living God. Of all the nations of the primal eras and of the eras intervening before the rise of Christianity the Hebrew commonwealth alone nurtured the proper conception of divinity. In fact, the Hebrew commonwealth exemplified for centuries every element and every ornament of what I shall later describe as Christian citizenship except the principle of universal love which found peculiar and unequaled illustration in the life of Christ. The lack of this crowning element was recognized in Judaic literature and teaching and Hebraic prophecy pointed to Christ as the fulfillment of the law. Yet such was the worship of the law into which the doctrines of the spirit had crystalized that the entire political and social life of Israel succumbed to the sway of an unbending formalism. The citizen was entirely subject to the institutions and ceremonies of the law; to have suggested their abolition or alteration would have been regarded as blasphemy. Thus religion and government in the only nation that had known the worship of the true and eternal God became so inseparably associated that the function of citizenship as a creative, political authority became impossible not only of exercise, but almost of conception. Thus the initial commonwealth of history, the chosen medium of the real and omnipotent God, fell finally into a despotism as hopeless and as cruel as that of any pagan country. The human desire for power and display had polluted the spiritual currents that Abraham had smitten from the very throne of God—yea, had diverted them into the wastes of vapid ceremony. Such was the condi-

tion of Israel when with the other nations of the world it fell beneath the sway of Rome.

It is impossible not to see a divine purpose in the fact that Christianity and the Roman empire began at the same time. In the Roman supremacy human power reached a height it will probably never again attain. For the first time the world was under a permanent and universal political dominion. It was an age of material splendor on a world-encompassing, a world-astounding scale. It was the apotheosis of the flesh. Citizenship was an empty caricature, liberty a myth, religion a chaos. The restraint of early beliefs had disappeared. The worship of the emperor as the representative of Roman might was the only universal creed. Without faith, without hope, without consolation, without tenderness men confronted the problems of existence with rankest superstition, with absolute atheism, or with the rites and teachings of myriads of grotesque and brutal cults. The populace found its chief delight in actual murder on the stage or in the mangling of men and beasts in the arena. The luxury of the few and the poverty of the many presented an appalling antithesis.

"On that hard pagan world disgust
  And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
  Made human life a hell.
In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
  The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad in furious guise
  Along the Appian Way;
He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
  And crowned his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker past
  The impracticable hours."

In such a period Christ lived and taught and died.

In such a period Christ illustrated the supreme conception of brotherhood and love. What a contrast between Christ and Augustus, between Paul and Tiberius, between Peter and Caligula, between James and Nero, between John and Domitian! It requires but little effort to observe that God utilized the most dramatic period of human history for this contrast in order that the world might have an eternal picture, an everlasting type of the endless conflict between the world and the church, between the flesh and the spirit, between anti-Christ and Christ. Now, what was the chief significance of the life of Christ and what was its relation to the function of citizenship which as a directing power in human affairs had become with liberty and with faith absolutely moribund? In order to understand the meaning of that wonderful existence it is necessary briefly to review it.

We see the people and the priests assemble for the morning sacrifice in Jerusalem. We see Zacharias before the altar among the splendors of the temple. We see his paling cheek, his speechless lips, as an angel flashes before him to announce that there shall be born to Elizabeth the forerunner of the son of God. We see that angel reappear in Nazareth on a hill in Galilee and an humble home grow radiant with the sacred presence as Mary, the betrothed of Joseph, hears the message of a motherhood that shall transform humanity. How significant this beginning! What a commentary on privilege and rank and power; what a demonstration of the inherent dignity of man, one of the primary elements of true citizenship! The ambassador of God forsakes the palatial city to find among the plain and unassuming people of a country village the mother of the monarch of eternity. If the heavenly messenger pauses among the mighty it is but to choose

the herald of the prince of peace. We observe the virgin mother seek Elizabeth and we hear the salutation with which the mother of the unborn harbinger greets the mother of the unborn Lord. We hear the responding hymn of Mary, her first homage to the child divine. We see Joseph rise from the dream in which the marvelous story was to him unfolded and welcome Mary to his heart and home. We hear the paeans of thanksgiving on the reanimate tongue of Zacharias as he salutes the birth of John. We see the heights of Bethlehem; the streets are thronged—the Roman enrollment is in progress. Joseph and Mary, compelled by law to report at this ancient seat of their common ancestor, David, arrive to find no place to lodge. Clad in coarse and simple garb, weary with the journey of three winter days from Galilee along the Jordan and by the fords of Jericho the humble workman and his wife wander unnoticed among the crowds and rejoice to discover a stable wherein rest and quiet may be found. Does it not occur to us that Mary in this humble abode is an infinitely grander figure than Zenobia in the palaces of Palmyra and that this incident glorifies for all time the humblest homes, the poorest habitations of men? Do we not gain an additional insight into the significance of Christian citizenship as the mother of the Redeemer sinks gratefully on a bed of straw and the most memorable night in the history of the world begins? The heavens glisten and sleep, not Rome, is master of the earth.

The castle of Herod looms above the foliage of the almond groves. Eastward rolls the sea of judgment; westward gleams the road to Hebron. Little does Augustus in the far, imperial city dream that in a Judean manger is about to appear a ruler whose empire will live when all the governments of earth have per-

ished. Suddenly the skies above the outlying fields send down an Amazon of light and before the astounded shepherds stands a seraph who proclaims the advent of the Son of God. The empyrean is ablaze and from ethereal hosts burst harmonies that men on earth may never hear again. These melodies kings did not hear; they were poured upon the lowly laborers of the plains who followed the guiding ray until it rested at Immanuel's feet. What a tribute to the doctrine of equality, another element of Christian citizenship! The Savior of the world was born among the masses of the people in a lowly abode. He was not born among the powerful and the proud. His birth was announced by angels to the plain laborers of the Judean fields; it was not trumpeted from the palaces of Jerusalem and Rome.

We see the holy family in the temple at Jerusalem bringing the offering of the poor for the ceremonies of purification and redemption. We see Mary by the great Nicanor Gate waiting with the child for the benediction of the sanctuary. We see the clouds of incense, we hear the songs of Simeon and Anna as they alone perceive the true character of the mighty babe. We see the sages of the east directed by a strange conjunction of the planets enter the court of Herod to inquire where the Messiah may be found. With consternation on his brow and murder in his soul the bloody Herod begins a search for the infant Savior. The sages, having visited the lowly home at Bethlehem and having worshipped at the cradle of the King of Life, laying before Him gifts of gold in expression of His royalty, of myrrh in expression of His humanity and of incense in expression of His divinity, return into their own country by another way. We see the slaughter of the innocents, the flight of Joseph, Mary

and the Child to Egypt. We see the life of Herod close in shadow, the slow agony of disease, the memory of countless crimes, the dread of the living and the recollection of the dead, converting his palace into a chamber of horror. We see the return to Nazareth, the early years in which the wondrous Child increased in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man. We see Him in the temple at the age of twelve debating the deepest problems with the foremost expounders of the law. We see Him adopt the calling of Joseph and as a carpenter in that Galilean village devote His life to humble toil. For eighteen years He follows that obscure avocation contented with the barest necessities, the simplest, purest habits, a stranger to luxury, power and renown. What an illustration of one of the elementary factors of Christian citizenship, the glory of toil! The Son of God chose the lot of the poor. In obscurity and poverty, in the sweat of hands and brow, He made the preparation for those final years whose teachings and achievements go thundering athwart the front of time.

We hear the voice of John proclaiming the new kingdom and urging repentance on the world, of John who had forsaken the splendid home of his birth, and after a long period of self-banishment and denial emerged from the solitudes of nature to denounce the sins of earth and herald the approaching Christ, of

> "John than which man a sadder or a greater
> Not till this day has been of woman born;
> John like some iron peak by the Creator
> Fired with the red glow of the rushing morn."

We see the baptism in the Jordan, the descent of the dove, the spiritual coronation. We hear God's recognition of the beloved son. We hear the tempters' pleas,

the triumphant answers. We see Him gathering His disciples from the lowly. We behold the marriage feast at Cana. We see the water blush to wine and we observe that He selects this humble peasant wedding as the scene of His initial miracle. We see the beginning of His earthly ministry at Capernaum. We see Him revisit the temple at Jerusalem to scourge the money-changers from its colonnades. We see Nicodemus leave his lofty station to learn from the Galilean the lesson of regeneration. We see John a wasted prisoner in a gloomy fortress on the Dead Sea's barren shore. We see the departure of Christ for Galilee; we hear the memorable announcement to the woman of Samaria. We see Him in the synagogue at Nazareth, His text Isaiah's prophecy. We hear His proclamation that He is Himself the Messiah whom Isaiah had foretold. We hear the angry tumult of the doubting congregation who refuse to believe that this humble carpenter they have known so long is the Deliverer for whom they have hoped through centuries. We see Him dragged with murderous intention to the mountain's brow; we see Him pass in majesty and mystery out of the disordered ranks unharmed. We see Him call back to life and earth the courtier's dying son. We see Him drive the terror from the madman's soul, the fever from the house of Simon. We see the stricken myriads gather to receive His healing touch at sunset until

> "A lazar-house it seemed; wherein were laid
> Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
> Of ghastly spasm and racking torture, qualms
> Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
> Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
> And moonstruck madness."

We hear Him preaching at the water's side; we see

Him fill the empty nets. We see the apostolic bands completed; we hear the sermon on the mount, the beatitudes that compose the basis and the fountain of a flawless citizenship. We see the leper cleansed, the servant of the centurion restored. We see the widow's child rise at His bidding from the dead; we hear the message from the prison-tortured John. We see the tears of Mary Magdalene falling like silver rain upon His feet at the banquet of the Pharisee; we hear the tender words: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." We see Him as He walks in Galilee instructing the multitude with parable, with precept and with miracle, whispering silence to the storm and revivifying death. We see Him reclaim the Bethesdan paralytic; we hear the envious questionings, the wrathful mutterings from lofty places which he knows to be the foretokening of persecution and destruction. We hear the revelry in the palace of Antipas, the drunken promise, Salome's demand. We see the severed head of John, its livid features frowning on a scene of shame. We see the Master feeding the five thousand and walking on the warring waves. We see the journey into Tyre and Sidon after the news of John's dark fate, the deeds of sympathy among the heathen. We hear His foreshadowings of His death and resurrection on the road to Philippi. We see the glory of the transfiguration. We hear Him speaking as man never spake at the feast of the tabernacles. We see the restoration of the beggar's sight, the ordainment of the seventy, the sad farewell to Galilee. We see the journey into Perea, the works of wonder and of love accompanied by teachings of eternal import. We see Lazarus ascending from the tomb, the meeting at the house of Caiaphas whence issues the decree of death, the removal to Ephraim. We see Bartimaeus lift his dazzled eyes

from darkness into day; we hear Zaccheus renounce the fruits of sin. We see the anointment from the vase of alabaster, the dark bargaining of the traitorous apostle. We hear the lamentations on the Mount of Olives; we see the day of triumph in the temple. We hear the luminous declarations with which he confutes the shrewdest sophistry of man. We hear the lawyer asking: "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" Then comes the marvelous reply: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Thus Christ announces the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, making love of God and man the pre-eminent duty of the human race. Thus Christ sounds the dominant note of Christian citizenship.

We hear the denunciation of earth's perversity and guilt, the prophecy of woe. We hear Him praise the widow's mite. We see Him lift the horizons of time and interpret future history. We see the payment of the price of treachery. We see the last supper; we hear the final discourse in which is given the new commandment, "Love one another," a supreme expression of Christian citizenship.

We see the agony of Gethsemane, the betraying kiss, the flight of every follower, the unresisted seizure. We see the midnight trials in the courts of Annas and of Caiaphas, we hear the blows and curses of the guards. We hear the repudiation by the bravest of the disciples, the judgment of the Sanhedrim, the taunts and insults of the crowd. We see the acquittals in the palaces of Pilate and of Herod,

the craven surrender of the godly martyr by the former to the mob. We hear the sickening rhythm of the lash; we see the crown of pain, the derisive worship of the degraded soldiery. We hear the fatal sentence, the formula of death. We see the shameful procession from the Praetorium to Golgotha; we hear the wailings of the daughters of Jerusalem. We see the torture of the cross; we hear the quivering accents of forgiving love and interceding prayer, the last sigh of departing life amid the gloom and shock of universal storm. We see the women at the sepulcher, the reappearances on earth, the passing of the forty days, the ascension into the clouds.

From that time forward charity and love became the guiding principles of humanity. From that time forward the inner virtues began to tower over rank and pomp, mercy over might, and pity over pride. From that time forward the human heart began to soften into an infinite tenderness under the example of the infinite compassion of omnipotence. From that time forward the world's ideals began to change. To wield the scepter; to hold dominion over millions; to conquer cities; to lead triumphant armies over myriads of bleeding dead; to accumulate riches; to wallow in boastful luxury had been the culminating marks of greatness. But after the ministrations of Christ among the lowliest of earth the crowning ambitions and occupations of mankind began to find expression in the relief of pain, the succor of the unfortunate, the protection of the weak, the defense of human rights, the preservation of freedom, the establishment of equality and brotherhood. The world had but a dim conception of equality before the death of Christ for every man regardless of earthly station and condition gave every life a dignity distinct, a new and higher meaning. His

life was an immortal song of brotherhood, a harmony divine, whose strains, beginning feebly in the caves and rocks where early Christians fled for worship, trembling on the lips of martyrs as their bodies flamed above the revelry of the Caesars, rising from the shores and seas and beating against the palace and the court until the pagan heart was changed, whispering its melodies in the barbarian's forest home, animating the crusades and awakening in the modern world the spirit of liberty, stirred the soul of France with the metric thunder of the Marseillaise and aroused American patriotism with the hymn—

"My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

We have seen that citizenship is the true source of human institutions, that it makes the individual citizen a co-equal ruler of society and confers upon him a supreme and an inherent dignity. We have seen that before the advent of Christianity the world completely failed to appreciate the importance of the individual life as the basis of an ideal citizenship. We have seen that the elementary religions of the world, even the worship of the living God, became the buttresses of tyranny. Such were the perversities, such the imperfections of the human nature, the human love of power, ostentation, conquest and all the glittering paraphernalia of display and sin that the idea of the fundamental and equal value of every human life on which rests unrestricted citizenship and universal freedom was entirely beyond the comprehension of man. It required the unspeakable love, the tender ministration, the broken body and the dripping blood of Jesus Christ to redeem society and to establish a proper con-

ception of citizenship. When the world saw the lowly Galilean parentage, the birth in the cave, the life in the shop, the gathering of the disciples from the poor, the healing and uplifting of every condition and every class, the forgiveness of sin through penitence and faith, the announcement of love and brotherhood as the crown of law, the torn hands, the lacerated side, the death-dew on the shuddering lip and brow, the writhing hours of insulted agony, the supreme sacrifice for every individual soul, it began to understand the importance and the dignity of every individual life. The love of Christ for all mankind as exemplified in His deeds and death gave every human life the consequence and the distinction it must possess to make possible a perfect citizenship. Thus Christian citizenship is the ideal citizenship. Paul summarizes the teachings of Christ, the meaning of His life and the essence of Christian citizenship in Galatians 5-13: "For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty as an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve ye one another."

Christ permitted no political significance to be connected with His teachings. This does not mean, however, that His doctrines were without political influence. Indeed Christ's exhortation and example transformed the political, the social, the intellectual and religious world. He wrought the most profound and universal revolution human affairs have ever known. He is the fundamental figure of all history. He transformed the human heart and empires yielded, despotisms fell. Today the freest and most progressive nations are those whose peoples follow Him. Our own country owes its greatness to the ideas of individual equality, of liberty under law, of brotherhood and love His life elucidated. As long as American citi-

zens keep within their hearts the image and the memory of His racked and mangled body the American nation will grow in prosperity, in happiness, in righteous power.

Not only has Christian citizenship brought happiness and freedom to individuals and nations, but the Christian influence is developing a world-citizenship and hastening the advent of universal peace. We owe to the Christian impulse the law of nations and the gradual advance toward international arbitration. Before the Christian era these ideas were unknown. There were instances of arbitration between certain cities and communities in early Greece, but they were confined to the Hellenic people. In 1603 Sully proposed his celebrated "Grand Design," dividing Europe into fifteen states and establishing a General Council to which all differences were to be submitted. A century later the Abbé St. Pierre projected a General League of Christendom. In 1789 Jeremy Bentham advocated a general congress of nations and Immanuel Kant in 1795 suggested a federation of free states. Within the last century over thirty international congresses have assembled to consider questions of mutual concern. Among the most important of these may be noted the Geneva Congress of 1864 which founded the International Red Cross Society; the Congress of Brussels of 1874 which revised and modified the laws of war; the various meetings of the Universal Postal Congress attended by delegates from almost every nation on the globe; the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 which provided for the creation of the first permanent court of arbitration in history. The Interparliamentary Union, a body composed of delegates from practically every national legislature in the world, is holding annual convocations and contributing materially to the

cause of arbitration and peace. It has remained for two of the lesser nations of the earth to give mankind the most beautiful example of all time. In 1900 the adjoining republics of Chile and Argentina were on the brink of war. In the endeavor to calm the passions of the hour and to arrest the crimson tide Bishop Benavente of Argentina in a memorable appeal on Easter Sunday pointed the angry peoples to the example of the Galilean and urged the erection of a statue of Christ on the frontier uniting the two countries. The appeal was not in vain. It was agreed to submit the dispute to arbitration and Edward of England was requested to officiate as arbiter. Both countries accepted his decision without complaint. The effect of this peaceful solution of a question which would ordinarily have plunged the disputing nations into bloody conflict was magical. Both republics began to disarm, Chile converting her arsenals into schools, devoting the millions commonly expended for battleships to the construction of roads and bridges and other monuments of peaceful progress. In celebration of the happy event both countries joined in the erection of a colossal statue of Christ on the loftiest summit of the mutual boundary line that traverses the crest of the Andes. The statue was made of bronze and melted cannon. Inspiring thought! The engines of destruction were dismantled and moulded into the features of the King of Peace. With one hand supporting the cross, the other pointing Chile, Argentina and the world to the everlasting heavens as if pleading for the time when war and hate shall cease forever, stands the Christ of the Andes on the mountains that divide the lands where now the melodies of peace supplant the martial cry. On the pedestal the inscription reads: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than

Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain." God hasten the breaking of the day when on the boundary of every nation of the globe a similar figure shall lift its warning finger to teach eternal love, unchanging brotherhood and everlasting peace!

"What gleams so bright on the mountain-top
In the rising and setting sun?
What happy song do the rivers shout,
As down the mountains they run?

They are singing, 'The beautiful feet have come
Of Him who publisheth peace;
Who saith to the lands, the good God reigns,
And the hell of war shall cease!'

The angels' song in the skies of old
At last is echoed of men;
The beautiful feet have come, have come—
Christ, go not back again!

Nor linger there on the mountain-tops;
Come down to the plain, the shore,
To the noisy marts, to the plotting kings—
Wander the wide earth o'er!

Press into the heart of the warring folk,
The nations from hate release!
Press into our hearts, O, feet of Christ,
And bring the world to thy Peace!"

EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.

DELIVERED IN NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 22, 1911.

MR. CHAIRMAN—A year ago today the gentleman from Minnesota (Mr. Nye) delivered an eloquent eulogy on the life and deeds of Washington. On this, another anniversary of Washington's birth, I rise for a similar purpose. I trust it will become a custom for some member of the House to deliver on each succeeding anniversary a tribute to his memory.

How soon are men and all the memories of men engulfed beneath the flood of years, their voices stifled in the torrent of time. To few indeed of all the multitudes that have lived and loved and hoped and vanished has it been given to surmount the tide. But there is one among the company of the great so enduring that his character retains its identity unobscured, its radiance undimmed, and points posterity to ideals of thought and conduct that will never be excelled. That character is Washington's. In strength of moral fiber, in firmness of purpose, in modesty and dignity of bearing, in freedom from personal ambition, in courage that disaster could but emphasize, in judgment, in beneficence of example, and in the influence of his achievements on the progress of humanity he stands unsurpassed. He belongs to the illustrious group that has aided to construct governments and societies. Without organized society there can be no art, no science, no education, no law, no culture, no upward stride. The founders and preservers of states are the primary instruments of civilization. Among these Washington is pre-eminent.

Let us summon the prodigies of the past, array them by his side, and observe how he outranks them all. Consider Pericles, one of the most imposing figures of antiquity. His name denotes the brightest period of Athenian development. His elegance in speech and action, his gallantry in arms and gentleness in peace, his love of the beautiful in art, the just in law, his devotion to the masses, their comforts and their rights, the splendor of his domestic and foreign policies made him the idol of his people. His rule and inspiration gave to Athens the Parthenon, the Odeon, the Propylea. But on his fame there falls the shadow of Aspasia. His sway was personal and autocratic; he could not efface his own ambition for the general good. His chief concern was the glory of the present and of Pericles. Wedded to glamor and display, he made himself the exclusive prop and guardian of the state, and when he died it fell a prey to demagogues and factions. Call Alexander from his sarcophagus of gold—the master of the world at 33. Statesman, student, warrior, murderer, voluptuary, it is difficult to believe that so noble an aspect, such towering gifts, could co-exist with such depravity. He signalized his access to the throne with the butchery of a little girl, the representative of a collateral line, while yet within her mother's arms. Shortly before he died he crucified the physician who attended the last hours of his friend, Hephaestion, and as a sacrifice to Hephaestion's memory exterminated a whole community. Other friends he sent to death on frivolous grounds, destroying in a drunken frenzy a beloved companion for questioning his divinity. Extravagance, dissipation, luxury followed in his crimson steps.

On the other hand, he founded universities and

cities, and in the pathway of his armies Greek learning spread throughout the earth. He became one of the determining forces of human history. In ecstatic arrogance he claimed the honors of omnipotence and was saluted by a fawning world as son of Jupiter. He reached the summits of human power, but his example is condemned by the enlightened verdict of posterity. The colossal fabric his sword had builded did not long survive; he contributed little to freedom and less to virtue. Consider Hannibal, the consummate strategist, who at 26 began the boldest enterprise in military annals and who for sixteen years disputed with Rome the scepter of the world. Mountains, glaciers, gorges, legions, storms, and winters could not arrest his advance from Carthage to the interior of Italy. Maintaining for sixteen years in hostile territory an army of twenty different nationalities, defeating the troops and generals of a race transcendent in military prowess, he was the only barrier between the Roman republic and the ascendancy of the earth. He was pronounced by Polybius the model warrior of all time, but he fought for empire, not for principle. Recalled by the government his valor had made immortal he was attacked and banished. But his spirit was unbroken, his bitterness against his ancient antagonists undiminished. Forming confederacies in Asia, he struggled on to find at last the only refuge from his foes in suicide. Inglorious end! He added nothing to the cause of human liberty; with him it was Carthage against Rome for world supremacy. Hatred of his enemies was the dominating passion of his existence; death by his own hand in a land of strangers was his fate.

Call mighty Julius, commander, historian, politician, who gathered into his own possession the substance of authority while the people worshipped the

symbols of a dead republic. Accamplished in diplomacy and war, unprincipled in conduct, skilled in every art of winning popular devotion, he believed in neither God nor freedom. He filled the world's horizon until assassination laid his corpse upon the corpse he had made of liberty. The effect of his career was to magnify the avocation of arms, to belittle peace, to place military authority and military ideals above the civil in the estimation of his time. He could think of no term more shameful in rebuking a body of mutinous soldiers than to address them as citizens. He builded a personal tyranny on the ruins of human rights; his name became an emblem of autocracy. On the foundation of his sword arose the structure of the world's first universal empire. A thousand years of kings and emperors compose the heritage he left the world. Consider Charlemagne, whose marvelous capacity lifted him to the overlordship of nearly all of medieval Europe. He did much to re-establish order and culture in a time of violence. He founded schools, encouraged literature, and in a series of proclamations called capitularies announced standards of thought and action that were termed by Ampere the charter of modern knowledge. But while he advanced the learning he made no effort to restore the liberties of men. His hands were wet with blood of helpless victims, and imperial power had no stronger votary. Desolation, waste and massacre are too prominent among the memorials of his dominion. Call William, preserver of Normandy, conqueror of England, victor of Val-es-Dunes, of Varaville, and Senlac—William, superb alike in battle and council chamber; terrible in countenance and in strife, gigantic in stature and in brain, of whom Freeman declared: "No man that ever trod this earth

was endowed with greater natural gifts; to no man was it ever granted to accomplish greater things."

The fact remains, however, that he accomplished little for the liberty and the happiness of man. The lawlessness and cruelty of his Viking antecedents found expression in the ferocity of his revenge and wrath. Throughout all England his invading fires lit up a scene of famine, pestilence and death. Often he practiced the most revolting barbarities, on one occasion burning out the eyes of prisoners, hewing hands and feet from living bodies.

Observe Napoleon, without whose name no history of the world may be called complete; Napoleon who rewrote the map of Europe with his sword; Napoleon whose personality and power aroused a devotion among his countrymen that approached idolatry; Napoleon whose brain, said Hugo, "was the sum of human faculties, and who was seen standing erect on the horizon, a gleaming scimitar in his hand, a splendor in his eyes, unfolding amid the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard." He assumed control of France when through its veins were leaping the newborn fires of revolution, the virgin energies of fraternity and freedom. Dazzling his countrymen with his genius he turned these sacred currents to the elevation of himself. Thus he re-established tyranny with the very forces that had overthrown it. Thus he exalted his own fortunes above the fortunes of his country, his own interests above the interests of humanity. Beethoven, monarch of all harmony, the friend of man, who registered in melody the mutations of history, composed a triumphal symphony in honor of Napoleon when his elevation to the first consulship seemed an appropriate sequel to the revolution. Hearing that Napoleon had yielded to the lust of power and made

himself an emperor, he changed the symphony into a funeral march to symbolize the death of liberty.

The contrast presented by the life of Washington with these other lives is gratifying and refreshing not only to every American, but to the friends of liberty in every portion of the globe. Without experience in directing warlike operations on an extended scale, without adequate equipment for his troops, without a supporting government or treasury of even moderate strength, he was summoned from the farm to the red arena of the battle. Through incredible difficulties, with patience and courage that bordered on the superhuman, he led a small and undisciplined body of men taken suddenly from the ordinary callings of life, to final victory against one of the foremost nations of the world. In triumph and in disaster he was alike immovable and serene; in official conduct and in private intercourse his every act was free from intemperance, immorality or corruption. No massacre of helpless foes, no deeds of cruelty defiled his fame. He claimed and received no reward for his services beyond the gratitude of his country. The idol of the army and the people, he might easily have become a king, yea, established an empire that would ultimately have embraced a continent. He rejected the glittering prospect to resume the cultivation of the soil in the seclusion of Mount Vernon, his rural home. A few years later he was again summoned to his country's aid. As the presiding officer of the convention that framed the American constitution, as the first president of the republic it created, a republic that in eleven decades has reached a population of approximately a hundred millions, and whose example illuminates the world, he became for all time one of the chief figures in the advancement of human happiness and freedom. Again

he retired to his ancestral halls and fields where he remained until his death. Thus he taught that the pursuits of peace are more sublime than those of war, the functions of private life more noble than those of public station, the attractions of the farm more permanent and uplifting than those of noisy cities.

And who will deny that the hand that wielded the sword of righteous revolution, that forced the tyrant from our shores, that signed the American constitution and guided the mightiest republic of all history into secure and glorious being was ever greater than when it trained the roses in the gardens of Mount Vernon? There is a significance in the fact that Washington perished practically at the close of the eighteenth century. That century marked the permanent advent of liberty in human institutions; it witnessed the birth and rise of Washington, without whom this advent might have been delayed indefinitely. Thus an ideal century and an ideal man died almost together. As sculpture finds its most beautiful expression in the marbles of Phidias, painting its loftiest era in the frescoes of Raphael, dramatic poetry its superbest notes in the plays of Shakespeare, philosophy its profoundest embodiment in the inductions of Aristotle, music its most perfect utterance in the oratorios of Händel, the operas of Mozart, the sonatas of Beethoven, so human conduct finds its brightest mirror in the life and deeds of Washington.

Of such world import is his name that it looms larger through the gathering years. Today, more than a century after his death, the interest and the love of earth's increasing millions are centered in his memory. Let me refer here to the modest ceremony of his burial, an episode that has not received the attention it deserves. His funeral was in keeping with the quiet

and simple majesty that had marked his whole existence. Under the stately portico of his home on one of the loveliest eminences of the Potomac rested his form on a December afternoon nearly 112 years ago.

The peace of God was on his brow; the affection of a liberated people at his feet. The impression of serenity and repose his motionless frame imparted gave evidence that in death he had but added another victory to the long list of his achievements. No pomp, no decoration, no pride and circumstance of state emblazoned these final hours. From the countryside and from neighboring Alexandria poured his friends and fellow citizens in informal array. A few companies of artillery and cavalry with a single band of music gave the only martial touch to the proceedings. The firing of minute guns from a little vessel in the Potomac; the procession across the lawns and slopes to the family vault upon the river's edge; the dirge that quavered in the December winds and sobbed upon the waters; the chanting of the Episcopal orders of the dead; the death service of the Masonic ritual with the response, "So mote it be," from the brotherhood he loved and honored; the commanding figures of the pallbearers, all colonels of the revolution, his comrades in war, his friends in peace; the luster of the sun with which his soul went down that evening to rise again upon the shores of endless morning, comprise a picture that will never vanish from the lengthening galleries of immortality.

And so they laid him down to sleep in the loving arms of old Mount Vernon where the poplar and the aspen whisper peace to his ashes and glory to his soul; where the Potomac brings every day the message of a people's love and veneration.

3477-3

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 009 067 671 4